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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

Spring-Perpetual.

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## SPRING—PERPETUAL.

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there  
 Continual, both meeting at one time ;  
 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,  
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,  
 And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,  
 Which seem to labour under their fruits' load ;  
 The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime  
 Amongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode),  
 And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that paradise  
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
 Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,  
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,  
 But like a garland compassed the height,  
 And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,  
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

*Spenser.*

## SPRING FLOWER—FADING.

OH spare my flower ! my gentle flower,  
 The slender creature of a day !  
 Let it bloom out its little hour,  
 And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
 Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown ;  
 Oh hasten not its destiny,  
 So like my own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
 And sigh to find its playmate gone ;