

Her hair is a raven glory ;
Her chin is pointed and small ;
What is the wonderful story
Keeps her forever in thrall ?

The mouth is little and childly,
Her brow is innocent broad ;
Meekly she reads and mildly,
To neither condemn nor applaud.

Would that I too, a-reading,
Might half of her wisdom find,
In the gold flowers there unheeding,—
The calm of an open mind !

Day long, as I keep the homely
Round of my chambers here,
Her beauty is modest and comely,
Her presence living and near.