

# Mediaeval Baebes, Miracle

Behold a wonder here -  
Love hath receiv'd his sight,  
Which many hundred years  
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
By Cynthia in his eyes,  
At first have made him see  
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep  
For them that laugh the while,  
Nor wake for them that sleep,  
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So pow'rful is the beauty  
That Love doth now behold,  
As love is turn'd to duty  
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus beauty shows her might  
To be of double kind,  
In giving Love his sight  
And striking Folly blind.