

To entangle me when we met,
 To have her lion roll in a silken net
 And fawn at a victor's feet.

V

220 Ah, what shall I be at fifty
 Should Nature keep me alive,
 If I find the world so bitter
 When I am but twenty-five?
 Yet, if she were not a cheat,
 225 If Maud were all that she seem'd,
 And her smile were all that I dream'd,
 Then the world were not so bitter
 But a smile could make it sweet.

VI

What if tho' her eye seem'd full
 230 Of a kind intent to me,
 What if that dandy-despot, he,
 That jewell'd mass of millinery,
 That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull¹
 Smelling of musk and of insolence,
 235 Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,
 Who wants the finer politic sense
 To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,
 With a glassy smile his brutal scorn —
 What if he had told her yestermorn

¹ *Assyrian Bull.* This comparison is somewhat crude, but Dr. Rolfe remarks: "It is true that the last thing the winged bull from Nineveh suggests is a dandy, but that is just what it might suggest to a morbid imagination which at the moment recalls only the abundant curls of the majestic figure. It is the hero's metaphor, not Tennyson's."