

EVERYTHING COMES

"The house is bleak and cold

Built so new for me!

All the winds upon the wold

Search it through for me;

No screening trees abound,

And the curious eyes around

Keep on view for me."

"My Love, I am planting trees

As a screen for you

Both from winds, and eyes that tease

And peer in for you.

Only wait till they have grown,

No such bower will be known

As I mean for you."

"Then I will bear it, Love,

And will wait," she said.

- So, with years, there grew a grove.

"Skill how great!" she said.

"As you wished, Dear?"--"Yes, I see!

But--I'm dying; and for me

'Tis too late," she said.