Dreams D Dances and Dp Disappointments

by

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THOS. DE LA RUE & CO. LONDON.
DREAMS, DANCES, AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

by
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and
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I.

DREAMS.

FOUR rose-trees grew in a garden,
Two white, a pink, and a red;
Each rose unfolded her petals,
And nodded a stately head.

For the Rose of roses was coming
Adown the trim garden walk;
The bees saluted her—humming—
This Rose on a slender stalk.

In one of her hands she carried
A watering-can of green,
From which the bright drops scattered,
And fell to the ground unseen.
For the other hand clasped a treasure
   So prized, so new, and so sweet,
That it made her forget her flowers,
   Thirsty and parch’d in the heat.

Under the shade of her bonnet,
   Safe from the rays of the sun,
She dreamed of her first great party,
   And how she’d enjoy the fun!

Again and again she opened
   The small pink note from the Hall,
Which invited the joyous maiden
   To her very first big ball!
"I must go in white," she murmured:
"I must have a brand-new gown,
Of that muslin soft from India,
I've seen in shops in the town:

And creamy ribbons to match it,
Though I've no money to spare;
And I'll wear Aunt Debbie's corals,
And a nosegay of you in my hair."
She stooped, and remember'd the roses,
    Thirsty and parch'd in the heat;
But her garden-can had emptied,
    And soaked her dainty feet.

So back she went, tripping and dancing,
    Adown the trim path once more;
Blushing, and smiling, and dreaming,
    She stood by the garden door:

"How, when I cross the ball-room
    Past the ladies from the town,
The city beaux will whisper,
    And all the belles will frown!

"A crowd and a crush around me,
    All asking for a dance;
Harry has asked me already,
    But he won't have a chance!"
DANCES.

Muslins, and ribands, and flowers,
Whirl minutes and hours away;
And the dress was just completed
On the morn of the very day.

Then there was frilling and curling,
And lacing and fitting, full long;
It took more time, I can tell you,
Than it takes to tell in song.

The chairs now wait in the garden,
To take them on to the dance;
But dimpled cheeks and shoulders
Deserve one long last glance.

A nosegay of nodding roses,
Fresh culd in the morning air,
With the freshness of dawn upon them,
Smiled mid the waves of her hair.
Rosebud had heard it was fashion
    Not to be first at the fun;
So before the chairs had brought them,
    The dancing had long begun.

They made their bows to the hostess,
    Then found a seat by the wall;
For the lady was much too busy
    To think of our maid at all.

In her muslin soft and roses,
    She sat by Aunt Debbie's side,
Watching the maze of the dancers—
    The coupée, the step, and the glide.

And the ladies all were painted,
    And they all had gems in their hair,
And each was known to the other,
    Of the gallants and ladies there.
At last a partner stepped forward,
    And begged for a dance, bowing low;
For beauty, however rustic,
    Has claims on a city beau.

Away they whirl with the dancers,
    Smooth floor and merry tune;
Alas! like all earth's pleasures,
    It came to an end too soon!

Rosy and smiling and breathless,
    Back to Aunt Debbie once more;
But she had gone to the card-room,
    To make up a rubber of four.

Said he, "We will not find her,
    For then we can dance all night!
'Tis better for youths and maidens
    When guardians are out of sight."
Through the mazes of old Sir Roger,
   And the minuet's stately glide,
The maid in her dainty muslin
   Danced with the beau by her side.

But while she was smiling proudly,
   She saw a sight of gloom—
Poor Harry, her old love, frowning,
   As he turned and left the room.

Then a gorgeous lady in satin
   Tapped her beau with taper fan:
"D'you know that you've not been near me
   All the night, you faithless man?"

He turned to the maid in muslin,
   Whispering low in her ear:
"I'm grieved I must dance with this lady;
   But do you wait for me here!"
He found her a quiet corner,
   And left her with "Not for long!"
Poor Rosebud felt hot and angry,
   And cross, which she knew was wrong.

She sat for long unheeded,
   There was no one there she knew;
Her aunt was in the card-room—
   "Why, even Harry would do!"

Harry had left her—offended—
   She had seen it at a glance:
"He knows I could not help it,
   He never came for a dance!"

The dancers began to slacken,
   Rumours of supper there were;
The rooms would quickly be empty—
   Yet nobody came for her!
"I shall have to wait for Aunt Debbie!"
Stopping the tears that would rise;
Tired, excited, and angry,
She leant back and closed her eyes.

A rustle of lace and satin,
A gentle touch on the arm—
She screamed, and started forward,
Then blushed at her own alarm:

"I thought you were never coming!"
She sighed, as he led her down:
"I love wild flowers," he answered,
"And they don't grow in the town."

He brought her cakes and dainties,
And served her like a queen,
With such scented wines, and sparkling,
As she ne'er before had seen.
Gaily he chatted and gossiped,
    Telling her who was who;
And when the toasts were being sung,
    He bowed and sung them too.

When the guests all rose from supper,
    Aunt Debbie fetched her away,
In spite of prayers and entreaties
    Just for one more dance to stay!

He wrapp'd her shawls close round her,
    And handed her out to her chair,
Whispering very softly,
    He begged a rose from her hair:

"I know the rose-grown cottage
    On the old coach-road to town—
At early morning I'll be there,
    By the gate, before you're down!"
III.
DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Four rose-trees grew in a garden,
Two white, a pink, and a red;
Each rose shut up her petals,
And drooped a mournful head.

For the Rose of roses was waiting
Down by the garden gate;
And her eyes were full of trouble—
Time went—it was getting late!

Hark! what was it broke the silence?
The rolling of distant wheels:
Four horses come round the corner,
A cloud of dust at their heels!

Quick as the coach swings by her,
Rosebud, first red—then white—
Sees her hero sweetly smiling
On her rival of last night!
Then her eyes grew dim with tear-drops:
  "He promised to come!" said she—
  "'At early morning I'll be there!'—
    Yet he never looked at me!"

"Good-morrow, my lovely Rosebud,
  Though you look so tired to-day—
More like the last flower of Autumn,
  Than the youngest rose of May!"
And Harry kisses the tear-drops
   That lie on her cheek like dew:
   “Oh, flattering lips are plenty,
      But, true-love! hearts are few!

   “Give me your hand, my Rosebud—
      Though beaux are good at a ball,
      You’ll surely own next morning
      Your old love is worth them all!”
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