



When now the Fates gan wonder, that their thrills
Were so oft tied againe, halfe cut i'th' mid:
And Charon wanting his old Naulu', sware,
He now a day's old want of many a fare,
They all conspire, and found at last, that it
Was skillfull Butler, who mens lives could knit
All most untied, they kill'd him, and yet fear'd
That he from death, by death, would g'st's have reard.