Cupid and My Campaspe Played.

By Lyly, John .

Cupid and my Campaspe played

At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:

He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,

His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;

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 on his chin.

All these did my Campaspe win.

At last he set her both his eyes -

She won, and Cupid blind did rise.

O Love! has she done this to thee?

What shall, alas! become of me?