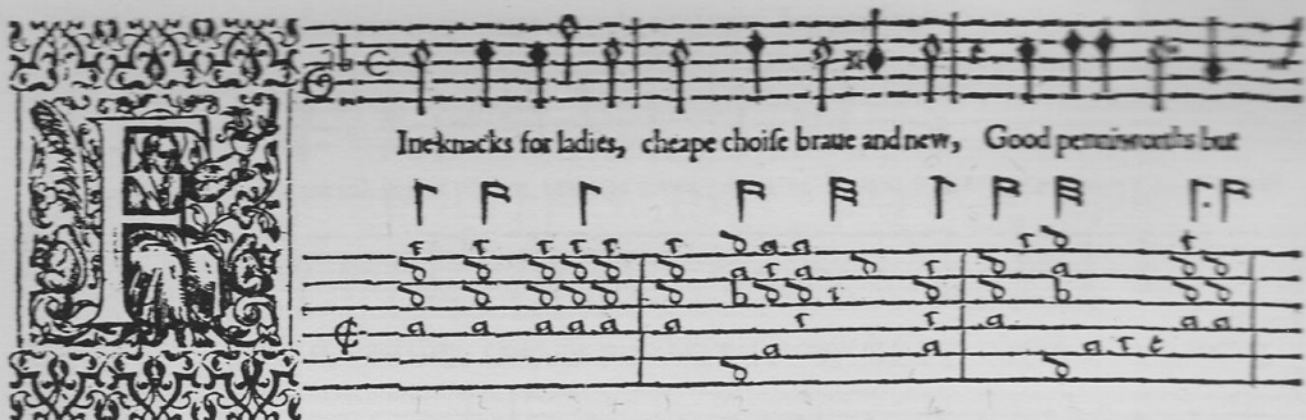
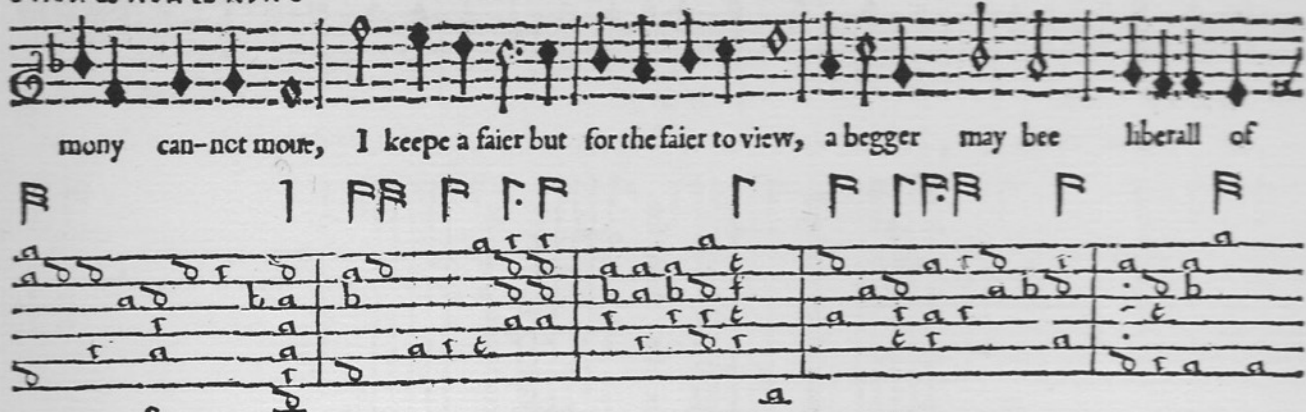




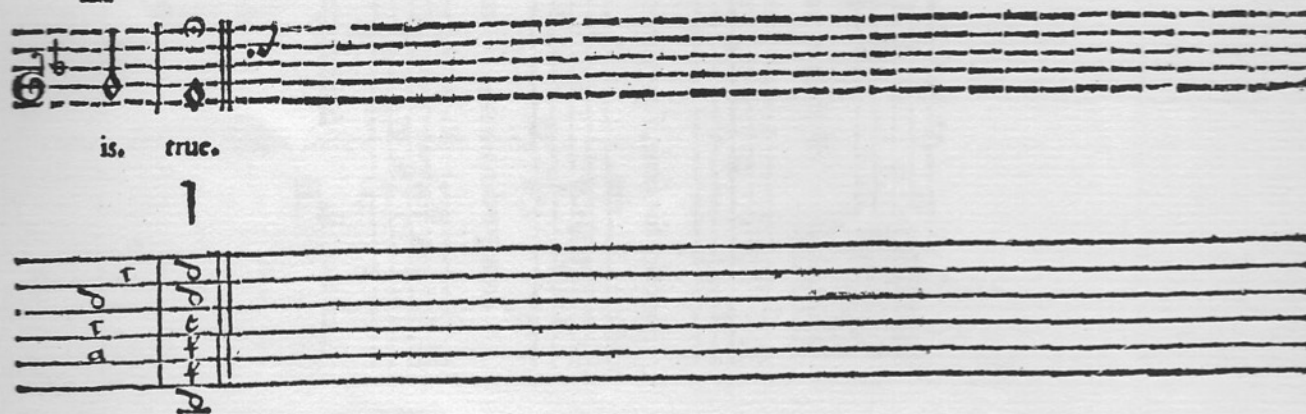
Ineknacks for ladies, cheape choise braue and new, Good penniworts but



mony can-not moue, I keepe a faier but for the faier to view, a begger may bee liberall of



loue, Though all my wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart



is. true.

Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts againe,
My trifles come, as treasures from my minde,
It is a precious Iewell to bee plaine,
Somerimes in shell th'orient pearles we finde,
Of others take a sheafe, of mee agraine,
Of mee a graine,
Of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & gloues,
And diuers toies fitting a country faier,
But my hart where duety serues and loyes,
Turtels & twins, courts brood, a heauenly paier,
Happy the hart that thincks of no remoues,
Of no remoues,
Of no remoues.