

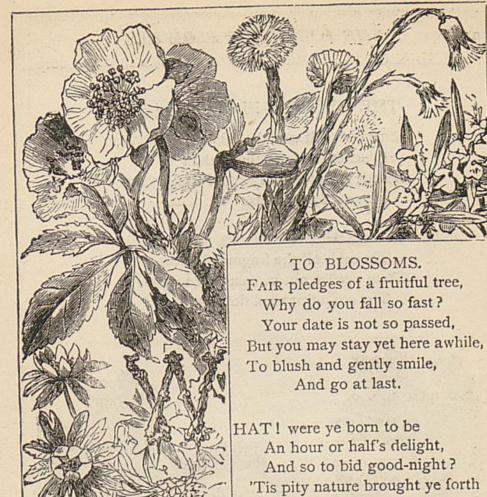
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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

To Blossoms.

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But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Herrick.

Merely to show your worth,

And lose you quite.

