

IV.

ANNIE

ANEMONES grow in the wood by the stream ;
And the song of the spring in our garden
Wakes life to the shape of an exquisite dream ;
And reason of passion asks pardon.

I made up a posy by moonlight, a rose,
And a violet white from its cranny,
And a bluebell, and stole, on the tips of my toes,
At the dark of the night to my Annie.

Her window was open ; she slept like a child ;
So I laid the three flowers on her breast,
And stole back alone through the forest deep-aisled,
To dream of the lass I loved best.

And the next night I lay half awake on my bed,
When — a foot-fall as soft as the breeze !
Oh ! never a word nor a whisper she said
To disturb the low song of the trees.

But she crept to my side. Awhile we lay close :
Then : “ Have pardon and pity for me ! ”
She whispered — “ your bluebell and violet and rose
I can give but one flower for three.”