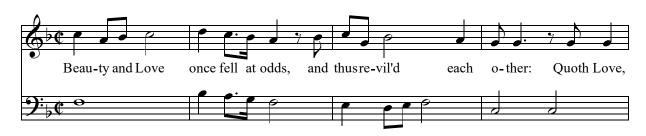
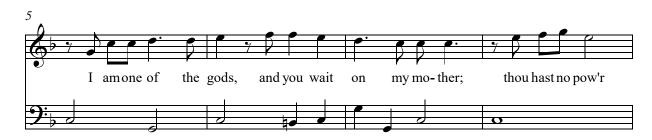
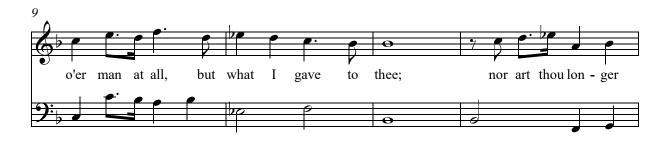
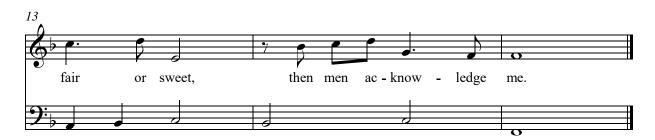
Beauty and Love at Odds

Henry Lawes









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 Tat 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 pow'r.