

But, O what can the matter be?
She's slackening her pace,
And she dismounts, ah, now I see
She wants to rub her face.

A lump is rising on her face,
'Tis just below her eye,
She says I'll leave this awful place,
And she begins to cry.

(The dainty maid has come to grief,
It really is too bad,
Her day of pleasure was so brief,
No wonder she is sad.)

Ah! lovely maiden, such is life,
Some sunshine and some gloom.
A little joy, a little strife,
From the cradle to the tomb.

Her face is swollen and her eye
Is feeling very sore,
She says "I must go home, O my!
I wish I had gone before.

She reaches home, jumps off her wheel
And leaves it on the grass,
Into the house she quietly steals,
And hastens to the glass.

"Mamma," she says, "look at my face,
I am a perfect fright,"
"Don't be alarmed" the mother says,
"'Tis a mosquito bite."

Oh dainty maiden ere you go
A wheeling round the park,
Beware, there dwells a little foe.
Who oft times leaves his mark.

And should he take (nay do not smile)
A fancy unto you,
He'll spoil your beauty for a while
And spoil your pleasure too.