

Whose whole face was attuned to one sweet smile;  
 Not that of conscious, catering suavity,  
 But the unconscious, free, ingenuous smile  
 Which Heaven sets on all its lovely things.

- 200 Her figure, not a doll's, but of that size  
 That gave it natural port; and that strange form  
 Clad in a faultless *negligé* of summer  
 Was its own model, such a type as painters,  
 Sculptors do con the centuries for in vain.
- 205 Her throat was but a simpler name for grace—  
 A lilled line of magic 'neath whose pure  
 And perfect-shapen base there peeped a bosom  
 Lovelier than the swell of ruddy morn.

- Her shoulders were the happy combinations  
 210 O' the curves of beauty met in comely hills—  
 Ay! wondrous comely hills of driven snow.  
 Her arms, themselves the moulds of elegance,  
 Clad only in their own soft milky white,  
 Were but continuations of that loveliness
- 215 From whence they sprang. But ah! her hand—that hand  
 Wrought so exquisitely, so rounded-plump,  
 Dimpled, and tipped, yea! with such shapely fingers,  
 That one involuntarily exclaimed,  
 Truly this has Apollo's seal of seals!
- 220 For such was the perfection, shape and tint;  
 Yet knowing of its source, one scarce could marvel.

- But whilst I wistfully stood gazing, strange,  
 'Tis strange, for yet I know not how it was,  
 I was allowed that fairy hand in mine;
- 225 And oh! its fairness shone so daintily  
 In mine, that I did wish to print thereon a kiss,  
 But instant it withdrew, not haughtily  
 But firmly as if knowing its own will;  
 Yet so unconscious seeming of my wrong—