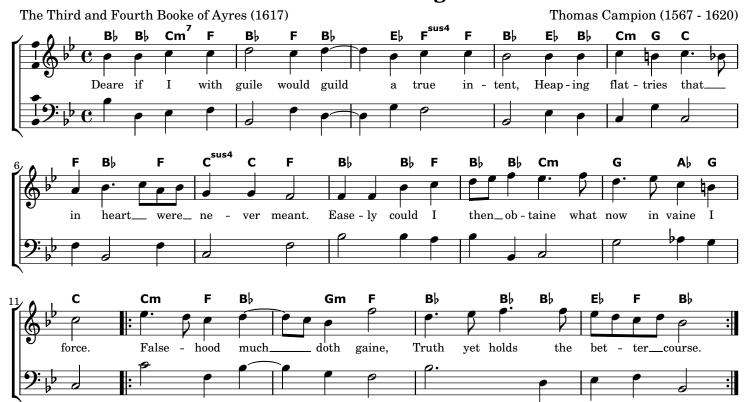
Deare if I with guile



- 2. Love forbid that through dissembling I should thrive, Or in praysing you, my selfe of truth deprive:

 Let not your high thoughs debase
 A simple truth in me;
 Great is beauties grace,
 Truth is yet as fayre as shee.
- 3. Prayse is but the winde of pride if it exceedes, Wealth pris'd in it selfe no outward value needes. Fayre you are, and passing fayre, You know it, and 'tis true, Yet let none despayre But to finde as fayre as you.