

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 culled and 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.
