Give beauty all her right



2. Some the quicke eye commends,
Some smelling lips and red:
Pale lookes have many friends,
Through sacred sweetnesse bred
Meadowes hove flowres that preasure move,
Though Roses are the flowres of love.

3. Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime,
She visits ev'ry ground,
And favours ev'ry time.
Let the old loves with mine compare,
My sov'raigne is as sweet, and fayre.