

YOU.

Have you watched the creamy pink of roses' petals, Sweet
Unfold themselves to mysteries of sunlight, air and dew,
Tremulous with ecstasy, with heads down-drooped and meek?
So has my heart unfolded all its wealth of love for you.

Have you watched the great, grey Sea flush deep as ruby
wine,
When rosy fingered Dawn has gently touched His sullen
breast,

And with a murmurous melody the waves in tones divine
Have lulled the lone, dark shore, into a haven of rest?

Have you watched the violet in modest blue-tipped hood,
Emerge from out the winter snows like tiny crystal star,
How dearly loved, the wee thing is, by all the deep dense
wood,
To whom it tells of golden hours—that Summer is not far.

Dear One, the twilight's falling, and the hours are lone and
drear,
While purple mist all starry lies à-dream upon the lea,
I want you my Beloved One, I want you ever near,
While watching all these beauties, dear, of violet, rose and
sea.