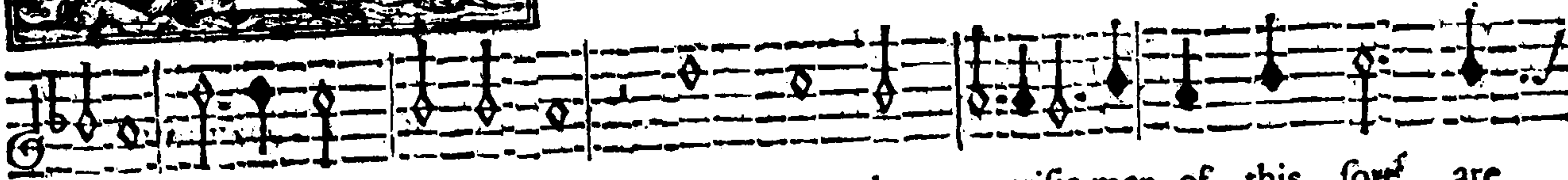
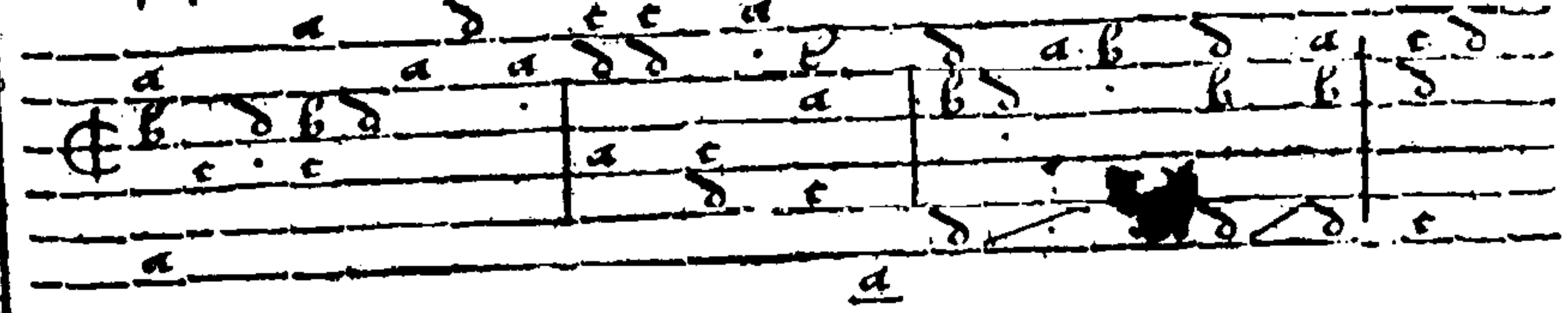


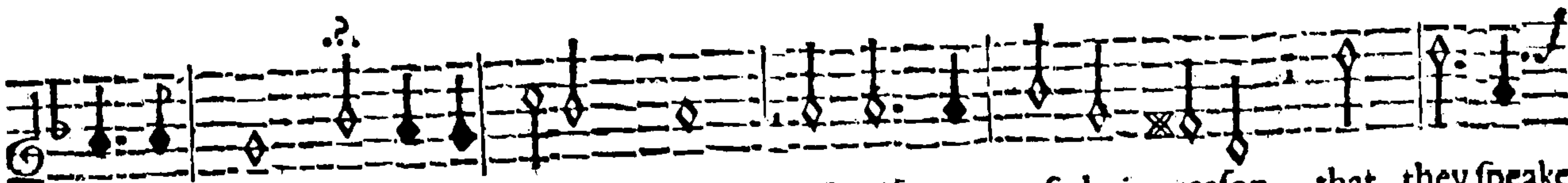
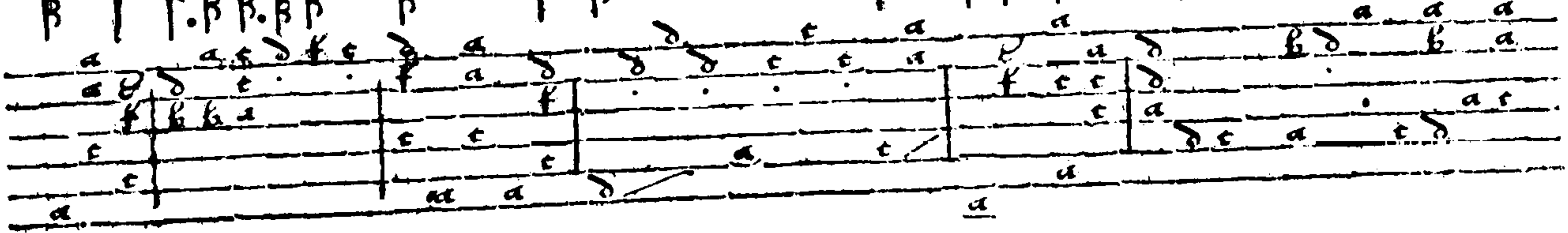
O sigh and to bee sad, to weepe and wish

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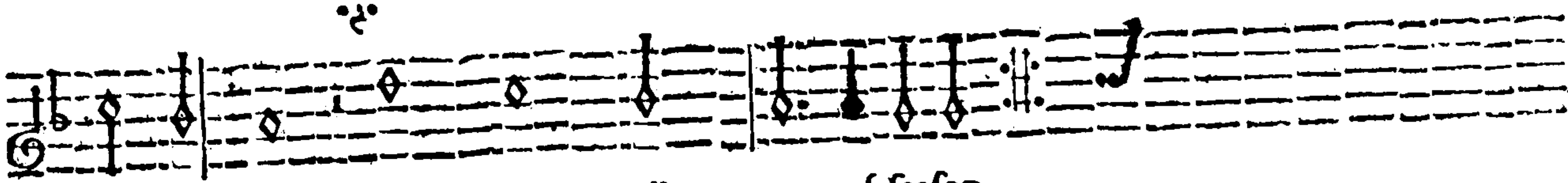
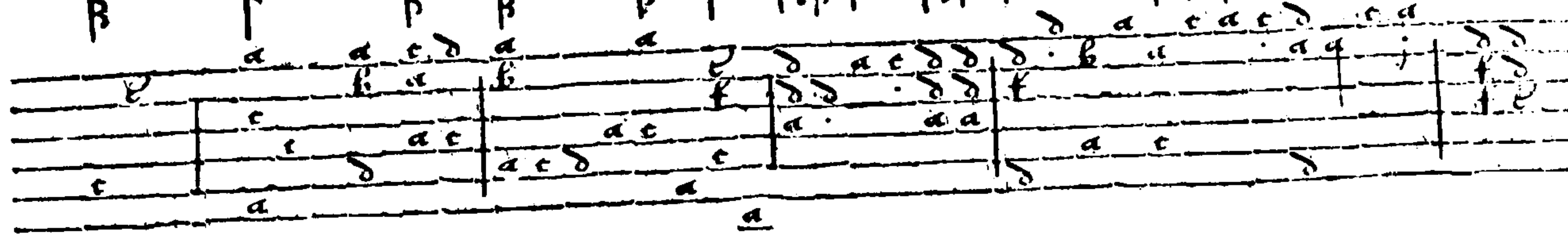
todie is it not to be madd if not hy- pocrisie, men of this sort are

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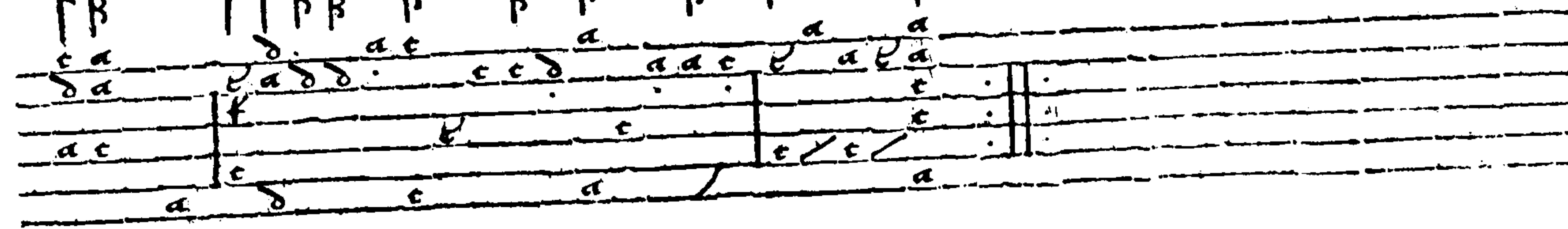
womens sports, beauties al- luring lookes rob wise men of their reason, that they speake

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nought at all, or speake all out of season.

Γ B | Γ B B B B B B B |



2  
 Haue all men eyes to see?  
 And haue none wit to know?  
 Blossomes commend no tree,  
 Where nener fruit did growe,  
 Disire doth blind  
 A louers mind.  
 He sees and doth allow that vice in his beloved,  
 Fro which no woman can be free or be removed.

3  
 Let euerie thought of loue,  
 Mixt with a world of feares,  
 At last themselues remoue,  
 Oh let consuming teares,  
 Life blood distil'd  
 No more be spil'd,  
 Since all that scape the fall of womanith reiecting,  
 Must yet be subiect to the pride of their neglecting.