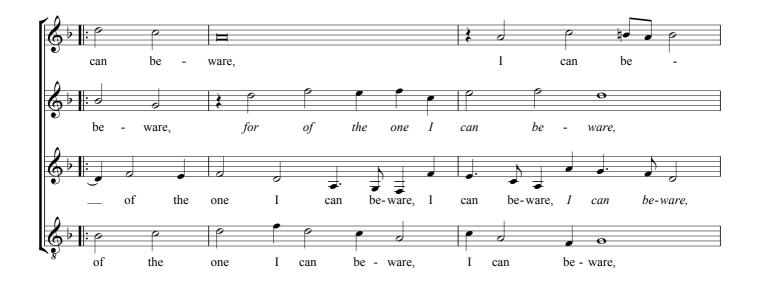
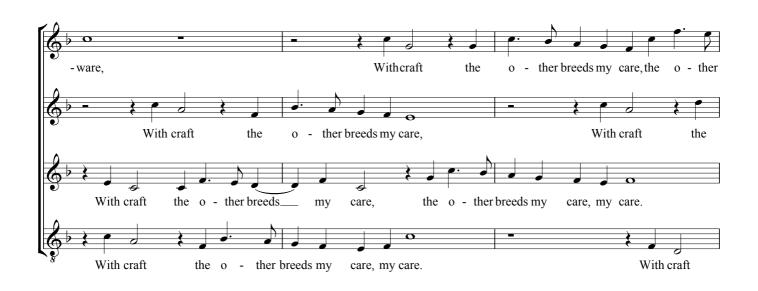
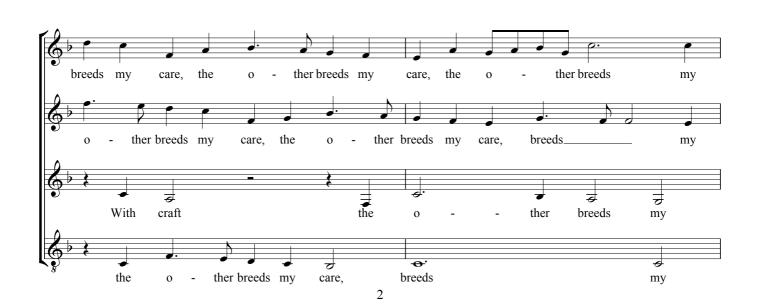
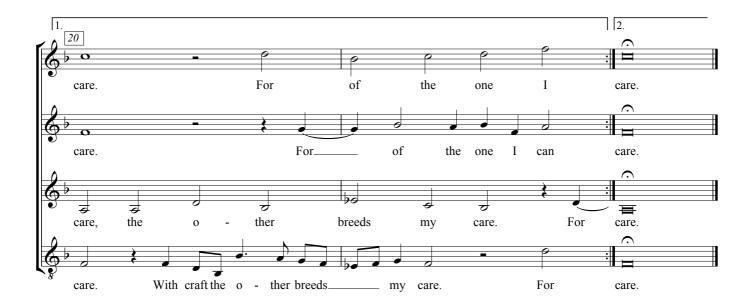
A feigned friend











Source: William Byrd, Psalmes, Songs, and Sonnets... (London, 1611), no.11

IV.7.2: mine

A fained friend by proofe I finde to be a greater foe, Then he that with a spightfull minde doth seeke mine overthrow: For of the one I can beware, With craft the other breedes my care.

Such men are like the hidden Rocks, which in the Seas doe lie:
Against the which each Ship that knocks, is drowned sodainly.
No greater fraud, nor more unjust,
Then false deceit hid under trust.

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