

*Now in his way there came upon him a young lover,
 Going to woo as fate would have him then discover,
 Whom he greets and begins forthwith to teach speech and ways,
 And brings him to a nymph, the sole subject of his praise,
 Then away flies Cupid over the same path he came,
 Having kindled in two hearts Love's ever-bright'ning flame,
 Which the sly archer fans when into the house he steals
 To wound with a dart a spot no armor ever shields ;
 Which oft he does with gleeful pride and freakish fancy,
 With clever art and a natural necromancy,
 Bright as the sun her beauty, her smile has no deceit ;
 The sweetness of her voice no nightingale can repeat.
 The fitting sprite, impatient for a declaration,
 Burns offerings on an altar for inspiration,
 When lo and behold ! the man is lastingly smitten,
 And sees his fate is fully fix'd and plainly written.
 To speed the dull days of his waiting and discontent
 It was then Thomas's delight and Swartwout's happy bent
 To go and sigh in his fair fiancé's pretty bower,
 And become the more enamored each passing hour.
 His quiet moods and doleful mien gave her no distress ;
 And even when he dared at last his love to confess,
 She tried sore his patience with coquettish playfulness,
 Ere she made his soul heavenward go, saying " yes !"
 Sir Groom, on this bright, auspicious, joyful, nuptial day,
 You have the lovely token for which you pined straightway
 And longed to enjoy without stint, price, or trouble,
 And yet wou'd to have, even should the cost be double,
 When a rare rose from a blooming bush you seek to cull,
 Let not your hand be over rash nor your eye too dull,
 Else you'll be sorely prick'd and bled by many a thorn
 Before the beauteous flower from the bough be shorn.*