

Upon Julia, Playing The Oboe

By Cicely Fox Smith

When as I hear my Julia play
Upon the oboe, oft I say
Well pleased were I if I might sit
Hour-long by her and hark to it,
So sweet the strains, so true the note
She charmeth from its well-tuned throat.

But, oh! When I do see her face,
How grievously doth she grimace,
How both her cheeks do swell and puff,
Like Boreas when his breath is rough!
Her cheery lips, how they are pursed,
The while she blows as she would burst;
Her eyes, too, from her head are seen
To start as she had strangled been,
And all her face doth take the shape
Most like a gargoyle or an ape.

Thus, while she plays, am I resigned
To be awhile, like Cupid, blind.