

Good we must love, and must hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good still.
But to hate and to love indifferent,
We may not yet hate, nor love,
But one, and then another proud,
As we shall find our flamy bent.

If then at first wise Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then some we might hate, and some we just:
But since God did them so create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only to respect, All may All use.

If they were good, it would be strange,
Good is as visible as Greene,
And to all eyes it self betrayes.
If they were bad, they would not last,
Bad doth it self and offend waite,
So they do fault nor blame, nor prayse.

But they are ours, as flint is ours,
For that but taste, for that devour,
And so we love all, do as well:
As any love, but as any sort of matter,
And when they hate, they burn all hate,
So doth not fling away thy self.

JH

Nowe to you I have loved me one night day,
To Morrow when you leave, what will you say,
Will you be that date some name made some,
Or say that none,

nor are not in it to goe for some that we should care?
Or that oaths made in our heart all flowers
Of love, or lib, or hate, may for some care:
Or at true doate, true marriage, or true,
For lovers contract images of true,
Bynd but till sleep; doate of maye to unlose.

Or you own end to us to goe,
For saving purpose of change, and false good, you
Can saw no way but false good, to be true.
Payne Lunatic, against the true shape of true

Dispute, and conquer, if I would,
Why I abstaine to doo,
For by tomorrow, I may be true too.

JH

Faustus loves his Sister, and he loves,
Faustus loves his Sister, and not more.

JH

I can not stand, nor sit, this biggax is,
I can not sit, if you say true, is it.

JH