Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years’ pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field:
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
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