



WHEN AMARYLLIS TRIPPETH DOWN.

When Amaryllis trippeth down
To meet me, waiting there below,
The oaken stairs of polished brown
Do seem to wear a rosy glow,
As if the sight of feet so fair
Were almost more than oak could bear,
When Amaryllis trippeth down.

When Amaryllis trippeth down
My browns of life turn into rose,
Care flies the swishing of her gown
And tap of little satin toes.
No jot care I for Fortune's frown—
A fig for duns and kindred woes!
I see the flowers 'neath the snows
When Amaryllis trippeth down.

W. Latham