
THE LIES OF LOVE

Sweet flattery by every woman's prized,
Even though 'tis not with useless care disguised,
The cunning master flattery employs
Which is more potent and no slave destroys.
Invest some sympathy in all her cares;
Its interest oft has made men millionaires.
Old maids through want of love will grow unkind;
Their want of love's a torment to their mind.

How diligent a luckless man will be
In suing for his needful sympathy;
On the case-hardened world he will complain,
And even say he would that he were slain;
Rail at all pleasures and deny his food,
Pretending even pity to exclude;
But ne'er refuse the succor in his tears,
For in those pearls a needful food appears.
Where he receives the sympathy most dear,
More melancholy there he will appear;
And von bemoan one dire misfortune he
Will want your pity then for two or three.
So 'tis with restless, chiding tongues that sue
For love—to all the crumpled notes renew.
Then burn ye fires of sympathy, deny
Corruption, and our flesh now purify.
The trifling maid commanding with her charms,
Can be made servile with rentless arms;
Even like the deer who find a stubborn fence
Enclose them in a park, to fret commence;
Their pride does spur their bleeding sides in vain
While bound they forth again and yet again.
But when they find that they have met defeat
They learn to love their quiet, safe retreat.

I'd rather pick a thistle from her hand
Than o'er its veins my greedy lips extend.
Anticipating reconciliation
Fond lovers often quarrel without occasion.
She notes with pride that you have had success
In business, and, though she will not confess
It, hopes the skill you show in your profession,
When courting her, will not for an instant lessen.
So 'tis with chiding wives who cease to sue
When they find man can meet the payments due.
There is no weapon will as quickly stun
As love, when used upon the offending one.
Resist not evil and, accept my word,
'Twill be extinguished of its own accord.
Hate, blinded by my love, will die in shame
And moulder with an unremembered name.
Ah! may thy soul submit, as does the dew
To the sun's rays, and be likewise as true!
Let with salt tears your ready heart o'erflow;
She'll bathe in tears ere she with wit will go.
Even if with onions you your tears provoke,
I'll warrant she will never turn the voke.
The Unwise Epimetheus became
Inconstant and Pandora put to shame;
The maiden prostrate lay, of love bereft,
But Hone, Ah! Hone, that wonderous one was left!
Some claim that Love man's reason will destroy;
Instead with vomiting satiety to cloy
His lazy eyes, it makes him see a sun