

## THE ROSE

I know a garden small where blooms a rose,  
There, I do go and reverently kneel,  
Before a gentle mound whose slopes enclose,  
That blossom sweet, and make my vows with zeal.

No short-lived flower this, to bloom and blow,  
With but a week's display, incarnadined.  
A score of years and more it took to grow,  
And further scores will live, if God be kind.

Close-blossomed still, it opens to my kiss,  
Eve-scented petals, baring to my tongue,  
A tender bud, that seat of deeper bliss,  
And mysteries as old as she is young.

No sweeter bloom than that soft rose that lies,  
Between my darling's warm and loving thighs.