

SONNET 4

Of all the gifts that Nature does bestow
There is none else that can so much demand
Of levelness of head and heart to stand
Unselfish and unspoiled beneath its show
As Beauty. Dangerous it is to know
That one is fair and fresh, enchanting as a word
Breath'd by a dear one, sweet and scarcely heard,
For Beauty smudged by Pride works naught but woe.

And so dear God my prayer goes up to Thee
That she may use Thee as her Guide and Trust,
That Beauty fair, untarnished by Self's rust,
May see that beauty which on bended knee,
Knows Thee as Author. Then shall beauty kind,
Be shining through her heart and through her mind.