

## MY SWEETHEART

In her eyes of sweetest brown  
Love himself hath set him down ;  
On her gentle pouting lips  
Love hath laid his finger-tips ;  
And her cheek, 'tis plain to see,  
Love hath kissed to torture me.

Love himself must go in fear  
Lest one win this dainty Dear,  
Since of all the maids he sees  
She, my Sweet, is first to please !

RICCARDO STEPHENS