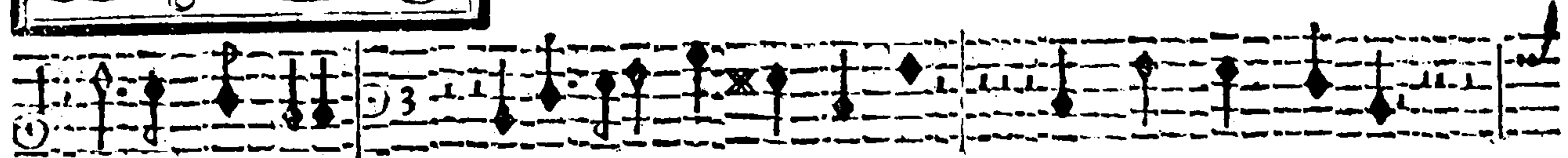
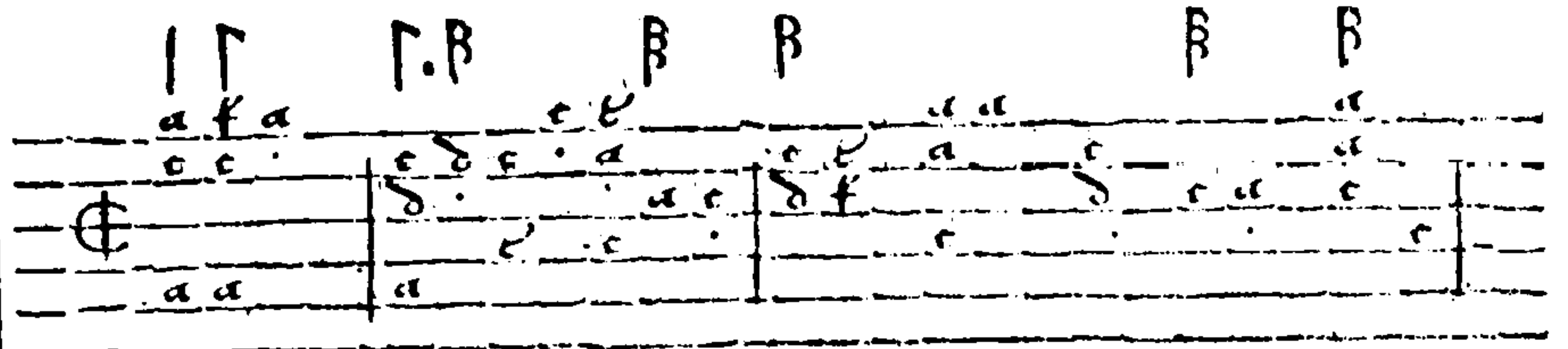
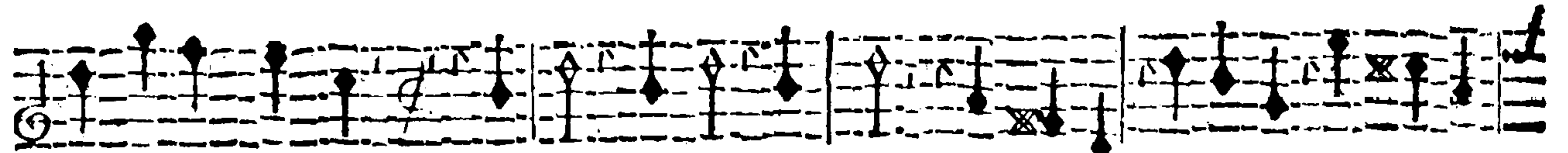
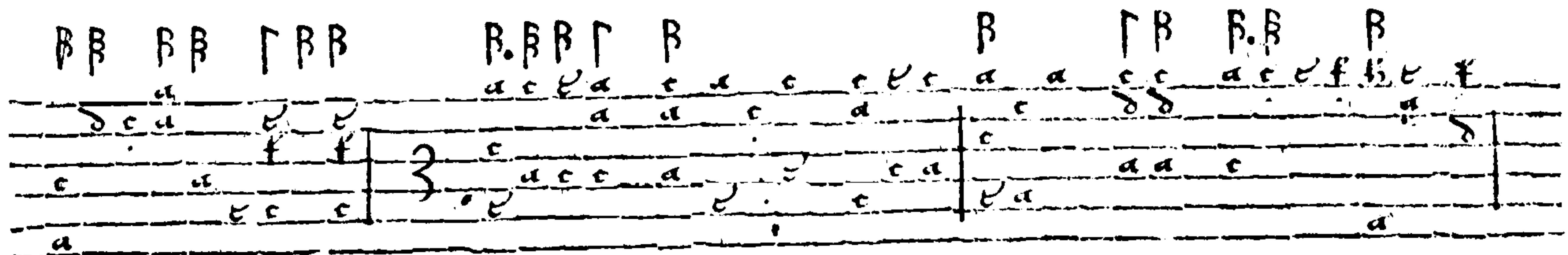


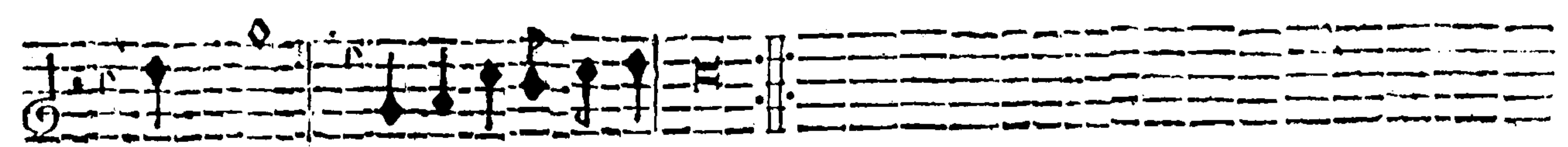
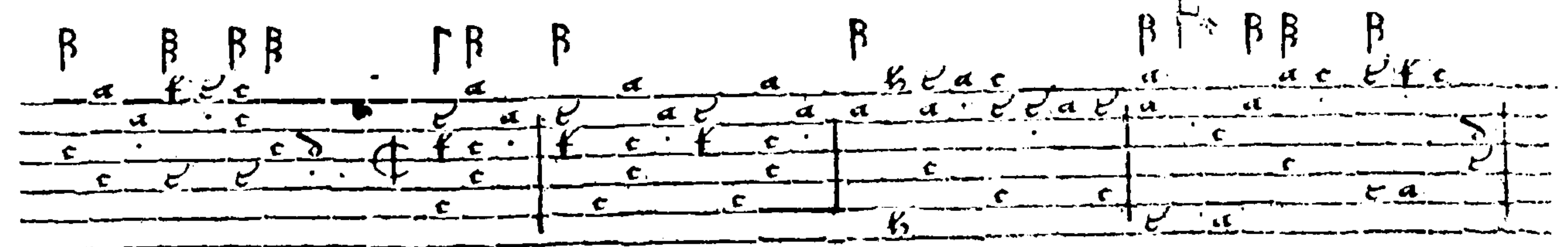
One loue loue loue loue is a bable loue is a bable,



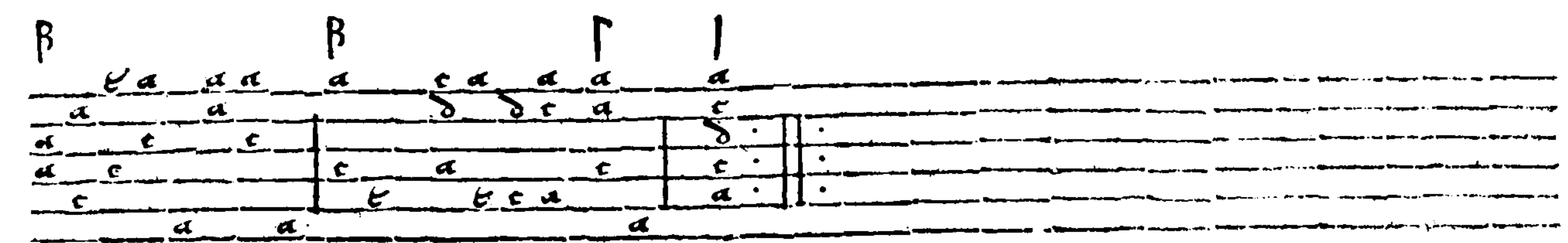
no man is able to say tis this or 'tis that, tis full of passions



of fundry fashions, tis like tis like tis like I cannot I cannot I cannot



tis like tis like I cannot tell what.



2
 Loues fayre i'th Cradle,
 Foule in the fable,
 Tis eyther too cold or too hot,
 An arrand lyar,
 Fed by desire,
 Isis, and yet it is not.

3
 Loue is a fellowe,
 clad oft in yellowe,
 The canker-worme of the mind,

A priuie mischiefe,
 And such a flye thiefe,
 No man knowes which waie to find.

4
 Loue is a woonder,
 That's here and yonder,
 As common to one as to moe,
 A monstrous cheater,
 Euerie mans debter,
 Hang him, and so let him goe.