

Thomas Campion

THE T H I R D AND FOVRTH BOOKE OF A Y R E S :

XIII. O Loue where are thy Shafts ?

1 O Loue where are thy Shafts, thy Quiuer and thy Bow ?
Shall my wounds onely weepe and hee vngaged goe ?
Be iust and strike him to, that dares contemne thee so.

2 No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blinde,
So fayre they leuell when the marke they lift to finde :
Then strike, ô strike the heart that beares the cruell minde.

3 Is my fond sight deceiued ? or doe I *Cupid* spye
Close ayming at his breast, by whom despis'd I dye ?
Shoot home sweet *Loue*, and wound him that hee may not flye.

4 O then we both will sit in some vnhaunted shade,
And heale each others wound which *Loue* hath iustly made :
O hope, ô thought too vaine, how quickly dost thou fade ?

5 At large he wanders still, hie heart is free from paine,
While secret sighes I spend, and teares, but all in vaine :
Yet *Loue* thou know'st by right I should not thus complaine.