



## LINES MADE AT THE ROSE-TREE

BY CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS

1858 - 1891

What may be or what hath been  
Rarer than the Rose-Tree Inn?

Here be overarching trees  
Under which to lounge at ease,  
Letting Fancy roam at will

O'er encircling vale and hill;  
Here be porches wide and low

Fit for pacing to and fro,  
Or for shadowing tilted chairs

Set to take the twilight airs;

Here be cool and cozy rooms

Where the firelight fills the glooms  
Thick with phantoms, shadow-wrought,

Till the evening lamp is brought,  
And the specters fade to naught.

Specters ! how may specters hide  
Where good cheer and mirth abide?

Look you! an the oil were spent,  
And the logs no longer lent  
Flame or ember to illumine

This the Rose-Tree's feasting room,  
Such a warmth would lurk withal

In a well-tuned madrigal,

Such a quenchless light divine

Sparkle in this amber wine,

Such bright beacons burn atop

Fragrant weeds 'twixt lip and lip ,

That, though stars possessed the sky,

Ye, true fellows, ye and I

Could the foulest shades defy.