

Beauty and Love at Odds

Henry Lawes

Beau-ty and Love once fell at odds, and thus re-vil'd each o-ther: Quoth Love,

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I am one of the gods, and you wait on my mother; thou hast no power

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o'er man at all, but what I gave to thee; nor art thou longer

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fair or sweet, then men acknowledge me.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire;
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Maid:
So Beauty ever since hath been
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.