

- Q1** A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
4
- Q2** An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all "hues" in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
8
- Q3** And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
12
- C** But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.
14