

**To G.A.W.**

**John Keats**

Nymph of the downward smile and sidelong glance!  
In what diviner moments of the day  
Art thou most lovely? -when gone far astray  
Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance,  
Or when serenely wandering in a trance  
Of sober thought? Or when starting away,  
With careless robe to meet the morning ray,  
Thou sparest the flowers in thy mazy dance?  
Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,  
And so remain, because thou listenest:  
But thou to please wert nurtured so completely  
That I can never tell what mood is best;  
I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly  
Trips it before Apollo than the rest.