

Jan: 1. 1779.

“Thee, Mary, with this Ring I wed”  
So, sixteen years ago, I said.

Behold another Ring! — For what?  
To wed thee o'er again? — Why not?

With that first Ring, I married Youth,  
Grace, Beauty, Innocence and Truth;  
Taste long admir'd; Sense long rever'd;  
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclos'd,  
Prove twice the Woman I suppos'd,  
I plead that doubled merit now,  
To ~~justify~~ justify a double Vow.

With love as intense and pure,  
As when amidst the Rites divine  
I took thy Troth, and plighted mine  
To Thee, sweet girl, my second King,  
A Token and a Pledge I bring:  
With this I wed, till Death us part,  
Thy riper Virtues to my Heart:  
Those Virtues which, (before untried,)  
The Wife has added to the Bride's.  
Those Virtues, whose progress we claim,  
Indearing Wedlock's very Name,  
My soul enjoys, my Tongue approves,  
For Conscience sake as well as Love's.