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To A Garden Full Of Posies

Reference number PT0927

To a garden full of posies
Cometh one to gather flowers,
And he wanders through its bowers
Toying with the wanton roses, the wanton roses,
Who, uprising from their beds,
Hold on high their shameless heads
With their pretty lips a-pouting,
With their pretty lips a-pouting,
Never doubting, never doubting
That for Cytherean posies
He would gather aught but roses!

In a nest of weeds and nettles
Lay a violet, half-hidden,
Hoping that his glance unbidden
Yet might fall upon her petals, upon her petals.
Though she lived alone, apart,
Hope lay nestling at her heart,
But, alas, the cruel awaking,
But, alas, the cruel awaking
Set her little heart a-breaking,
For he gather'd for his posies
Only roses, only roses!