

494 THE CHOYSEST FLOWERS

But had our mother Nature made them two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparowes do.
But therefore made a Martyr in desire,
And doth her pennance lastly in the fire.

M. Drayton.

* Least not with fooles, suffer Saints, let mighty fooles be wia,
Note, Seneca by Neroes doome for precepts, pennance had.

VV. Warner.

* The Romane widow dide when she beheld
Her sonne, whom erst she counted slaine in feild.

G. Gascoigne.

Rivers.

Faire Danubie is prairde for being wide,
Nilus commended for the seuen-fold head:
Euphrates for the swiftnesse of the tide,
And for the garden whence his course is led,
The banks of Rhine with Vines are ouerspred.
Take Loyre and Po, yet all may not compare
With English Thamesis for buildings rare.

Th. Sorer.

FINIS.

Authors from those books this fol.

Verses, occasioned by reading
the foregoing Flowers &c.

By Hopes misled, by Fanny lost
O man what's all the Praise y^e boast
A fleeting ease, a transient Fame
A Life of cares, a dying Name
Of mortals shill how hard y^e Lot
Who only live to be forgot
Whom not the Power of death can
Groom dark Oblivion's certain grave.
Or Poor, or Rich, or wise, or Good
An equal Fate our Being rules
The Pride, or Shame of Human Race
Or Treason's Lord, or wit's Disgrace
Let Death but quench our vital Flame
And straight we all appear of same.
O Reader think how vain is man
How few his joys, how short his Span!

Allott, Robert, fl. 1600.

Englands Parnassus.

London: 1600.

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