

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

from **Hero and Leander**

It lies not in our power to love, or hate,
For will in us is over-rulde by fate.
When two are stript long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially doo we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect,
The reason no man knowes, let it suffise,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberat, the love is slight,
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?