# THREE WOMEN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

#### ISBN 9780649721610

Three Women by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

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#### **ELLA WHEELER WILCOX**

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BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Author of "Poems of Passion," "Maurine," "Poems of Pleasure," "How Salvator Won," "Custer and Other Poems," "Men, Women and Emotions," "The Beautiful Land of Nod," Etc

CHICAGO-NEW YORK
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1897, by

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

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## THREE WOMEN

My love is young, so young;
Young is her cheek, and her throat,
And life is a song to be sung
With love the word for each note.

Young is her cheek and her throat; Her eyes have the smile o' May. And love is the word for each note In the song of my life to-day.

Her eyes have the smile o' May; Her heart is the heart of a dove. And the song of my life to-day Is love, beautiful love.

Her heart is the heart of a dove, Ah, would it but fly to my breast Where love, beautiful love, Has made it a downy nest.

Ah, would she but fly to my breast, My love who is so young, so young; I have made her a downy nest And life is a song to be sung.

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A dull little station, a man with the eye
Of a dreamer; a bevy of girls moving by;
A swift moving train and a hot Summer sun,
The curtain goes up, and our play is begun.
The drama of passion, of sorrow, of strife,
Which always is billed for the theatre Life.
It runs on forever, from year unto year,
With scarcely a change when new actors appear.
It is old as the world is—far older in truth,
For the world is a crude little planet of youth.
And back in the eras before it was formed,
The passions of hearts through the Universe stormed.

Maurice Somerville passed the cluster of girls Who twisted their ribbons and fluttered their curls