SONG 74

Dear Mary, while thus, beyond measure, you
treat me with doubts and disdain, You rob all your
youth of its pleasure, And hoard up an old age of
pain. Your maxim, that love is ill founded on
charms that will quickly decay. You'll find to be
very ill grounded when once you its
dictates obey.

The love, that from beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve,
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruitions the sunshine of love.
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was day.

Old Darby with Joan by his side
You've often regarded with wonder,
He's dropsical, she is dim-eyed,
Yet they're always uneasy asunder.
Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door,
And at night when old Darby's pot's out
His Joan will not smoak a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess
Their several failings to smother,
Then what are the charms, can you guess
That make them so fond of each other.
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that youth did bestow:
The thoughts of past virtue and truth
Are among our best blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last
No sickness or time can remove,
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such pleasures as these,
The current of fondness still flows,
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.