

LOVE

(*From the* LATIN OF GEORGE BUCHANAN)

Who's this pretty wingèd boy?
'Tis Love, mischievous and coy.
Old as time he still is young,
Suasive is his silver tongue.
Frequently perdu he lies
In the depths of laughing eyes;
Wealth and ease and luxury,
Youth, desire and levity,—
These his close companions be.
Beauty and seductive smiles,
Agacerie, and wanton wiles
Nourish him, and honeyed kisses.
He the soul with grief can wring,
And can dreams of rapture bring.
Hopes, and fears, and dainty blisses
Are his guerdons, and his darts