

SONG

Goe, and catche a falling starre,
 Get with child a mandrake roote,
Tell me, where all past yeares are,
 Or who cleft the Divels foot,
Teach me to heare Mermaides singing,
Or to keep off envies stinging,
 And finde
 What winde
Serves to advance an honest minde.
If thou beest borne to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand daies and nights,
 Till age snow white haire on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell mee
All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And sweare
 No where
Lives a woman true, and faire.
If thou findest one, let mee know,
 Such a Pilgrimage were sweet,
Yet doe not, I would not goe,
 Though at next doore wee might meet,
Though shee were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet shee
 Will bee
False, ere I come, to two, or three.