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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

A Poet's Garden.

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Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses and jessamine
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem. *Milton.*

FLOWERS IN THE PRISON.

YE are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
 Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
 Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
 Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

Hemans.

A POET'S GARDEN.

AND all about grew every sort of flower
 To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
 And dearest love ;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Me seems I see Amyntas' wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

Spenser.