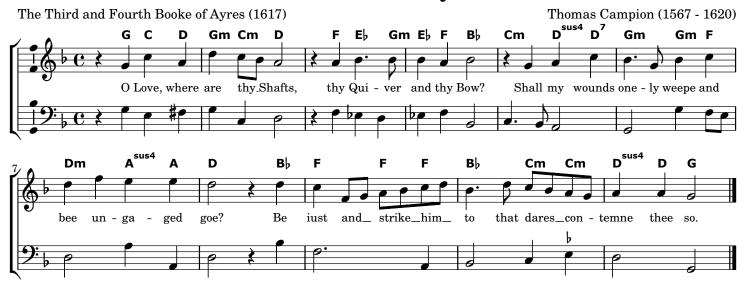
O Love where are thy shafts?



- **2.** No eyes are like to thine, though men suppose thee blind, So fayre they levell when the make they fit to finde: Then strike, o strike the heart that beares the cruell minde.
- **3.** Is my fond fight deceived? or doe I Cupid spye Close ayming at his breast, by whom despis'd I dye? Shoot home sweet Love, and wound him that hee may not flye.
- **4.** O then we both will sit in some unhaunted shade, And heale each others wound which Love hath iustly made: O hope, o thought too vaine, now quickly dost thou fade?
- **5.** At large he wanders still, his heart is free from paine, What secret sights I spend, and teares, but all in vaine: Yet Love thou know'st by right I should not thus complaine.