



“She said that she would
dance with me if I
brought her red roses,”
cried the young Student;
“but in all my garden
there is no red rose.”
From her nest in the
holm-oak tree the
Nightingale heard him,
and she looked out
through the leaves, and
wondered.

“No red rose in all my
garden!” he cried, and his
beautiful eyes filled with
tears. “Ah, on what little
things does happiness
depend! I have read all
that the wise men have
written, and all the
secrets of philosophy are
mine, yet for want of a





red rose is my life made
wretched.”

“Here at last is a
true lover,” said the
Nightingale. “Night after
night have I sung of him,
though I knew him not:
night after night have
I told his story to the
stars, and now I see him.
His hair is dark as the
hyacinth-blossom, and
his lips are red as the rose
of his desire; but passion
has made his lace like
pale Ivory, and sorrow
has set her seal upon
his brow.”

“The Prince gives a
ball tomorrow night,”
murmured the young
Student, “and my love



will be of the company. If I bring her a red rose she will dance with me till dawn. If I bring her a red rose, I shall hold her in my arms, and she will lean her head upon my shoulder, and her hand will be clasped in mine. But there is no red rose in my garden, so I shall sit lonely, and she will pass me by. She will have no heed of me, and my heart will break.”

“Here indeed is the true lover,” said the Nightingale. “What I sing of he suffers: what is joy to me, to him is pain. Surely Love is a wonderful thing.

