

LOVE.

RECONSTRUCTED.

WHAT is love that all the world
Thinks so much about it ?
What is love that you or I
Ne'er can do without it ?

What is love that angel forms
Use their charms to catch it ?
What is love that ripen years
Still incline to watch it ?

What is love that it can be
Changeful as the weather ?
Is it joy or is it pain ?—
Maybe both together.

Is it sentiment or song,
Or closer magic spell ?
For two souls, ecstatic bliss,
Or for one, a Hell ?

Love's a tyrant and a slave—
Affection's flowery treasure ;
Having it we know no peace,
Wanting it no pleasure.

Would we shun it if we could ?
Well ! I rather doubt it ;
Jove ! I'd sooner bear its pain
Than I'd live without it.