

"Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."



A Rose Song

G RIMSON roses, queen of the flowers,
Your fragrance is very near,
The bonniest breath of the summer hours
That come in the sweet o' the year.
Gleam bright, Sun, give color and fire
To this rose of passion, the "heart's desire."

Pale pink roses, shimmer and shine,
Smile out on the perfumed air.
O she is dainty, this rose of mine,
Yet knows not that she is fair.
Stay, cool shadows of eventide ;
Enfold my rose lest it open wide.

Pure sweet roses, so pearly white,
Love in your heart lies deep ;
Breathe your fragrance into the night,
While my darling lies asleep ;
Shine, bright stars and heavenly moon,
Peaceful the silence of June, dear June.