



WINTER ROSES

I.
When you wear your sable tippet,
And I watch you trip it, trip it,
Down the road.

II.
When you shake your little
bonnet

Till the snowy flakes upon it
Shower down,

I could love the cruel weather
That has spoiled your pretty
feather

Till you frown.

Though the flower-season closes
And the ways with snow are strewn,
Yet the winter hath its roses
As well as sunny June.

III.

With your muff you look so cosy
And the colour is so rosy

In your cheek,

That I vow there's no rose growing
Like the rose when winds are blowing

Cold and bleak

Though the flower-season closes
And the ways with snow are strewn,
Yet the winter hath its roses
As well as sunny June.

F.W.H.