

Oh give me love, I pray of you,  
 Thy heart is hard & cold,  
 And show me how the skin on blue  
 And how I can not old!

Her heart is Affairs.

She has made her choice  
 Though she does not say it  
 Her heart is aflame  
 Yet her lips are made  
 She hides her impatience  
 But her eyes betray it  
 Her heart is aflame  
 Yet her lips are made.

The Effects of Love.

With Tempests in and Tempests out  
 And Trouble all about  
 And fury in the wind,  
 I feel that I have sinned,  
 That somehow love is not quite right  
 And love is not too smooth  
 That even the sun is a bit too bright  
 For I hurt's eyes  
 With the dazzling sight