## **Sweet Kate**



- Unkind! I find thy delight is in tormenting.
  "Abide!" I cried, "Or I die with thy consenting."
  "Te-he-he!" quoth she, "Make no fool of me!
  Men I know have oaths at pleasure;
  But their hopes attained, they bewray they
  feign'd,
  - And their oaths are kept at leisure."

3. Her words, like swords, cut my sorry heart in sunder. Her flouts, with doubts, kept my heart's affections under.

"Te-he-he!" quoth she, "What a fool is he Stands in awe of once denying!" Cause I had enough to become more rough; So I did. Oh, happy trying!