

# Y OU CAN'T CHAIN LOVE.

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You can't chain love, as well might try  
 To fix the light that gilds the sky,  
 Which wanders, when the day is o'er,  
 To seek a more congenial shore.

So, when no longer it describes  
 The fancied charms which gave it rise.  
 Scorning all promise to be true,  
 Love flies to scenes more fair to view.

I hear some say true love will last.  
 Will brighter glow as time flies past :  
 The sense of this I cannot see,  
 Nor with the words can I agree.

I've loved of blushing maids a score—  
 That many, and perhaps some more—  
 But must confess I never yet  
 Have met one I could not forget.

Love knows no wrong, it cannot see  
 One sin, though many there may be :  
 In hiding thus all fault from sight,  
 Love proves itself as far from right.

Love is as fickle as the air,  
 To-day its here, to-morrow there ;  
 And, since you ne'er know where to find it,  
 Take good a lvice, and never mind it.

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The strangest man lives in our town  
 That ever yet was seen ;  
 For, though he's altogether *Brown*,  
 He's also very *green*.

To make a change in vain he tries  
 Some method to discover ;  
 Nature decrees that till he dies  
 The *green* this *Brown* shall cover.