

*Still To Be Neat*

STILL to be neat, still to be dressed,  
As you were going to a feast;  
Still to be powdered, still perfumed;  
Lady, it is to be presumed,  
Though art's hid causes are not found,  
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace;  
Robes losely flowing, hair as free;  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all th' adulteries of art.  
They strike mine eyes but not my heart.