7. Sweet Cupid

William Corkine

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

If age ap- proach a lit- tle nigh- er, 'twil be too late, 'twill be too
and lov- ers wish them- selves un- born, when all their joys, when all their
if age be- reave us of this bliss, then will no more, then will no

late, 'twill be too late to get it in, if age ap- in.
joys, when all their joys lie in their eyes, and lov- ers eyes.
more, then will no more such sport be found, if age be- found.

1) f in orig.