
JOHN LYLY

Cupid and My Campaspe

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's¹ doves and team of sparrows,
5 Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
10 All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 Oh Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas, become of me?

1632

1. Venus's.