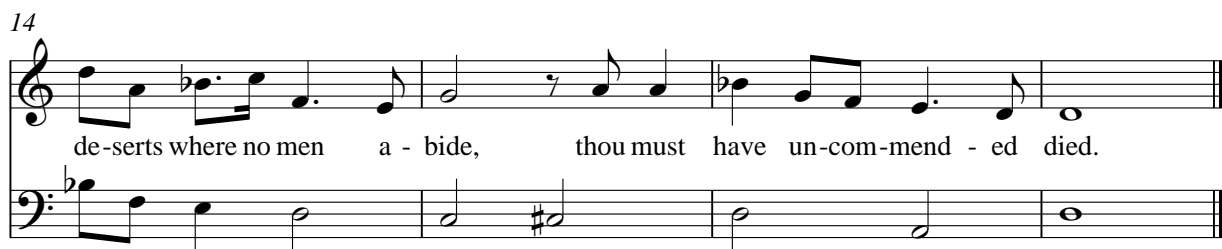
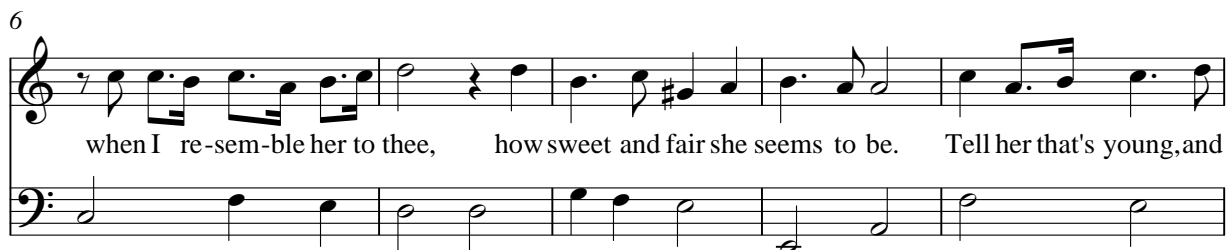
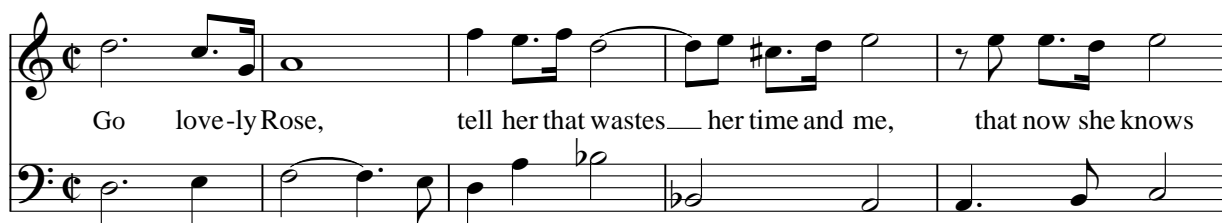


The Rose

Henry Lawes



Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.