

75 Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or
man be the worse.

I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe
to his own.

II

Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find
it at last!

It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither
savour nor salt,

But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her
carriage passed,

80 Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is
the fault?

All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to
be seen)

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,

Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had
not been

For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of
the rose,

85 Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too
full,

Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive
nose,

From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little
touch of spleen.

III

Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly
meek,

Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was
drown'd,

90 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the
cheek,