

## Fool

We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee  
there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow  
their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and  
there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him  
that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel  
runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with  
following it: but the great one that goes up the  
hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man  
gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I  
would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.  
That sir which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form,  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm,  
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool that runs away;  
The fool no knave, perdy.