

CUPID'S *Courtesie*.

Through the cold sha - dy Woods, As I was rang - ing, I heard the pret - ty Birds,  
Lit - tle Boy tell me why Thou art here di - ving? Art thou some Run - a - way;



Notes sweet - ly chang - ing: Down by the Mea - dow's side, There runs  
And hast no a - bi - ding? I am no Run - a - way, *Ve - nus*



a Ri - ver A lit - tle Boy I spy'd With Bow and Qui - ver.  
my Mo - ther, She gave me leave to play, When I came hi - ther.

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 Physicians 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.