

A LITTLE BUNCH OF ROSES,

BY "PEARL RIVER."

A little bunch of roses
'Neath the stars last night were born,
On the bush close by my window,
Near the elm tree and the thorn.

I woke this morning early,
Drew my curtain white aside,
And found them blushing sweetly
Like some young and timid bride.

Into my heart their beauty
Stole, like tunes I love to hear,
And their fragrance was the incense
Of my morning hymn and prayer.

They had sought to hide their faces
'Neath a summer veil of green,
And, like brides, their modest faces,
Half concealed, were fairer seen.

And I sighed to see them tremble
At the kisses of the breeze,
While they smiled upon the wooing
Of the roving robber-bees.

When I drew them to me gently
So their coronet of dew
Should gem their morning beauty,
Until kissed away by you.

Will you take my bunch of roses?
They are smiles from me to thee,
Bright as sunbeams on the meadow,
Soft as starlight on the sea.

Will you prize this bunch of roses?
They are love-throbs from a heart
Beating reveille at meeting,
Beating tattoo when we part.

Then take my bunch of roses,
And treasure them from me,
As a symbol and a token
Of the love I bear to thee.

I had watched them in their budding,
And I longed to call them mine,
But I've waited 'til their blooming
Makes them sweeter—makes them *thine*.

Then keep my bunch of roses,
Let your lips their leaves bedew,
And always love remember
I will keep my heart for *you*.