From smiling, if my Pilgrim be but by,
Or shews his head in any company.

Brave gallants do my Pilgrim hug and love,
Esteem it much; yea, value it above
Things of a greater bulk; yea, with delight,
Say, my lark's leg is better than a kite.
Young ladies and young gentlewomen too
Do no small kindness to my Pilgrim shew:
Their cabinets, their bosoms, and their hearts,
My Pilgrim has; 'cause he to them imparts
His pretty riddles, in such wholesome strains
As yield them profit double to their pains
Of reading; yea, I think I may be bold
To say, some prize him far above their gold.

The very children that do walk the street,
If they do but my holy Pilgrim meet,
Salute him will; will wish him well, and say,
He is the only stripling of the day.

They that have never seen him, yet admire
What they have heard of him, and much desire
To have his company, and hear him tell
Those Pilgrim stories which he knows so well.

Yea, some that did not love him at the first,
But call'd him fool and noddy, say they must,
Now they have seen and heard him, him commend:
And to those whom they love, they do him send.

Wherefore, my Second Part, thou need'st not be
Afraid to shew thy head: none can hurt thee,
That wish but well to him that went before;
'Cause thou comest after with a second store
Of things as good, as rich, as profitable,
For young, for old, for staggering and for stable.

OBJECTION III.

But some there be that say, He laughs too loud.
And some do say, His head is in a cloud.