

# Song of seven love essay sample

[Family](#), [Marriage](#)



I crave your pardon, royal kin,  
Whose praises cheer my heart so well;  
If I should wound some feelings by  
The story I mean to tell.  
Deep loves which I alone have known  
I venture to reveal to you.  
They echo here within my heart  
As fond desire will ever do. A thousand aching memories—  
I think shall never be forgot—  
Still whisper to me in the air  
Of loves that love me not.  
My first love was a hidden sun,  
A dawn which never came today,  
But like a lovely knot of hair,  
It fluttered loose and fell away.  
My second love was ecstasy,  
A glorious, glowing hidden fire  
Which burned within my secret breast: No other guessed my deep desire- A  
golden gong of perfect tone  
Whose notes were lost within my heart; Another knot of lovely hair  
Which trembled loose and fell apart apart.  
My third love was a letter sweet,  
It was sealed but never sent,  
Contrived of futile fantasies,  
And all my hours to love were lent.

My love was my cousin too,  
And so no word was ever said;  
We could not speak the thing we felt,  
For plainly we could never be wed.  
And so he chose to marry wealth  
And look a bride of noble rank,  
Whom I beheld without a tear  
To tell the bitter cup I drank.  
My fourth love fills me yet with joy  
As recollections flood my mind,  
For he was rich enough to give  
Great wedding gifts of every kind.  
He did not dare to tell his love  
Because, no doubt, he was too shy,  
And my high parents seemed to him  
Like mountain peaks against the sky.  
Besides, his heart was also drawn  
By some fair maiden, we heard,  
Who shone like moonlight in his eyes,  
And whom his relatives preferred.  
My fifth love was a sweet perfume  
Which set my eager mind a whirl;  
A fragrant flower which faded fast:  
His parents chose another girl.

My sixth love was a strong south wind  
Which gently fanned this breast of mind  
Till dark clouds gathered in the south  
And soon the sun had ceased to shine.

Did he not swear his love was sure  
And constant as the ardent sun?

Ah, fickle sun and dreary end  
That so brightly had begun!

My seventh love is stronger still  
A north wind blowing over the seas  
And whipping far-off unknown waves  
While sunbeams dance upon the breeze.

Will now at last my dreams come true,  
And will he choose me for his mate?

Has holy Prophet written it  
Across the pages of our fate?

Yet round the sun deep colors creep,  
And though he loves with splendid fire

And vows his will is firm as rock,  
I tremble lest he too my tire.

Sore doubts about our hostile kin  
Assail my mind with painful dread.

There is an ardent song in which  
The noble Prophet wisely said:

“ What comes of feuds between two clans

Who will not speak save to condemn,  
Who hurls defiance till the last?  
A God who sees will punish them.  
My dream is like a ship at sea  
Which tries to reach the land in vain,  
For earthquakes and tidal waves  
Keep driving it to sea again.  
So while he waits and hesitates  
His chance of winning fame slips by-  
Ah, should he dare, I firmly swear  
My love for him would never die.  
But he defers his suit so long  
And puts our ancient laws to naught  
Which rule that love should soon be told;  
He leaves me doubtful and distraught.  
I wonder, shall I turn from him  
And give a braver man delight  
With love like rippling water where  
The sunbeams bathe their laughing light?  
Perhaps our souls, discovered here,  
Will meet hereafter on the way;  
The soul takes down the dismal trail  
While going to the Judgment Day.

-from the Maranao – translated by Dr. Frank C. Laubach