

Across his shoulder lies a quiver, filled  
With arrows dipped in honey, thrice distilled  
From all the roses brides have ever worn  
Since that first wedding out of Eden born.  
Beneath a cherub face and dimpled smile  
This youthful hunter hides a heart of guile;  
His arrows aimed at random fly in quest  
Of lodging-place within some blameless breast.  
But those he wounds die happily, and so  
Blame not young Cupid with his dart and bow:  
Thus has he warred and won since time began,  
Transporting into Heaven both maid and man.