

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Barberry.

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Angels of Life and Death alike are His;
Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against His messengers to shut the door?

Longfellow.



THE BARBERRY. (Sharp temper.)
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled Barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls grey with mosses.

Longfellow.