

TO A STREET ARAB.

My heart has but an open door,
Enter, pale child, and be my guest!
Whatever is, it seemeth best,
And thou shalt starve and weep no more.

Weary the frost wind calls afar,
Blacker and colder the night grows,
Darkens thy life. Its heaven knows
No sun, no moon or shining star.

Frugal the fare for thee I spread,
No brilliant feast of royalty,
But warmest welcome waits for thee,
And thy small heart to mine I'll wed.

Flowers will bloom and birds will sing
Within my heart's bright narrow room,
Where Love sits daily at her loom
And weaves on without murmuring.