

ROSE.

FAIR maiden, chaste, blithe and demure,
As any flower that grows,
Thy beauties rare love's fancies lure,
My charming little Rose!

Then nightly, like a lover true,
I seek thy face so fair;
Thou dost my heart with love imbue,
Coy maiden debonair!

Thy pinky cheeks outblush the dawn,
Thy ringlets sunbeams hold,
Thy fairy feet outstrip the fawn,
Thy heart like refined gold!

O, that the Muse of Love might fling
Her mantle at my feet,
And teach my stammering tongue to sing
Thy praise in cadence sweet!

Then might I laud thy graces all
In softest note that flows
When thrushes trill and cuckoos call,
My modest little Rose!