

I cannot dance upon my Toes -
No Man instructed me -
But oftentimes, among my mind,
A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet Knowledge -
Would put itself abroad
In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe -
Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze -
No Ringlet, to my Hair,
Nor hopped for Audiences - like Birds -
One Claw upon the air -

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls,
Nor rolled on wheels of snow
Till I was out of sight, in sound,
The House encore me so -

Nor any know I know the Art
I mention - easy - Here -
Nor any Placard boast me -
It's full as Opera -