The Meeting

It is night in the quiet garden

Lit by a waning moon,

The alder stands like a warden

Of the wide-flung wealth of June.

O night! So beloved of lovers,

What secrets thou hast known!

What fragrance round thee hovers

From the faded years long flown!

A dark form stands by the cedar,

Deep in the shade is he,

Full long has he been a pleader

For the meeting soon to be;

He watches the open casement

-The ladder is there in place-

And waits, in his dim effacement,

For the long-deferred embrace

[this poem on the reverse is entirely crossed out]

Roses

Roses blooming in dark December

Right in the heart of London Town –

Never before do I remember

Such a ~~hevenal (fragrant)~~ (stealing) late summer’s crown

~~Can~~ Do you wonder ~~that I should stare~~ (I found them fair)

Meeting ~~with~~ such roses then and there?

Roses rich with summer’s sweetness

Must expect to be culled and kissed,

Must be gathered in ~~their~~ (all) completeness

She the sweet o’ the year is missed.

So I gathered them then and there, ~~we~~

~~As in Daphne to cheeks the bloomed so fair~~

~~Daphne’s is cheeks had those rose rare~~

~~Facy~~

~~Twas on Daphne’s cheeks they bloomed so fair~~

~~As on Daphne’s face they bloomed so fair~~

Blooming on Daphne ~~cheek (face)~~ (cheek) so fair