

Good we must love, and most hate ill
For ill is ill, and good good still,
But there are things indifferent

We may neither hate, nor love,

But one, and then another prove
As we shall find our foreign love.

If then all first, with nature had
Made woman either good or bad

Then found we might hate, and find chuse;

But since shee did them soe create

That we may neither love, nor hate,

Only this vails, all, all may use.

If they were good it would bee found

Good is as visible as green

And to all eyes it selfe betrays

If they were bad they could not last

Bad doth it selfe, and others and waste

Soe they deserve, nor blame, nor prayse.

But they are ours as fruits are ours

Hee that but tastes, he that devours

And he that leaves, all doe as well;

Chang'd loves are but chang'd fortunes of misdeeds

And when he hath of cornell eate

Who doth not fling away of shell.

The sonne for raising of his own estate

Wisheth his father dead ere nature date.

When I died last, and deare I dyd
As often as from thee I goe,
Though itt be an hony agee,
And leues honours be full stowre,
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestow
Though I be dead w^{ch} I should be
Myne owne executor and legacye: /

I heard me say toll her anone
That my selfe that you, w^{ch} I
Did kill me: and when I felt me dye
I bid me find my hart, when I was gone
But I alas could then finde none
where I had w^{ch} I did feare where hart did lye.
It kills me againe, that I who still was true
In ~~life~~ my last will ^{should} be true: /

It I feare something like a hart
But collett itt, and comers had
It was w^{ch} good itt was w^{ch} bad
It was w^{ch} to none, and few had part,
As good as could be made by arte
It sounds, and therefore for our loss be w^{ch} sad
I w^{ch} to find this hart instead of myne
But oh, no man could w^{ch} itt, for twas thys

It I feare
I w^{ch} itt, I w^{ch} itt, in faith itt is w^{ch} good
To burne olde cakes, and builde w^{ch} underwood: /