

## My Love is not as Your Love is

My love is not as your love is,  
Her eyes are brown, not blue;  
Her ringlets rival jet itself,  
Your love's are gold of hue.

My love is not as your love is,  
She is a tiny thing;  
Yours, Juno-like, steps stately by,  
And men gaze—worshipping.

My love is not as your love is,  
She sings at eventide;  
Your love, with fair and placid face,  
In silence doth abide.

My love is just as your love is,  
She has a heart as true;  
And my love—well, she loveth me,  
And your love—loveth you.