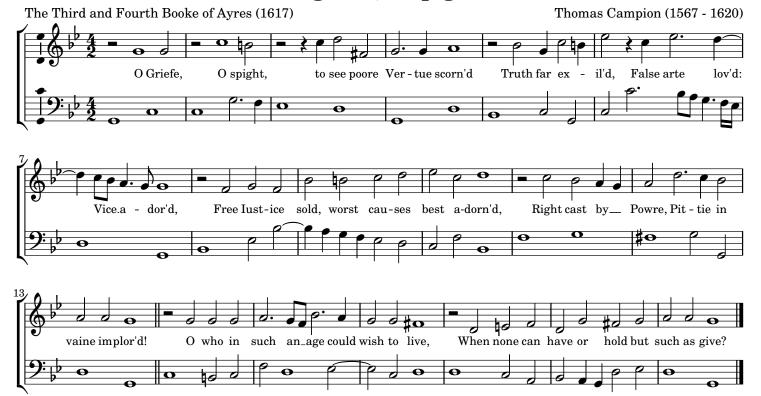
O griefe, O spight



2. O times! O men! to Nature rebels growne; Poore in desert; in name rich; proud of shame; Wise, but in ill: your stiles are not your owne, Though dearely bought, honour is honest fame. Old Stories onely goodnesse now containe, And the true wisdome, that is just, and plaine.