

“VENGEANCE IS SWEET”

BY

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When I was young I longed for Love,
And held his glory far above
All other earthly things. I cried:
“Come, Love, dear Love, with me abide;”
And with my subtlest art I wooed,
And eagerly the wight pursued.
But Love was gay and Love was shy,
He laughed at me and passed me by.

Well, I grew old and I grew gray,
When Wealth came wending down my way.
I took his golden hand with glee,
And comrades from that day were we.
Then Love came back with doleful face,
And prayed that I would give him place.
But, though his eyes with tears were dim,
I turned my back and laughed at him.