

THREE ROSES.

A SYMBOLICAL BALLADE.

By Joseph Nevin Doyle.

Bella, Marjory and Anne my lattice
Daily pass ;
Belle to pleasure, Marje to toil and Anne,
Sweet Anne to Mass.
And when they go three roses blow
A yellow one, a red,
A white that in the morning glow
Doth dip its dainty head.

Adey ! These maidens debonair
With eyes of glinting blue,
And warm white cheeks and lips—the fair
First hint of sun's thin hue,
Suggest these triple roses so—
The yellow one, the red,
The white that in the morning glow
Inclines its modest head.

Bright Bella bent on pleasure seems,
The red, the passioned one ;
And Marje, the splendid bloom that gleams
My garden's mimic sun ;
While Anne with eyelids leaning low,
Lips poised for prayer unsaid,
Seems as the rose in morning glow
That bows its beauteous head.

As they go by, my soul doth ask,
Which it would fain possess—
The red that fading joys doth mask ;
The yellow—Love's distress,
The white—my soul with joy doth grow
Doth burgeon, answered—
One rose it needs—God's gracious glow
Illumes its sainted head.