

## 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 of the year is missed.  
So I gathered them then and there,  
Blooming on Daphne's cheek so fair.

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