

TO MINNIE.

**T**HE red room with the giant bed  
Where none but elders laid their head;  
The little room where you and I  
Did for awhile together lie  
And, simple suitor, I your hand  
In decent marriage did demand;  
The great day nursery, best of all,  
With pictures pasted on the wall  
And leaves upon the blind—  
A pleasant room wherein to wake  
And hear the leafy garden shake  
And rustle in the wind—  
And pleasant there to lie in bed  
And see the pictures overhead—  
The wars about Sebastopol,  
The grinning guns along the wall,  
The daring escalade,  
The plunging ships, the bleating sheep,  
The happy children ankle-deep  
And laughing as they wade: