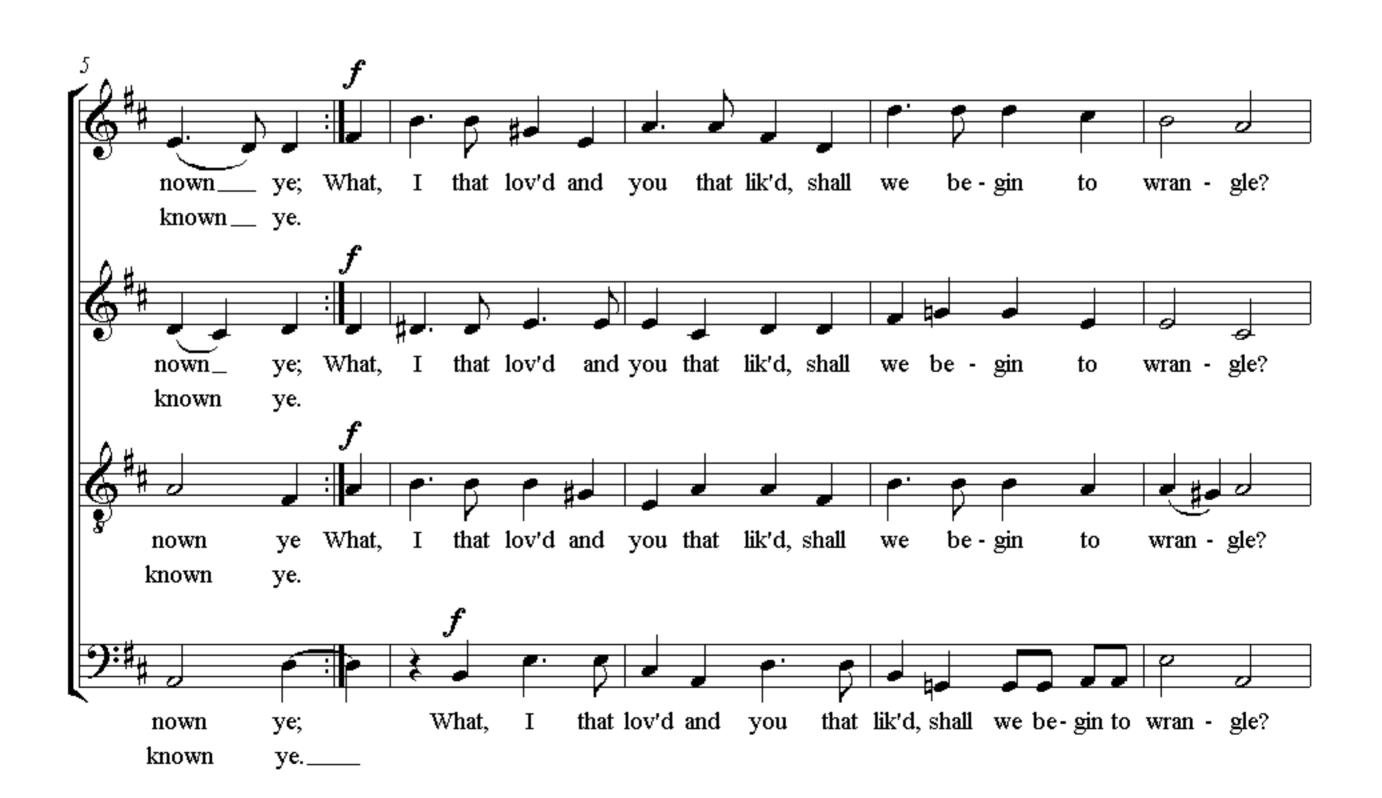
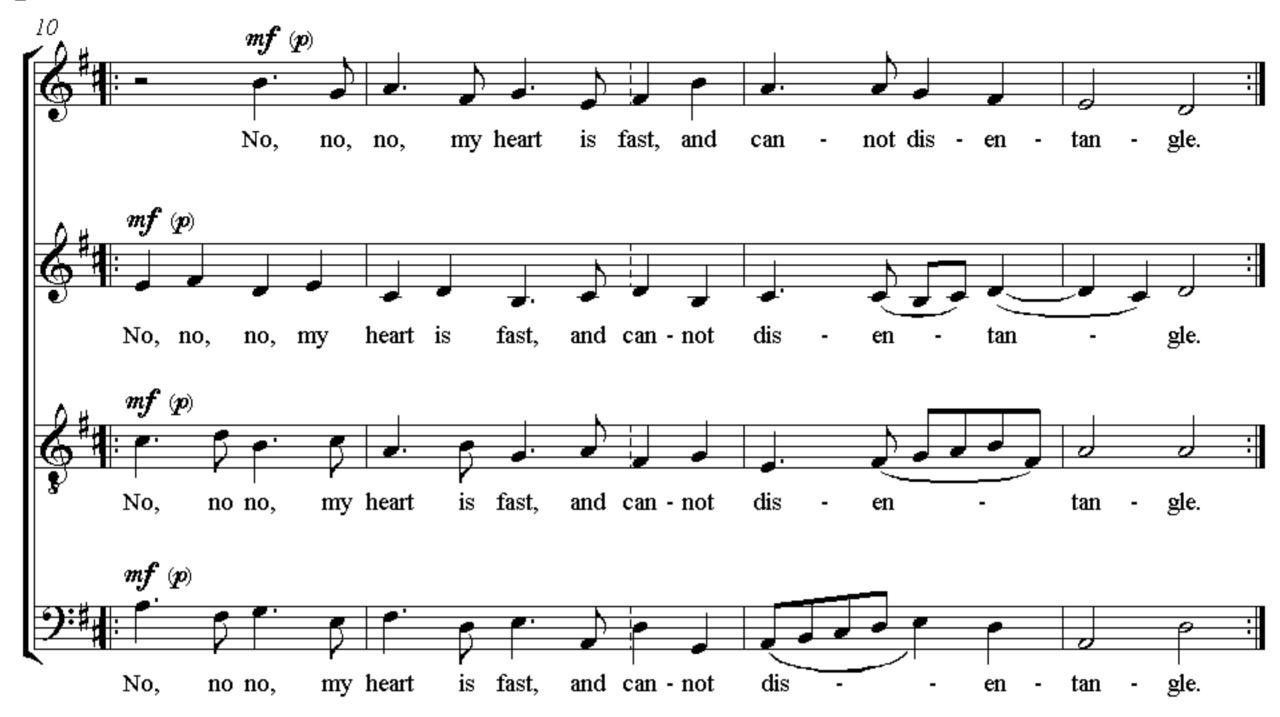
Since first I saw your face

THOMAS FORD (1607)







- 2. If I admire or praise you too much that fault you may forgive me. Or if my hands had strayed a touch then justly might you leave me. I asked you leave, you bade me love, is't now a time to chide me? No, no, no I'll love you still what fortune 'ere betide me.
- 3. The sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth no beholder, And your sweet beauty past compare made my poor eyes the bolder; Where beauty moves and wit delights, and signs of kindness bind me, There, O there, where e'er I go, I leave my heart behind me.