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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Aconite.

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Flowers and Poems.

FLOWERS of all hues are struggling into glow
Along the blooming fields; yet their sweet strife
Melts into one harmonious concord. Lo,
Where winds the lone path through the pastures green,
Broad tapestr'ing summer fields! *Schiller.*

THE ACONITE. (*Misanthropy.*)

THOU comest, early Aconite,
With blossoms fair, to deck the ground,
When few that in such things delight
May walk where thou art found;
Content to beautify the earth,
Though none thy modest charms may scan,
And die, as thou hast sprung to birth,
Unnoted by proud man. *H. G. Adams.*