

Ah, wherefore with infection should he live,  
And with his presence grace impiety,  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?  
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,  
Beggared of blood to blush through lively veins,  
For she hath no exchequer now but his,  
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains?

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had  
In days long since, before these last so bad.