

To Sir Robert Smyth TM 1918/20

As I do not attempt to rival your witty descriptive description of Love, I will ~~repe~~ retreat to sentiment and try if I can match you there, and that I may start with a fair chance I will begin with your own question.

What is Love?

'Tis that delight some transport we can feel  
Which Painters cannot paint, nor words reveal  
Nor any art we know of can conceal - - -

Canst thou describe the Sun beams to the blind,?  
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?  
So neither can we by description shew  
This first of all felicities below.

When happy Love pours magic o'er the Soul  
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll  
When Contemplation spreads its rain-bow wings  
And every flutter some new rapture brings,

How sweetly then our moments glide away,  
And dreams repeat the transports of the Day;  
We live in Extacy, to all things kind  
For Love can teach a moral to the mind.

But are there not some other marks that prove  
What is this wonder of the Soul call'd Love?  
Oh yes! there are; but of a different kind;  
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind.  
Some jealous fury throws its poison'd dart  
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.  
When Love's a tyrant, and the Soul a Slave  
No hope remains to Thought but in the grave  
In that dark den it sees an end to Grief  
And what was once its dread, becomes Relief

What are the iron chains the hands have wrought?  
The hardest chain to break is made of thought.  
Think well of this, ~~lovers~~ <sup>ye</sup> and be kind  
Nor play with torture on a tortured Mind.

FINIS

a Copy of Verses

By T. P. Davis

For Mr Manning