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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

An Early Blossom.

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THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

AN EARLY BLOSSOM.

Sweet flower ! that, peeping from thy russet stem Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month Hath borrowed Zephyr's voice, and gazed upon thee With blue voluptuous eye), alas, poor flower ! These are but the flatteries of the faithless year. Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave, Ev'n now the keen north-east is on its way. *Coleridge*.

SPRING BLOSSOMS.

MINDFUL of disaster past, And shrinking at the northern blast. The sleety storm returning still, The morning hoar, the evening chill, Reluctant comes the timid Spring : Scarce a bee, with airy ring, Murmurs the blossomed boughs around That clothe the garden's southern bound : Scarce the hardy primrose peeps From the dark dell's entangled steeps : O'er the field of waving broom Slowly shoots the golden bloom : And but by fits the furze-clad dale Tinctures the transitory gale. Scant along the ridgy land The beans their newborn ranks expand ; The fresh-turned soil, with tender blades, Thinly the sprouting barley shades : Fringing the forest's devious edge Half-robed appears the hawthorn hedge ; Or to the distant eye displays, Weakly green, its budding sprays. Warton.

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