

LOVE

Love! Love! could I your worth define,
Or could I sound a depth, so deep as thine.

Or might I scale a height so vast and high—
It may not be, 'twere vain for me to try.

You sweep the soul as tempest sweeps the deep,
Within your clasp our joy or pain you keep.

You are a lever strong to upward raise,
Or as a weight you downward press our days.

Ofttimes on us the chastening rod you lay,
A crucible, our dross you cleanse away.

In countless guises through the world you go;
You are the Heaven-born sign, that man may know.

Some name the fitful flame of passion, love!
Pure love is ethic born, 'tis far above.