



Moderately brisk *Plain Truth*

The Man who seeks to raise the fair, so Custom says, must

Truth forbear *Must fawn & flatter, cringe and bow and raise the Gods eye*

to the sky.

*For Truth is hateful to her Ear,
 A Rudeness which she cannot bear,
 A Rudeness yes! I speak my Thoughts,
 For Truth upbraids her with her faults.*

*How wretched a Woe then am I,
 Who love you & yet cannot lie;
 And still to make you less my Friend,
 I strive your Errors to amend.*