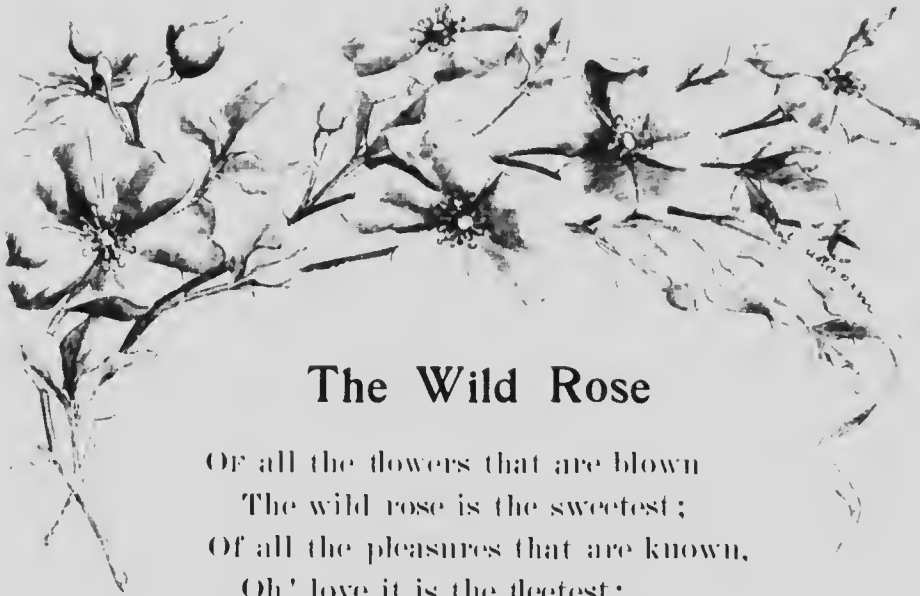




The Wild Rose

Of all the flowers that are blown
The wild rose is the sweetest;
Of all the pleasures that are known,
Oh! love it is the fleetest;
Yet roses live but for a day,
And Cupid seldom comes to stay,
He's such a little rover!

Then pluck the rose while still divine,
Ere with its odors dying;
And kiss the maid while she is thine,
Won with enamored sighing;
For sweetest roses soonest die,
And she shall languish by and by,
And all thy joy be over!