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

We we may neither hate, nor love,

But one, and then another prove  
As we shall finde our fancies bent,

If thou art first, with nature had  
Made woman either good or bad

Thou found we might hate, and found chuse;

But since shee did them for 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 rasing 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<sup>ch</sup> sent me, I should be  
Myne owne executor and legacye: /

I heard me say toll her anone  
That my selfe that you, nott 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<sup>ch</sup>te me and searcht where hart did lye.  
It kills me againe, that I who still was true  
In ~~life~~ my last will <sup>should</sup> be true: /

It I sent something like a hart  
But coloure itt, and corners had  
It was nott good itt was nott bad  
It was w<sup>ch</sup>te to none, and few had part,  
As good as could be made by arte  
It sounds, and therefore for our loss be we sad  
I went to find this hart instead of myne  
But oh, no man could w<sup>ch</sup>le itt, for twas thynne /

It I heard itt, I heard itt, in faith itt is nott good  
To burne olde cakes, and builde w<sup>ch</sup> underwood: /