

Whether wasting a parent's sigh,
 Stealing lustre from beauty's eye,
 Or midst ego's wrinkles at play,
 Or prompting premature decay,
 Or sundering fond hearts far and wide,
 Breaking the knots which nature tied,
 Or, giving old discord a place
 In circles love was wont to grace;
 Or, making the heart a slave
 In the lov'd land he'd die to save
 In any shape, in any mind,
 Still, still "thou art an awful thing!"
 I scorn the philosopher who cries;
 Thou art a blessing in disguise;
 For all that lives, bows to a sense
 Of thy stern haggard countenance.

Earth, at most, is but a sea,
 Of death and mutability,
 Her fairest forms, tho' young, tho' gay,
 Contain the gangrene of decay.
 But love, eternal love alone,
 Sits smiling at the shafts of fate,
 And cannot, will not e'er depart
 From her own home—the human heart.
 Tho' hope, tho' ambition has gone,
 Yet love triumphant reigns alone.
 I've seen her busy in the mind,
 E'en of the basest of mankind,
 And recognized her genial ray
 In his wildest, maddest day.
 Maddest he may be, but he will
 E'en while he's mad, will love,
 —mould a not-quarrel, some reason