

# A Birthday

By Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird  
    Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;  
My heart is like an apple-tree  
    Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;  
My heart is like a rainbow shell  
    That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
    Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
    Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,  
    And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
    In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
    Is come, my love is come to me.