

Love's Locomotive

THERE'S a gay locomotive, called "Cupid" by
name,

All filled with bright vapor and roseate flame;
'Tis the best locomotive that ever was made,
And it casts Father Time's all into the shade,
From the glance of an eye once let Cupid's car
start,

And I will reach, in a twinkling, Love's station,
the heart,

Oh! 'tis filled with the foolish, both young and
the old;

And its wheels are made often of silver and gold,
The lover and loveless, the bridegroom and bride,
In a sweet *tête-à-tête* there sit side by side,

Thus around the whole world merry Cupid's car
goes,

All padded and painted lovely *couleur de rose*.