
THE LIES OF LOVE

In every dusky damsel he has won
Unless the darkness is preferred to light
He should appreciate this truer sight.
The fair alone possess God's finger prints,
For in her cheeks are found the lovely dints.

With love of beauty lovers are endowed;
To vicious minds this beauty's not allowed,
Hence, she employs your care to seek a wife
Of beauty, and give you a peaceful life.
The cunning actress courts a noble thought
And so old age her beauty's never bought.
If she's the hideous witch disposed to play
Then gloom and sullenness becomes her way.
Now see, dissatisfied and murmuring swain,
What bounteous Nature gives, nor gives in vain.
For beauty oft the haughty lords descend
And with the vulgar round her do contend.
This is to women a most charming sight—
The only pain in which they have delight;
How pleased is she when she her beau does sway,
Pleased first to have command, then to obey!
But please her and she cannot else but love,
Then offer her your arm—she'll with you rove.

"You'd injure Love," he said, (for with a smile
I said, "If I with art her love beguile
My dear requires gifts that are so dear,
They will exhaust my meagre purse, I fear.")
"Diamonds," continued he, "are for the fair
They are unseemly for a man to wear.
What degradation jewels undergo—
What frowns, what blushes do they seem to show
When on horse-blankets they are ranged around—
Beauty and rudeness left each to confound.
When women found the great impulse to buy
Rich and gay clothes herself to beautify,
Nature stood back and smiling did maintain
The mighty gift forever would remain.
Though Love's ambrosia you, my pupil, know,
In fear you administer it and hence are slow;
I speak to show that others have like sense
And thereby give you needful confidence.
Love ne'er was taught to me in stifling school,
By art, nor books, nor man's ignoble rule;
I was not steeped in Love by seeing life
Constant in love or for love in mad strife.
Love is from God and, therefore, is divine,
And if thou foster him the boy is thine.
Love was extant ere man did quite begin,
Though now obscure 'tis bounteous within.
See how through waving woods does silent run
The purple rays of the kind setting sun
Uninterrupted by the windy sighs
Of branches that complain against the skies;
And as they do invade the accepting shades
So love and goodness man's dark mind invades.
Felonious teaching no good thoughts destroy,
They but the poor external do annoy.
Wrongful religions or their dire relations
Can never blot or stain the future nations.
Homer appeared in Virgil's brilliant page,
But Homer also was in pupilage.