



When now the Fates gan wonder, that their thrids
 Were so oft tied againe, valse cut it h' mid
 And Charon wanting his vsd Nauw, sware,
 He now a day's did want of many a fare,
 They all conspire, and found at last, that it
 Was skillfull Butler, who mens lives could knit
 All most vntied, they killd him, and yet feard
 That he from death, by death, would ghosts have reard.

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