

# Who doth behold my Mistress' face

John Bartlet

Who doth be- hold my mis- tress' face And see- eth not, good  
 Who knows her wit, and not ad- mires, Shall show him- self de-  
 Her red is like un- to the rose When from a bud un-  
 And with her red mixed is a white Like to that same of

hap hath he. Who hears her speak and marks her grace, Shall think none ev- er  
 void of skill. Her vir- tues kin- dle strange de- sires In those that think up-  
 to the sun Her ten- der leaves she doth dis- close, The first de- gree of  
 fair moon-shine That doth up- on the wa- ter light And makes the col- our

spake but she. In short for to re- sound her praise, She is the fair- est, the  
 on her still. Her ripe- ness won. seem di- vine.

fair- est, the fair- est, the fair- est of her days.