

A woman with long brown hair is shown in profile, looking down. She is wearing a light purple top with intricate gold and floral embroidery. A dark purple dupatta with gold paisley and floral patterns is draped over her shoulders. She is wearing large, ornate gold earrings and a matching large gold ring on her right hand. The background is a soft, out-of-focus indoor setting.

fiona®

NYRA

VOL - 2

DOLA SILK DIGITAL
JACQUARD DUPATTA

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 **Beauty Bouquet**

There's a girl who walks the scenic trail.
The one with the long ponytail.
The way it blows in the breeze,
Can bring a fellow to his knees.
She's pure as sunshine,
Mellow as aged wine,
Mystical as a Hawaiian sunrise,
A beauty bouquet for the eyes.

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An angelic avatar

The purpose of the princess is to give the princess her full name. There is a
magic in the name that
stops to wonder what they're looking for. It's a better question that you can't
answer. And in your immaculate mind, they're looking for you.
Of course, your grace, your beauty.



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The Girl With The Long Hair

The girl with a long hair has the perfect smile.
And her beauty don't go down from her grace and sense of style.
Her gorgeous look is something that would die for.
She's the off the page of a magazine you can look for.
She has the perfect hair done with curls, it's not just a hair, it's a style.
Her hair is so good you know she's not a model. When she get around me, I can't get the idea.
I know her hair is tight, it's long, she's not just a girl, she's a queen.
I'm attracted to her, it's like I'm under a spell.
I wish her hair, her
bush and over her look.



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Look harder

She has a beauty within. The kind where she knows where
she's going and where she has been. She knows just who she is and who she is not.
She has the kind of beauty a lot of people can't see. You can only see it if you get close enough to look.
But even if you do, it's not the kind of beauty you can't see. It's the kind of beauty that's not there.
But what if they don't realize that she is really, really, really something.







My Beauty

Beauty like the butterfly is always so vibrant so lively so sweet, she passes in a heartbeat, her art, look close to see so different so smart.
Kindful, soft & sweet, so nice, she's you in the summer of life.
Bring us your love to all, let us know, gently,
the beauty you've found in the heart of life to please look by the way,
Beauty... that's me.



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Letting Go with Grace
There's a special kind of beauty that can only be experienced with the serene knowledge that the moment is fleeting and the most intense beauty can only be seen in the presence of both light and shadow. For it's when in the loss of a thing that it's worth to become most precious and by letting go with grace we can best savor the moment of light. Releasing the pain runs us deep only because the beauty of it is deep and it will not let us go once touched so we would know how the emptiness of it is too, our grief will eventually turn to thankfulness that it ever touched us at all, and we will be left with the mystery of its beauty.



22774



Beauty is deep

Beauty is just like a mirror - You will never know what's inside
On the surface, it can be lit with green plants
How about those of us a hole of what's beauty is just like a mountain
The appearance is very beautiful and graceful
How about those of black-haired?
Beauty of a person cannot only with appearance, but to appear inside the depths of the heart
The deeper the heart is, the deeper the beauty is.





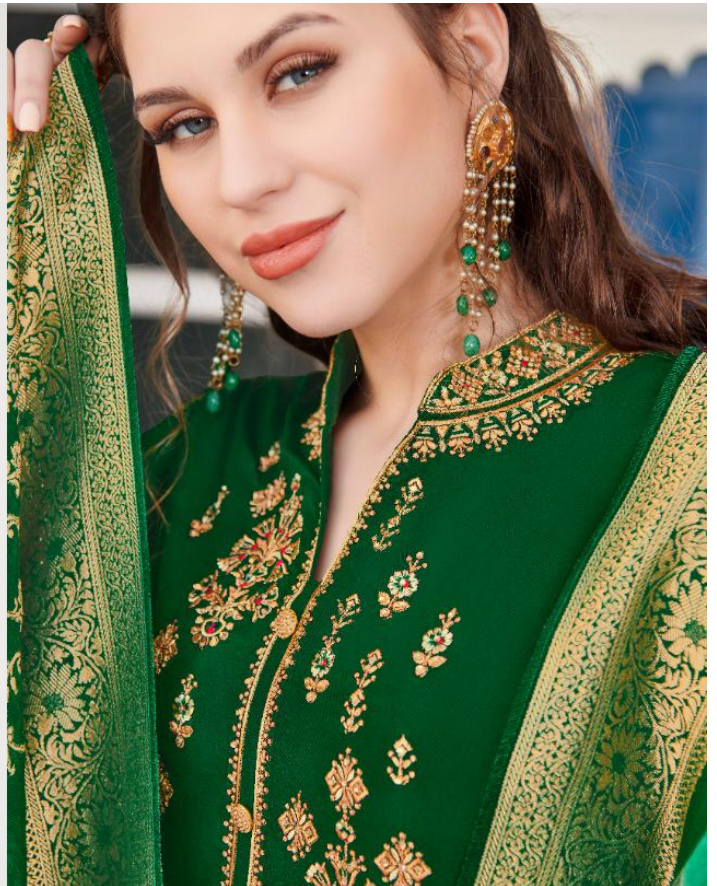
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The Beauty

Black in the inner eye of the rainbow | The succession of the blissful scenes
 On the walls of the world beautifully | Blossom in range, as the forest of thick trees in the valleys
 as the light of a sunset
 Her eyes glimmer in the colors of gold

Your cuteness knows no bounds, your beauty has no limit, you are the only woman in the world, to which I feel romantic. I
 look at you and gasp in awe, wondering how you're mine, you take my breath away my dear, for you, I'll walk the line.





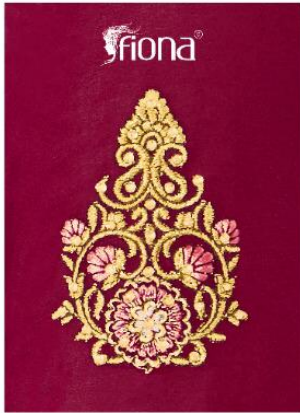


D. No.	PRODUCT NAME
22771	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22772	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22773	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22774	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22775	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22776	NYRA _{VOL-02}
22777	NYRA _{VOL-02}

TOP	PURE SILKY CRAPE WITH DESIGNER WORK
BOTTOM	DULL SANTOON
DUPPATA	PURE DOLA JACQUARD DIGITAL PRINT



Beauty and femininity are ageless and can't be contived, and glamour, although the manufacturers won't like this, cannot be manufactured. Not real glamour : it's based on femininity.



Glamour isn't about age, weight or size. You don't have to be pretty to have it, women can create it.
 Glamour won't take a day off.
 Glamour is back for with a successful look.
 You can really do this.
 Come quickly I am looking for stars.
 You can do anything but not everything.
 Glamour is the garment which takes the drud of everyday life into a golden haze.
 For every two minutes of glamour. There are eight hours of hard work.
 In a world full of beauty & grace to create a classic.
 Every woman needs a story. Mine is all about glamour.





JAGAT NIWAS PALACE

Jagat Niwas Palace is an early 17th century 'Haveli' (mansion), with its charm and aesthetics intact, situated in the heart of the most romantic city of Rajasthan. Nestled in the fertile valley on the breezy, eastern banks of the famous Lake Pichola, Jagat Niwas Palace is a heritage boutique hotel and is highly acclaimed for its location and for the stunning view that it provides.

The charming property, with its rooms restored back to their old charm and glory, is a vision in white. Surrounded by ancient havelis, temples and meandering lanes filled with traditional artefacts - showcasing the way of life in the "old city", this property is submerged in heritage. With the City Palace as its neighbour, Jagat Niwas Palace is a family-run property and we strive to keep our rich heritage and culture unadulterated.

Beauty and Beauty Lost

We're awakened to our insatiable longing for heaven
through both beauty and the painful missing of it.
For beauty hints to us of that for which we are truly made,
and its snaring strains that we are truly not meant to find it here.
We can be eternally grateful for beauty lost when we realize
that it's one of the great secret-keepers of the universe.
Still we fear it, so often fear even to hope for the beauty itself,
though they are a necessary cycle that fuels us on and drives us home.
We cannot deny or diminish our intense longing for beauty -
to see it and have it and be it, and we cannot pretend that its
dreadful loss does not press down upon us like a crushing weight.
We must let it crush us until our ache for heaven is excruciating.

