

# EUROPA

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Lovely Europa  
Gathered her flowers  
In the sweet meadow lands  
Down by the sea,  
With her companions  
Gathered her flowers,  
Fairest of all maidens  
In all Arcady.

Jupiter spied her  
Bending to pick them,  
Lovely the flowers  
In the meadows do grow,  
Jupiter eyed her,  
Stooping Europa,  
Lovely Europa,  
Whiter than snow.  
Deity ravished,  
Said, "I must have her,  
How may I hold her  
Without hap or fear?"  
Deity pondered,  
Just as a mortal might,  
Then said, "I've got it,  
Here's what I'll do,  
Swift on the earth alight,  
Maiden be bountiful,  
Graze all the meadows through  
Guised as a bull."

Lovely Europa  
With all her companions,  
Fairest of maidens  
In all Arcady,  
Fairest of maidens  
But loveliest she,  
Strayed where the kine did feed—  
O what a lovely mead,  
Fit for such maids;  
Where soon there came a bull,

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Sleek and so beautiful,  
Friendly and free;  
Whiter than milk is white,  
Horns both so golden bright,  
Circled with silver light,  
Eyes like the sea.  
"O, what a lovely bull,  
White and so beautiful,  
Let's go and play with him",  
Shouted the maid.  
Slowly he came to her,  
Closer and closer,  
Down then he kneeled to her,  
Looked in her eyes.  
Oh, how her heart did beat,  
Stones seemed her tiny feet  
Stilled in surprise.  
Then from her dream she woke  
And with soft words she spoke  
Calling her friends.  
"Let's climb upon his back,  
Go for a ride."  
Still knelt the lovely bull  
Knelt by her side.  
Grasping his shaggy coat,  
Upward she seemed to float,  
Settled with pride.  
Called to her friends again,  
"Come up beside me here,  
There's room for more than one,  
Come let us all have fun,  
There's naught to fear."  
Called to her friends too late,  
For like a stream in spate  
Sudden the bull,  
Shaking his curled pate,  
Raced through the meadow lands  
Down to the shore  
While her friends cried out  
But no one heard the shout,  
In vain they implore.  
Far out to sea he sped  
Where a huge dolphin led

Both on their way;  
Grasping one golden horn,  
She held her robe forlorn  
Lest it get wet,  
While the soft zephyrs blew  
And the bold tritons too  
In the chase met.

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So they sped on and on  
Into the crimson dawn  
And soon the sea was calm,  
Whispered the bull.  
"Lovely one have no fear  
Our home in Crete is near  
There we will wed.  
I am not what you see,  
I'm in reality,  
Jupiter, god.

Happy the maid replied  
"In Crete I'll be your bride;  
There we will wed."  
So, swift they journeyed on  
Into another dawn  
Landed in Crete,  
Where all the people came  
Soon as they heard her name,  
Laden with flowers,  
Threw lovely garlands down  
For her to walk upon,  
For her white feet.

Lovely Europa  
Gathered her flowers  
All for her bridal bed,  
Crete by the sea,  
With new companions  
Gathered her flowers,  
Loveliest maiden  
In all Arcady.