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The language and poetry of flowers

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Spring Blossoms.

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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.*