Love and Marriage

A Song of Similies.

Say, have you seen ~~the~~ Aurora rise,
In mellow lustre brightning ?-
And then beheld the evening skies,
Deformed with stormy lightning ?—
O, **Love**, is like the morning ray,
It speaks a bright and cheerful day;
But **Marriage** is the evening storm,
That breaks the promises of morn.

Say, have you seen an early flower,
Its thousand charms displaying;
And then beheld at twilight hour,
Its beauties all decaying ?—
O, **Love** is like that morning rose,
We think its charms can never close,
But **Marriage** is the twilight dews,
That blight its freshness and its hues.

Say, have you seen wet weather streams,
O'er shining rocks careering;
And then beheld, at Sol's bright beams,
The waters disappearing ?-
O, **Love**, is like that hasty rill,
Its course is bright, but downward still;
And **Marriage** is the noon-day beam,
That dries the fountain of the stream.

Say, have you seen at Summer's eve,
A calm upon the Ocean;
And then beheld the tempest heave
The waves, in wild commotion?
O, Love is like that Halcyon sea,
We think the voyage will stormless be;
But Marriage is the tempest dark,
That wakes the waves, and wrecks the bark.

Woman.

O, twine no laurel wreath for me,
Nor Mammon's stores impart;
I ask no fame but woman's smiles
No treasure but her heart.
The flash of glory fades like day,
And riches have their flight;
But love – the Star of woman's life,
Knows no declining light.

Turn Over

Go where you may - to regions drear;
Where icy mountains rise;
Or tread Sahara's burning waste
O'er which the Siroc flies,
Still Woman's love and loveliness,
Will every clime relieve;
And ne'er permit the grateful heart,
For brighter lands to grieve.

What tho' along the realms of ice,
No vernal beauties blow;
What tho' along the burning waste
No cooling waters flow;
Amidst the Snows, amidst the Sands,
Her smiles will still impart,
A spring-like feeling in the mind,
A fountain in the heart.

O, woman, beautiful and good!
A blessing every where;
I want the skill to sing thy praise,
My gratitude declare;
Thou art indeed, the poor man's friend,
The rich man's diadem;
Thro' weal and woe, my guiding light,
My Star of Bethlehem.

FINIS.