

“LOVE DESPOILED”

BY

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As lone I sat one summer's day,
With mien dejected, Love came by;
His face distraught, his locks astray,
So slow his gait, so sad his eye,
I hailed him with a pitying cry:

“Pray, Love, what has disturbed thee so?”
Said I, amazed. “Thou seem'st bereft;
And see thy quiver hanging low,—
What, not a single arrow left?
Pray, who is guilty of this theft?”

Poor Love looked in my face and cried:
“No thief were ever yet so bold
To rob my quiver at my side.
But Time, who rules, gave ear to Gold,
And all my goodly shafts are sold.”