

Random.

(—) my dear I love thee,
For thine own gracious self.
Thy winning ways have caught me
Thou little roughish elf.
Thy hair is like the sunshine,
Thy cheeks are like the rose,
Those lips, what I'd give to kiss them
God, he only knows.
Thine eye is like a tiny star
Set in the sky's deep blue,
Thy face and form are godly
Oh! Can I believe you true.
But thou art proud and haughty
Will not return my smile,
Oh! tell me art thou feigning
Thou canst not be of guile.
Maybe I've been too timid dear
But how could man be bold,
When woman proud indifferent looks
To chill him, frosty, cold.
If thou art truly in earnest
In love's sweet amorous state,
Just pucker up your little mouth
And kiss me at the gate.

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