## 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.