

Cupid - song lyrics

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CUPID.

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Words by Charles Osborne. Music by J. H. MacCann.

Cupid is the little God of love, cupid is a rascal, I'm afraid;
How he lifts his tender darts.
And he aims at human hearts,
Then he laughs at all the havoc he has made;
And yet we kiss the hand that gave the loving blow,
Because we understand it was ever so.

Chorus.

Cupid is the little God of love, cupid is a rascal, I'm afraid;
How he lifts his tender darts,
And he aims at human hearts.
Then he laughs at all the havoc he has made.

Cupid is imperial in his ways, welcomed by the highest and the low;
In the palace or the cot-
Well, it really matters not-
He is always on the watch to deal the blow.
For he never sleeps, whate'er may be the hour, [Break.]
But on the watch he keeps till we admit his power. -Break & Cho.