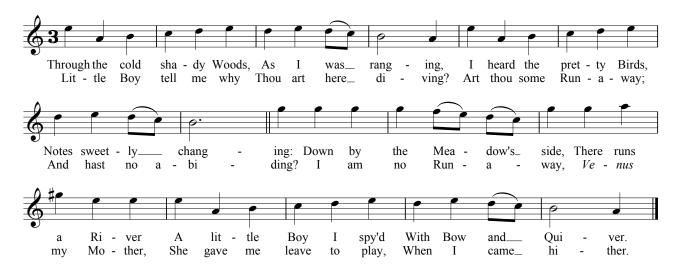
## CUPID'S Courtesie.



Little Boy go with me, And be my servant, I will take care to see For thy preferment: If I with thee should go, Venus would chide me, And take away my Bow, And never abide me.

Little Boy let me know, What's thy Name termed, That thou dost wear a Bow, And go so arm'd: You may perceive the same, With often changing; Cupid it is my Name, I live by ranging.

If Cupid be thy Name, That shoot at Rovers; I have heard of thy Fame, By wounded Lovers: Should any languish that Are set on fire; By such a naked Brat, I much admire.

If thou dost but the least, At my Laws grumble; I'll pierce thy stubborn breast, And make thee humble, If I with Golden Dart, Wound thee but surely, There's no Physitians Art, That e're can cure thee. Little Boy with thy Bow,
Why dost thou threaten;
It is not long ago
Since thou wast beaten:
Thy wanton Mother, fair
Venus will chide thee;
When all thy Arrows are gone,
Thou may'st go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts you see, I am well stored; Which makes my Deity, So much adored: With one poor Arrow now, I'll make thee shiver; And bend unto my Bow, And fear my Quiver.

Dear little *Cupid* be, Courteous and kindly; I know thou can'st not see, But shootest blindly: Altho' thou call'st me blind, Surely I'll hit thee; That thou shalt quickly find, I'll not forget thee.

Then little *Cupid* caught, His Bow so nimble; And shot a fatal shaft, Which made him tremble: Go tell thy Mistress dear, Thou canst discover; What all the Passions are, Of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant Heart Sorely lies bleeding; He felt the greatest smart, From Love proceeding; He did her help implore, Whom he affected, But found that more and more, Him she rejected.

For *Cupid* with his Craft, Quickly had chosen, And with a Leaden shaft, Her Heart had frozen: Which caus'd this Lover more, Daily to languish; And *Cupid's* Aid implore, To heal this Anguish.

He humble pardon crav'd For his Offence past; And vow'd himself a Slave, And to love stedfast; His Prayers so ardent were, Whilst his Heart panted, That *Cupid* lent an ear, And his suit granted.

For by his present plaint, He was regarded; And his adored Saint, His Love rewarded: And now they live in Joy, Sweetly embracing, And left the little Boy, In the Woods chasing.