

The Bolt of Cupid Fell

Darkseed

When forty nights shall beside you brow
and dig deep wounds in your beauty now
Your youth's proud livery so gazed on me
tomorrow will be darkened sealed

Look how a bird lies tangeled in a net
Pure shame and awed resistance made him freed
So fastened in her arms the favoured lies
She found more beauty in his varied eyes

Cut is the brunch that might be grown
with you faith, the treasure of your lusty days

Then being asked where all your beauty lies
I say it to your deep-sunken eyes
"As if the dead the living should exceed
possessed by heavens heart and hand"

He burns with basful shame
She with her tears does quench the maiden
burning off her cheeks
Then with her windy sighs and golden hands
to fain and blow them dry again she seeks

Look how a painter would surpass his life
His art with nature's workmanship at strife
In limmming out a well-proportioned steed
as if the dead the living should exceed