

# 7. Sweet Cupid

William Corkine

Sweet Cu- pid, ri- pen her de- sire; thy joy- ful har- vest  
 Cold win- ter storms lay stand- ing corn, which once too ripe, will  
 Then, sweet, let us em- brace and kiss. Shall beau- ty shale up-

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may be- gin. If age ap- proach a lit- tle  
 nev- er rise, and lov- ers wish them- selves un-  
 on the ground, if age be- reave us of this

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nigh- er, 'twil be too late, 'twil be too late, 'twil be too  
 born, when all their joys, when all their joys, when all their  
 bliss, then will no more, then will no more, then will no

late to get it in, if age ap- in.  
 joys lie in their eyes, and lov- ers eyes.  
 more such sport be found, if age be- found.

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