

LOVE

Of sense is passion born, it stands alone,
Nor will pure love with passion kinship own.

Soon passion dies to cold neglect or hate,
But love reigns on, nor doth its strength abate.

Oh, Love, thou art a great empyrean light,
Without Thee, life would prove one Stygian night.

You teach us all the graces of the mind,
Our purest, highest joy through Thee we find.

As zephyr's breath, and fragrant vernal showers,
And sunshine warm bring life to earth's sweet
flowers,

So Love, when with thy breath our hearts are filled,
Our days with richer life and hope you gild.