

CUPID'S ARROW

Say, have you met her?
I can't forget her,
Fair as the lily, her name;
She with the eyes blue,
Of summer skies' hue,
With her the world I would gain.

'Twas on a May day—
Oh, such a gay day!
Sweet singing birds filled the trees;
Fair Spring went laughing
To the gay chaffing
Of her wayward love, the breeze.

I, too, was merry,
Heart light and airy,
Knew not I'd lose it that day;
Cupid was stirring,
His arrow whirring,
And my poor heart in the way.

She smiled so naively,
Glanced I so bravely,
Unthinking quite of the cost;
On that spring morning,
Done without warning,
I and my poor heart were lost.