

## **An Apple Gathering**

by Christina Rossetti

I plucked pink blossoms from mine apple-tree,  
And wore them all that evening in my hair:  
Then in due season when I went to see  
I found no apples there.

With dangling basket all along the grass  
As I had come I went the selfsame track:  
My neighbors mocked me while they saw me pass  
So empty-handed back.

Lilian and Liliac smiled in trudging by,  
Their heaped-up basket teased me like a jeer;  
Sweet-voiced they sang beneath the sunset sky,  
Their mother's home was near.

Plump Gertrude passed me with her basket full,  
A stronger hand than hers helped it along;  
A voice talked with her through the shadows cool  
More sweet to me than song.

Ah, Willie, Willie, was my love less worth  
Than apples with their green leaves piled above?  
I counted rosiest apples on the earth  
Of far less worth than love.

So once it was with me you stooped to talk  
Laughing and listening in this very lane:  
To think that by this way we used to walk  
We shall not walk again!

I let my neighbors pass me, ones and twos  
And groups; the latest said the night grew chill,  
And hastened: but I loitered, while the dews  
Fell fast I loitered still.