DREAM ROSES

WITH MADRIGALS
BY
MARY J. JACQUES

AND PICTURES
BY
LAURA C. HILLS.

PUBLISHED BY
L. PRANG & CO.
BOSTON, U.S.A.
THE OPENING BUD.

In this pure, perfumed cell
Naught but shy and sweet may dwell,
Stainless leaf on leaf infolds
The trembling heart it holds:
When wilt thou, my folded rose
Thy cloistered heart disclose?
THE RED, RED ROSE.

Blushing bravely, rosy red,
Scorning subterfuge and wile,
Posing there her regal head,
Giving back the gazers smile,
Will she thus poor me deride,
   Me deride?
Or but smile me to her side,
   To her side?
THE ROSE AFTER A SHOWER.

One bright dash of summer rain,
One swift crash of thunder.
Lo! the heaven is blue again
And the earth, a wonder,
Radiant as my lady's cheek
When her eyes forgiveness speak.
THE COLD WHITE ROSE.

Deep beneath the crusted snows
The heart of August glows?
Then, perchance, my rare white rose,
Underneath her crusty snows,
Hides more ardor than she shows.
Who knows?