

- 2. Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains, That thoughtless fly into the chains, As custom leads the way:
 If there be bliss without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blessed as they.
- 5. Not the dull pairs, whose marble forms None of the melting passions warms, Can mingle hearts and hands: Logs of green wood, that quench the coals. Are married just like Stoic souls, With osiers for their bands.
- 6. Not minds of melancholy drain, Still silent, or that still complain, Can the dear bondage bless: As well may heavenly concerts spring From two old lutes with ne'er a string, Or none beside the bass.
- 7. Nor can the soft enchantments hold Two jarring fouls of angry mold. The rugged and the keen:
 Sampson's young foxes might as well In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
 With firebrands tied between.