

so one high shining tower (which as a glass  
turned light to flame and blazed with snowy fire)  
unfolding, gave the moon a nymphlike face,  
a form whose snowy symmetry of grace  
haunted the limbs as music haunts the lire,  
a creature of white hands, who letting fall  
a thread of lustre from the castle wall  
glided, a drop of radiance, to the grass—

shunning the sudden moonbeam's treacherous snare  
she sought the harbouring dark, and (catching up  
her delicate silk) all white, with shining feet,  
went forth into the dew: right wildly beat  
her heart at every kiss of daisy-cup,  
and from her cheek the beauteous colour went  
with every bough that reverently bent  
to touch the yellow wonder of her hair.