

## Roses.

Roses blooming in dark December  
Right in the heart of London Town,  
Never before do I remember  
Such a stealing of summer's crown.  
Do you wonder I found them fair,  
Meeting such roses then and there?

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Roses rich with the summer's sweetness  
Must expect to be culled and kissed,  
Must be gathered in all completeness  
Else the sweet of the year is missed.  
So I gathered them then and there,  
Blooming on Daphne's cheek so fair.

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Now his throbbing heart grows gladder —  
A shadowy form appears,  
It creeps down the waiting ladder,  
Not a sound the watcher hears,  
It softly steals through the bushes,  
The danger is all but past —  
"Nabbed!" the policeman rushes,  
And soon has the burglar fast!

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