

“ His voice as honey is, but if
He is provoked there's no believing
A word he saith—when in a tiff
He's always ruthless and deceiving;
The crafty child but seldom tells
The truth; his victims he hies after;
And while his heart with anger swells,
He mocks their miseries with laughter.

“ His tiny hands 'tis true they are
As slight as a patrician lady's;
Yet they, pardie, can shoot as far
As Acheron, or the King of Hades.
He's naked, but his mind is hid,
And wingèd as a bird he's flitting;
To girls, youths, women, men unbid
He comes, upon their vitals sitting.

“ He hath a small bow whereupon
An arrow's placed—small but it carries
Unto the far refulgent sun,
And whither sent right there it tarries.