These half-blown roses, yesternight,
My lady gathered, laughingly,—
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

She smothered them with fern leaves quite,
Till through the green you scarce could see
These half-blown roses, yesternight:

Her face was flushed with rosy light;
On each fair cheek shone charmingly
A crimson rosebud,—and a white.

I cannot surely tell aright
With what sweet grace she gave to me
Those half-blown roses, yesternight:

Gave me, in pledge of all delight
That in the coming days shall be,
A crimson rosebud, and a white.

Lady, my days are golden bright,
Because you plucked, half playfully,
Those half-blown roses, yesternight,—
A crimson rosebud, and a white.