

They glanced o'er cheeks—cheeks showing of themselves
That they were fields of that most rarest bloom—
The cross betwixt the lily and the rose.

- 165 But in the midst of those fair fields awoke
A shape, in very delicacy drawn
So Phidian it was their mount of beauty,
Leant toward a chin exquisite as itself,
Nay! more, and worthy to be called the throne
170 Of matchless mysteries; for just above it
Grew pearls so comely, issued breath so pleasing,
And bloomed such lips, oh lips! so richly curved,
And carved, and learned in lore of gracefulness,
Not Angelo could e'en have wished them better.
175 And, lover, if thou hast adored the rouge
In which Aurora does the cheek of morn,
Or felt the witchery of the hues of roses,
Then these two petals, they alone had won thee;
For such they were, withal, so rare, so dainty
180 And lucid-pure 't had seemed a sacrilege
To give them to the wanton lips of love;
Nor did me-think they had been thus profaned.

- Her brow was like a sunlit snowy range,
Imposing yet immaculately sweet,
185 And so serene, so cloudless-smooth and fair
It seemed fresh from the Master Maker's hand;
And of such mould was that bright work of Heaven
As is but once 'mid many millions seen,
And only then by the observer waiting
190 Long, patiently, for one of Nature's rare
Fits of perfection moulding such a joy;
And softly edging on its fleckless snow
Lay dark and wavy tresses—silken waves,
Reposing in luxuriance and beauty,
195 A fitting crown for that seraphic being,