

VII.

If 'tis a Thorny Path you go,
And thousand Foes your Steps furround,
Stamp the Thorns down, Charge thro' the Foe:
The Hardest Fight is Highest Crown'd.

A Word of Warning,

O R

Few Happy Marriages.

August 1721.

I.

SAY, Mighty Love, and teach my Song
To whom thy Sweetest Joys belong,
And who the Happy Pairs
Whose Yielding Hearts and Joyning Hands
Find Blessings twisted with their Bands
To soften all their Cares.

II.

Not the Wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains
That thoughtless fly into the Chains

As Custom leads the way :
If there be Blifs without Design,
Ivys and Oaks may grow and twine,
And be as Blest as they.

III.

Not Sordid Souls, whose Earthy Mould
Drawn by Congenial Charms of Gold

To dull Embraces move :
So two Rich Mountains of *Peru*
May rush to Wealthy Marriage too,
And make a World of Love.

IV.

Not the Mad Tribe that Hell inspires
With Wanton Flames ; those raging Fires

The Purer Blifs destroy :
On *Ætna's* top let Furies Wed,
And Sheets of Lightning dress the Bed
T' improve the Burning Joy.

V.

Nor the Dull Pairs whose Marble Forms
None of the melting Passions warms,

Can mingle Hearts and Hands :

Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals
Are Married just like Stoick Souls,
With Ofyers for their Bands.

V I.

Not Minds of Melancholy Strain
Still Silent, or that still Complain,

Can the dear Bondage blefs :

As well may Heavenly Comforts spring
From two old Lutes with ne're a String,
Or none besides the Bass.

V I I.

Nor can the soft Enchantments hold
Two Jarring Souls of Angry Mould,

The Rugged, and the Keen :

Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of Cheerful Wedlock dwell
With Fire-brands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the Cruel Fetters bind
A Gentle to a Savage Mind ;

For Love abhors the Sight :

Loose the fierce Tyger from the Deer,

For native Rage and native Fear

Stand and forbid Delight.

IX.

Two Kindest Souls alone must meet ;

'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,

And feeds their mutual Loves :

Bright *Venus* on her Rolling Throne

Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,

And *Cupids* Yoke the Doves.
