

34.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs;
 What careth she for hearts when once possessed? 300
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
 But not too humbly, or she will despise
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise;
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes; 305
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns thy hopes.

35.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
 And those who know it best, deplore it most;
 When all is won that all desire to woo,
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost: 310
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour lost,
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
 If, kindly, cruel, early Hope is crost,
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
 Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please. 315

36.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
 For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
 And many a varied shore to sail along,
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led –
 Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head 320
 Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
 Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,¹⁹⁸
 To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
 If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

37.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still, 325
 Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
 From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
 Her never-weened, though not her favoured child.
 Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
 Where nothing polished dares pollute her path: 330
 To me by day or night she ever smiled,
 Though I have marked her when none other hath,
 And sought her more and more, and loved her best in wrath.

198: "ared" is a medievalism for "a-read."