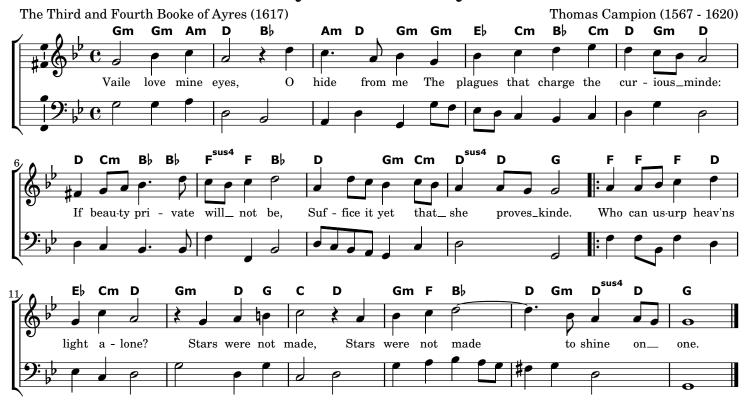
Vayle love mine eyes



2. Griefes past recute fooles try to heale, That greater harmes on lesse inflict: The pure offend by too much zeale, Affection should not be too strict. Hee that a true embrace will finde To beauties faults must still be blinde.