

Love

SWEETHEART dear of mine,
 F'd must I be without thee;
 O, turn not thy face away,
 One tender look give me!

O, go not far away,—
 'Twould break my heart in twain;
 Put thou thy hands in mine,
 Let not my love be vain!

Once, when thou wentest far,
 Thy dear face haunted me;
 It came to me in dreams;
 In sleep I still saw thee.

My all I give to thee—
 My heart, my very life!
 Why not give thine to me?
 Be, dear one, sweetheart—wife!