

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms to do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere;
The pale that held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair;
Give me but what this ribband bound
—Take all the rest the sun goes 'round!

EDITOR'S NOTE—This little bit of poetry was written by Edmund Waller, an Englishman, in 1647. At that time, the Puritan period of English history, such poetry was considered so bold and brazen that Edmund Waller almost lost his life as a result of the publishing of this poem. A lady dared not show a bare foot in the gay nineties, but I think even Grandma would laugh at the thought in this verse.