Cupid At The Door - song lyrics

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CUPID AT THE DOOR.
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Words by Philip Wingate. Music by H. W. Petrie.

We were sitting alone, just my lover and I,
By the glow of the soft firelight,
While the flickering shadows were touching his face,
And his dark eyes were shining so bright.
he was telling the beautiful story of love,
That's oft been repealed before,
'Till I heard in the silence the throb of my heart,
Like the sound of a knock at the door.

Refrain.
It's only little cupid tapping at the door,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
He is very, very sly.
You can't dodge him if you try,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
It's only little cupid tapping at the door,
Little cupid tapping at the door.
He is very, very sly.
You can't dodge him if you try,
When it's little cupid tapping at the door.

"Oh! please let me come in," little cupid cried out,
"I have waited so long at your door,
The darkness affrights me, my arrows are wet,
Alas! I can use them no more."
So I opened the door, and that sly little elf
Sat a moment or two at my knee,
When snap weal his bow-string, my heart gave a throb,
And-his arrow of love had pierced me.- Refrain.

Then the voices of my lover fell soft on my ear,
And I straightway was under a spell,
And I know that my eyes all their secrets revealed
That I never intended to tell;
But he promised me truly, and faithful he'll be,
'Till the sun and the stars are no more:
And my heart sings the beautiful story of love
Since I let cupid in at the door.-Refrain.