



UNDER ROSE ARCHES.

UNDER Rose Arches to Rose Town—
Rose Town on the top of the hill;
For the Summer wind blows and music goes,
And the violins sound shrill.

Oh, Roses shall be for her carpet,
And her curtains of Roses so fair,
And a Rosy crown, while far adown
Floats her long golden hair.

Twist and twine Roses and Lilies,
And little leaves green,
Fit for a queen;
Twist and twine Roses and Lilies.

Twist and twine Roses and Lilies,
And all the bells ring,
And all the people sing;
Twist and twine Roses and Lilies.