

I have some weighty precepts which should you
 Occasion have your courtship to renew
 And wandering suffering through the world in quest
 Of some sweet maiden to restore your rest,
 Would be of use: First know the gentle fair
 Did never scorn a mother's tender care;
 If with no pleasure she withholds a child
 You should not by her company be defiled.
 Observe her when the darling loudly cries
 And wed her if for it she aptly sighs.
 If fickle fortune e'er withhold a meal
 Much constancy she'll show, but more conceal.
 You easily can detect the cunning cheat
 If held in scorn instead of in conceit.
 Although her own the cheat will truly love,
 A careless mother she will surely prove.
 And if you her willing heart invade
 Suffer no babe in cradle to be laid;
 But rather rock the bundle in your arms
 And you will double, in her eye, your charms.
 Dishonesty in love is oft allowed,
 And if you're worthy she'll forget the fraud.
 Women more judgment than the men possess
 In choosing one their tender lives to bless.
 She who is wise will ever seek to find
 One who agrees with her peculiar mind;
 But he who cannot be, with art may feign
 To be agreeable, his fair to gain.
 So to the opinion to which she's inclined,
 I charge you to conform, nor cross her mind.
 Even if she'd argue, argue not with her
 For she'll have her way and yours demur.
 If e'er your damsel you at cards oppose
 Be sure you cheat yourself that you may lose.
 There is no woman star, however proud,
 But shines much brighter when behind a cloud;
 There is no lady but whose soul is glad
 In ministering unto the heart that's sad;
 No woman e'er denied her greatest power,
 To soothe a heart in its dejected hour.
 Where is she who, when he did recognize,
 Her power to reform, did him despise?
 When in her presence feign a solemn look
 As sad as Orpheus when he betook
 Himself down Tartarus, gloomy halls and made
 The Fates to mourn while he the place surveyed.
 If she inquire the cause you must pretend
 That you're denied a sympathetic friend.
 It will to her appeal to discompose
 Your neckwear and a truant tear disclose.
 Then cultivate a mental recklessness,
 But be averse, I charge you, to excess,
 To prodigalities, then her advice
 Solicit and you'll find this will suffice;
 Beg her to be to you a needful friend;
 She will feel honored and a hand will lend.
 How many giddy girls have thus been won
 By amorous lovers who as friends begun!

"If you'll permit," he said, "I will relate
 A tale to prove my precepts adequate:"

The Tale—

THE LIES OF LOVE
