

A MODEL¹

Dollie Radford

Year after year I sit for them,
The boys and girls who come and go,
Although my beauty's diadem
Has lain for many seasons low.

When first I came my hair was bright,
How hard, they said, to paint its gold,
How difficult to catch the light
Which fell upon it, fold on fold.

How hard to give my happy youth
In all its pride of white and red,
None would believe, in very truth,
A maiden was so fair, they said.

How could they know they gave to me
The daily hope which made me fair,
Sweet promises of things to be,
The happy things I was to share.

The flowers painted round my face,
The magic seas and skies above,
And many a far enchanted place
Full of the summer time and love.