

Thomas Greaves

SONGES  
of sundrie kindes:

1604

VII. What is beautie.

What is beauty but a breath ?  
Fancies twin at birth and death,  
The colour of a damask rose,  
That fadeth when the northwind blowes:  
Tis such that though all sorts do craue it,  
They know not what it is that haue it:  
A thing that som time stoops not to a king  
And yet most open to the commonst thing:  
For she that is most fair,  
Is open to the aire.