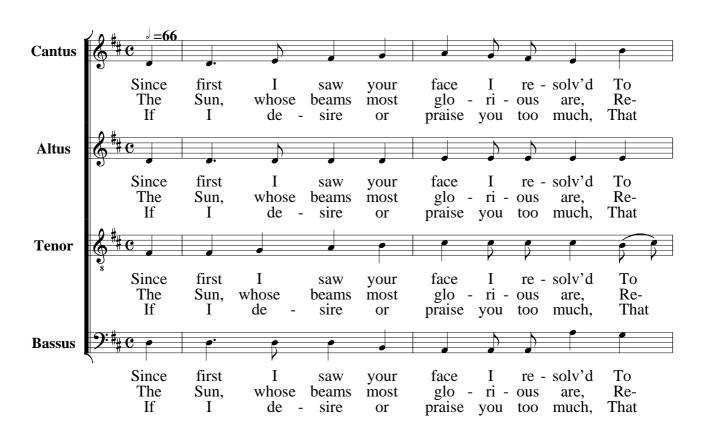
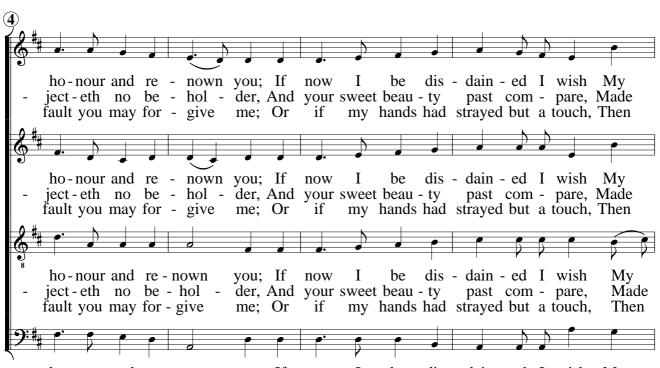
## Since first I saw your face

Thomas Ford





ho-nour and re-nown you; If now I be dis-dain-ed I wish My-ject-eth no be-hol-der, And your sweet beau-ty past com-pare, Made fault you may for-give me; Or if my hands had strayed but a touch, Then

