

The Thief of Hearts (Drafted by Little Nick, after he broke up with Allena in June of 1970, but polished and completed, Thanksgiving, 1976, when he felt he was losing Ryzanna to the rewards of fame)

*The Thief of Hearts
Gives grief to hearts.
That's how this trump card works.*

*He hangs around
Without a sound,
Not showing where he lurks.*

*He comes and goes.
Where? No one knows,
But he steals when least expected.*

*Had you known
The seeds he's sown
You'd take steps to be protected.*

*But clean, fair play
Is not his way.
This knave won't chance a gamble.*

*For him, instead,
It's left unsaid--
The way for him to ramble.*

*Oh, YOU THIEF!
You dastardly curmudgeon!
You stole away
My joy today
And leave me here, begrudgin'.*

*I see you now
Taking your bow
Before you leave me, fleeing.*

*Snidely your smirk,
You sniveling jerk!
Now! You don't mind my seeing.*

*You coward. You rat!
You broke me flat!
You gave me not a chance.*

*You sneak'd around,
Then stabbed me down
And slayed my sweet romance.*