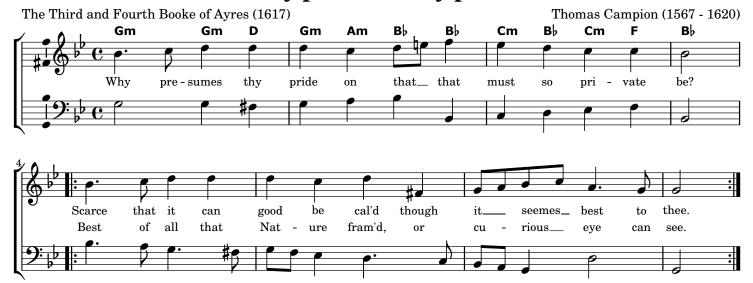
Why presumes thy pride



- **2.** Tis thy beauty, foolish Maid, that like a blossome growes, Which who viewes no more enjoyes then on a bush a Rose, That by manies handling fades; and thou art one of those.
- **3.** If to one thou shalt prove true, and all beside reject, Then art thou but one mans good, which yeelds a poore effect; For the common'st good by farre deserves the best respect.
- **4.** But if for this goodnesse thou thy selfe wilt common make, Thou art then not good at all; so thou canst no way take But to prove the meanest good, or else all good forsake.
- **5.** Be not then of beauty proud, but so her colours beare, That they prove not staines to her that them for grace would weare; So shalt thou to all more fayre then thou were borne appeare.