

Wringing her hands and thinking not of sleep  
While does enlarging grief her heart expand,  
And Misery loathed (as she did speak to Love)  
The piteous sight of this distracting scene,  
And wailed and shrunk against the Powers above  
That pleasure should come in such hideous mien.  
Then Love said, "There a duty lies of mine,  
Nothing that earth or Heaven ever sends  
This soul that can vie with the stealth of brine.  
I let him come at times and she suspends  
Him from his tiny dresses o'er her lap  
Then does she on two cheeks, two kisses clap.

## IV.

"My foster-father, Momus, showed to me  
The woes and griefs attending grovelling man,  
And I, being versatile, 'twas plain to see  
Men were accompanied by a dreadful ban.  
Momus, the dire mistake Prometheus made,  
Saw at a glance men in their breast require  
A window and their thoughts exposèd laid  
To show without cold words the soul's desire.  
"Momus," said Love, "could never find a fault  
In me; so listen, for of truth I speak,  
Into thy mouth will invariably vault  
A lovelier thought when you a word do seek.  
What music's softer than a lover's words?  
Practise! your speech will come like happiest bird's.

## V.

"See," Misery said, "how cruel the cold damp grave  
Now hides from orphan's face a mother dear,  
And see the woe in which they're forced to lave  
And nought to aid them save a neighbor's tear.  
O Heaven! had thou but taken one instead  
For whom no one had mourned or memory pained;  
But here a helpless child weeps o'er the dead