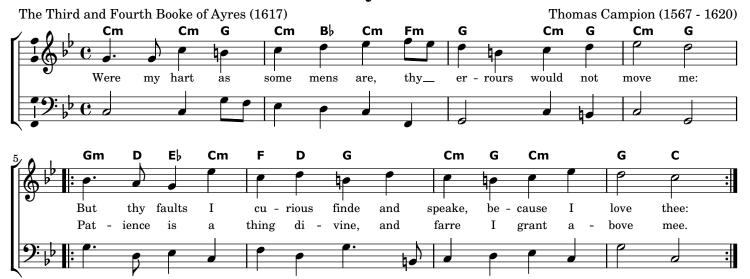
Were my heart as



- **2.** Foes sometimes befriend us more, our blacker deedes objecting, Then th'obsequious bosome guest, with false respect affecting: Friendship is the glasse of Truth, our hidden staines detecting.
- **3.** While I use of eyes enjoy, and inward light of reason, Thy observer will I be, and censor, but in season: Hidden mischiefe to conceale in State, and Love is treason.