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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Groundsel.

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THE GROUNDSEL. (*Meeting.*)

I LOVE to see the little goldfinch pluck
 The Groundsel's feathered seed, and twit, and twit,
 And then, on bower of apple-blossoms perch'd,
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song :
 I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

Hurdis.

THE HAWTHORN. (*Hope.*)

AMONGST the many buds proclaiming May,
 Decking the fields in holiday array,
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery,
 Mark the fair blooming of the Hawthorn tree,
 Who, finely clothèd in a robe of white,
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight ;