

THE THIRD DAY.

“My love is most immaculate white and red.”

Love's Labour's Lost.

SHE was more graceful than the royal palm ;
Tall, with imperial looks, and excellence
Most simply swathed in spotless elegance,
And holy and tuneful like some stately psalm.
Her breath was like a grove of myrrh and balm,
And all the sight grew dim before the sense
Of blind attraction toward ; an influence
Not incompatible with her own calm.

All the red roses of the world were blended
To give the lively colour of her face ;
All the white lilies of the sea shone splendid
Where the blue veins afforded them a space ;
Like to the shapely fragrance of dawn's shrine
She gleamed through mist, enchanting, Erycine.