

Fair as an angel's self she lay,
Holding a rosebud in her hand.
The rose-red mist of morning broke
O'er the grey vale,—and she awoke.

SOLO (*Soprano.*)

ROSEBLOSSOM.—Bloom on, bloom on my Roses,
More brightly than before ;
For unto you, my Roses,
Return I nevermore.
I go the Rose to gather
Whose fragrance fills the skies ;
That sleeps not e'en in Winter,
Nor dies when summer dies.

CHORUS.

'Mid the waving rose-trees,
By their breath caressed,
Waits the Gard'ner's daughter
Him she loves the best.
For the sun is sinking,
Nightward in the west,
And the bells of even
Call the world to rest.
But, alas ! thou waitest,
For his step in vain—
For his voice who never
Seeks thy bower again.
False the love he uttered
To thy trusting ears,
And the vows he made thee
Now another hears.

RECIT. (*Soprano.*)

ROSEBLOSSOM.—God greet thee, fairest maiden—
God greet thee, sister mine ;
Why are thy eyes cast downward,
Nor smile those lips of thine ?

RECIT. (*Contralto.*)

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER—
Ask of yon ruined castle—
Ask of yon withered tree—
Ask of yon dying blossom,
And they will speak of me !
Welcome !—
See, my love, how crowned with brightness
Is our bed of bridal whiteness !
Bridal wreaths they scatter o'er us
Bridal garlands strew before us.
In the moonbeams, fair and fine—
Hear'st thou not, thou soul of mine,
How from heavenward borne along,
Bridal chimes around us throng
Filling us with song ?

SOLO (*Contralto.*)

Yet chime they so sadly,
So harshly they ring—
Oh ! say, my beloved,
What song do they sing ?
Hold me hard to thy bosom—
What makes it so cold !

What form does my vision
In terror behold ?
It grasps me, it rends me
From thee, my soul's breath—

RECIT (*Tenor.*)

'Tis thine, O Love, that, ere they blossom,
Gives Roses unto Death !

CHORUS.

O earthborn sorrow,
That is not ours,
Who dwell in the peace
Of the land of flowers !
Like the buds of Spring,
Like the summer grass,
Like the Autumn leaves
That in Winter pass,
So fade away
Man's fragrant May—
So cometh night
Ere he grasps the day.

TRIO.

Hast thou wandered in the forest,
In its depths so green and still ?
Hast thou listened to the music
Of the leaf and of the rill ?
Hast thou wandered in the forest
When the Sun's first gladness shines
And the purple light of morning
Sets aglow the towering pines ?
If thou hast aright beholden
All the glory of the trees—
If thy soul has rightly gathered
All their wondrous harmonies—
In the shadow of the forest
Shall thy bitter longing cease,
And thy heart shall weep no longer,
And thy spirit shall have peace.

AIR (*Tenor.*)

The sleep of even
Folds field and cot ;
Roseblossom only
Is sleeping not.
From out her chamber
She gazes still,
With looks of longing
O'er field and hill.
Now knows she the meaning
Of the dreams that were born,
When deep in the forest
She wandered at morn ;
That the kiss of an angel
Had come to remove
The veil from her spirit,
And taught it to love.
And e'en as with longing
She looked through the dim
Soft silence of midnight
That speaks but of him.