

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL.

The blessed damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 ... Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she leaned o'er me- her hair
 Fell all about my face...
Nothing: the autumn- fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on
By God built over the sheer depth
 The which is Space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
 She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
 Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
 With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
 Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
 ‘ Mid deathless love’s acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
 Their heart- remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
 Went by her like thin flames.

(1875) *The Blessed Damozel*, Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

(<http://www.uv.es/~fores/poesia/dantepoems.html#blessed>)

the picture *The Blessed Damozel* in <http://rossettiarchieve.org>