



LOVE SHALL STAY

THE rose is dead, and the honey-bee
Forsakes the empty flower,
And summer has sailed across the
sea,
Away from a leafless bower.

And the singing birds, to the siren south,
Have followed the sunbeams' track,
And never a word in his frozen mouth
Has the year to hail them back.

And rosy Love, with his eyes of dawn,
And his cheek of dimpling laughter—
How shall he live where the skies are wan?
Ah me! Will he up, and after?

The swallow may go, and the sun depart,
And the rose's bloom decay,
But I'll make a summer within my heart,
And Love, sweet Love, shall stay!

MARGARET ARMOUR.