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SUMMER ROSES.

The trees are tossing by the stream, The leaves are whitened as the foam; There comes to me a loving dream, The roses are in bloom! I feel a thrilling at the heart, As soft the scented night-wind blows, It whispers in my ear apart: "Thou hast the secret rose!" I cannot catch the violet gleams,
Nor breathe the fragrance of the room,—
Gone is the subtle, loving d eam,
The roses are in bloom!