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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Spring. - The Garden.

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The crocus had put forth its feelers green,
But drew in its head in affright, oh ;
On hearing the peas, as soon as seen,
Had been all cut off in a night, oh.

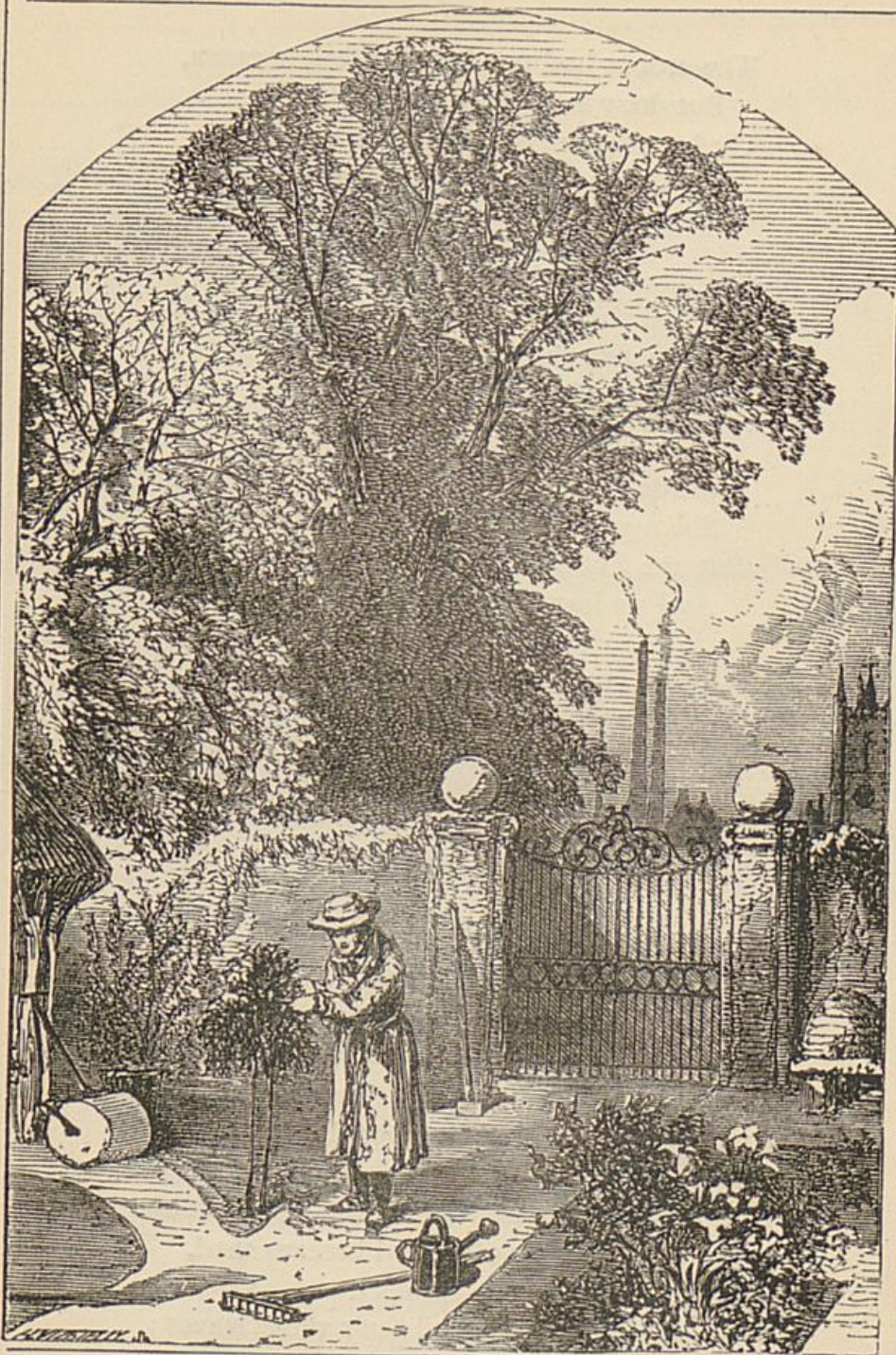
The lilac gay, that loves to be first,
Stood shivering still and pouting,
And many a bud was longing to burst,
But its orders as yet was doubting.

And the queen of the season, so ill did she feel,
She again took to bed in pure sorrow ;
But the Sun has been called in, her sickness to heal,
And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.

Conder.

SPRING.—THE GARDEN.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose ; violet, darkly blue ;
And polyanthus, of unnumbered dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round ;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays



Her idle freaks ; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,

The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

Thomson.

SPRING—ITS CLOSE.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;
Ah ! why has happiness no second spring?

Charlotte Smith.