



Chanson.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ANTOINE COMTE D'HAMILTON, A.D. 1661.

Nor dark nor blonde is she whom I adore :
By a single stroke to sketch her,
She's the most delightful creature
The wide world o'er.

Yet of her charms 't is easy count to take :
Five hundred beauties that are seen,
Five hundred more concealed, I ween,
A thousand make.

Wisdom divine is in her mind exprest ;
By thousand sweetest traits 't is told
The graces in their finest mould
Have formed the rest.

What lustrous tints could paint her hue so bright ?
Flora is not so fresh and fair ;
And with a swan's may well compare
Her neck so white.

Her waist and arm do kin to Venus prove ;
Like Hebe's are her mouth and nose ;
And, for her eyes—Ah ! your glance shows
Whom 't is I love.

W. P. DOLE.

