

Roses, I See The Sweetest Roses

by Richard Henry Stoddard

Roses, I see the sweetest roses,
As in the cool kiosk I pass.
Tied in a thousand fragrant posies.
And fastened to the roof with grass.

What has bewitched the grass I wonder?
It is the humblest weed that grows;
How comes it that it sits up yonder,
And on a level with the rose?

"Silence! " The grass said, and in sadness
Let fall its tears in pearls of dew;
"The generous man robs none of gladness.
And never scorns old friends for new.

I am no rose among the roses,
And yet there's not a child but knows
That the poor grass that tied these posies
Is from the Garden of the rose!"