

*Its sweet delicious fragrance you gratefully inhale,
 And richly prize the flower on which your eyes regale ;
 For to you its value is a royal recompense
 For all the pain and trouble you had in consequence.
 Forget, Sir Groom, henceforth the sufferings of the past,
 And think of the bliss of your possessing her at last !
 And thou, O Lovely Bride, is it not your happy thought,
 That he and you may realize now what each has sought !
 And thou, Proud Groom, will never leave this rarest treasure
 By wish of king or prelate whate'er be his pleasure
 To make you serve his regal will or tyrannic might ;
 Nor for any winsome Helen, whether woman or sprite.
 Now, Sir Groom, there is plain proof by which to understand
 That your fleet is safe at anchor and not far from land,
 While our poor craft, that in foreign waters dare not sail,
 Make no voyages to our liking ; in hope we sail
 Ever on the vast tumultuous sea and wild tides
 To plough a course unless assisted by expert guides.
 Neptune gives the wind by which to approach a port,
 Hence, dear beloved bridemaids, pray do not forbid us court ;
 But follow you the bride, in the spring-time of your lives,
 For as long as you live you'll be enjoyable wives.
 Pray let the bride now pass to her neat nuptial bed,
 Which, as a stately palace with myrtle overspread,
 Is deck'd with green periwinkle and flowers combined,
 And shining with spangles, to honor the bride designed.
 You two, who now are joined together by holy ties,
 Take constant heed of yourselves, watch with eager eyes
 For the first sign of fret or strife, that no second comes ;
 That no false tattling your ardent, trustful love benumbs,
 So that, O Happy Couple, with gladness you may go
 Your way through life without any self-made distress or woe.*