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?

Roses rich with the summer’s sweetness

Must expect to be cuddled an kissed,

Must be gathered in all completeness

Else the sweet o’ the year is missed,

So I gathered them then and there

Blooming on Daphne’s cheek so fair.