
THE LIES OF LOVE

And made the clay where flinty stones abound,
His greatest joy, his well attended ground.

You should be thankful that she does abound
With thorns so you may tend the fruitful ground—
That she complains till all your wit is spent,"
And thus the bard resumed the argument.

"If I sit long beside the jolly wine
I'm apt to spend more tickle cash than's mine.
Should I decline this honest debt to pay
Because 'twas spent in drinking yesterday?
Or should I think he'd in his suit relent
'Till I had paid the lender every cent.
Should I deny the debt I owe of love,
And from her scolding, brawling tongue remove?
Nay, I'd pay all for which the maid does sue;
I know when she complains that she is true.

I, once, with great Ambition did converse,
When he thus mad confession did rehearse,
(For, as I talked with him, I trembling laid
My plaint before him and he frankly said):
"All hand in hand we go, young Love and I;
We give men life, then straightway see them die.
Men as grass-hoppers of their place soon tire,
Then spite all jeers they'll readily aspire.
One'd think that, by the sound their wings do make
When they arise, they would our planet shake
But they alight as oft on withered grass,
As on the green which on their flight they pass.
Some long in hot days their small limbs to cool
And weary wait beside the balmy pool,
All loathe to doff their yellow breeches lest
Some rude companions would eke out a jest.
Fear holds one fellow by his heel's short hair
Till some offensive frog obstructs his lair.
My subjects' loyalty this way I test
And this the way Love takes to be expressed.
In this way Man is raised to higher sense
And here appears our kingdom's one defense.
The tramps and loafers, if it were not so,
Would come and feast and satiated go.
Love's lawns would be the idler's paradise
Which young ambitious lovers would despise.

When Cupid did his love proceed to woo,
She seemed indignant and repulsive grew;
Upon her face appeared a regal smile—
Scorned to be caught in his litigious wile;
So summoned all the love that in him lay
(The potent weapon in this doubtful fray)
To be expressed: she knowing if he fly
That it was certain he had scant supply.
What if she'd welcomed him in fond embrace
And he, listless or dead, had o'er her face
Proceeded slobbering with a lazy kiss,
Enjoying blindly what he thought was bliss;
If he had not been sickened with disgust,
He'd stayed and been consumed away in rust.
For if she soon submits quenched are our fires,
Then sloth appears and Love all but expires.

Now see the peevish wife demands her due,
And it is hers and she should have it, too.