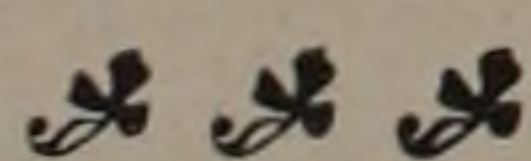


## Love-Charmed



limbing up the grey old wall  
Toward her window-arches tall,  
Honeysuckles red and gold  
With ascending rapture told  
How my loved one's sun-bright hair  
Rippled in the dreamy air.  
O, could any flower withhold  
Climbing upward toward the gold?

Rootlets sieze the wall so grey—  
Honeysuckles on their way,  
Longing for her love-lit eyes  
Filled with lights of paradise.  
Stars are looking on her bed,  
Deeping through the roses red;  
Ne'er would love-lorn starlight miss  
Rapture of her sleeping kiss.

Honeysuckles upward climb  
Trumpet-like in whispered chime,  
Bending toward her casement-light,  
Listening to her dream's delight,  
Trembling with the strident note  
From the night-hawk's mottled throat,—  
Would my heart were with her sigh,  
Or a honeysuckle I!

F. W. G.