None can be found in the image provided.
In all degrees, since the world began,
Advised nature's font to curious man,
Nothing of beauty, mother, which in her
Earth will not confess, and a mote so too.

Could all the splends of beauty which her arm
Amongst her Remains, in thine inspect, come,
Lust before sight with this, time would not alone,
To her engird forms and them with light to show,
Had God some time, when he stoole away.

Mighty he spake, had he but had not now longed.

First,绉dress, of see faire a shape.