

# Sonnet 20

## Rufus Wainwright

A woman's face with nature's own hand painted  
Hast thou the master mistress of my passion  
A woman's gentle heart but not acquainted  
With shifting change as is false women's fashion  
An eye more bright than theirs less false in rolling  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth  
A man in hue all hues in his controlling  
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth  
And for a woman wert thou first created  
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a-doting  
And by addition me of thee defeated  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing  
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure  
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure

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