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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **The language and poetry of flowers**

**London, 1877**

The Primrose. - Wishing.

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TO PRIMROSES  
FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew?  
Alas! you have not known that shower  
That mars a flower,  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind;  
Nor are ye worn with years,  
Or warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.  
*Herrick.*

THE PRIMROSE.—WISHING.

RING-TING! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!  
The stooping boughs above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across,  
And the Elm-tree for our king!

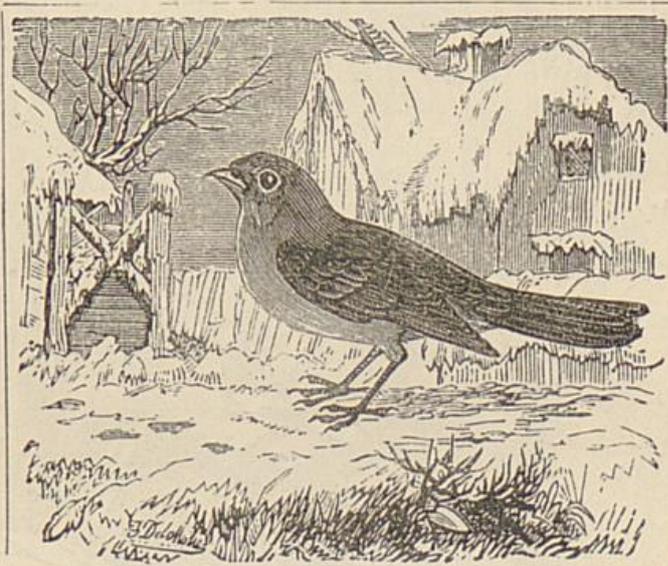
Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,  
A great, lofty Elm-tree! with green leaves gay!  
The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in,  
The birds would house among the boughs,  
And sweetly sing.



“Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,  
A bright yellow Primrose, blowing in the spring!”

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O—no ! I wish I were a Robin,  
 A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go ;  
     Through forest, field, or garden,  
     And ask no leave or pardon,  
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs  
     To ruffle up our wing.



Well—tell ! Where should I fly to,  
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell ?  
     Before a day was over,  
     Home comes the rover,  
 For mother's kiss—sweeter this  
     Than any other thing.

*W. Allingham.*

OH, who can speak the joys of spring's young morn,  
 When wood and pasture open on his view,  
 When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,  
 And the first Primrose dips its leaves in dew?

*Bloomfield.*