

POEMS

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Poems by Lillie Rosalie Ripley

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LILLIE ROSALIE RIPLEY

POEMS

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Lillie Rosalie Ripley



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POEMS

TWO CHILDREN ASLEEP

Two human buds lockedfast in sleep;
Two little strangers in this world;
Upon a couch in a darkened room
I find them softly curled.

Holding the light above my head
That I may not awaken them;
I feast my eyes upon their charms,—
Two buds upon one stem.

Four times have the red, red roses bloomed
And graced the month of perfect days,
Since one came to us to delight
Us with her pretty ways.

Her oval face of olive tints
Is softly flushed, like a damask rose;
Dark, silken lashes sweep her cheeks
In softly hushed repose.

Her dusky hair lies thick and soft
Upon her pretty, baby head,—
Her dimpled arms and tiny hands
Rest on the coverlet.

Her rosy mouth is dewy-fresh,
And tempts me sorely to bend down,—
If it would not awaken her—
And press a kiss thereon.

Six times have the snowdrops hung their bells
Of snow, all flecked in emerald,
Since the other one from heaven came
And this old world beheld.

Her face is like a lily fair,—
And daintily-flushed like a sea shell;
And golden lashes sweep her cheeks,
O'er eyes like sweet blue bells.