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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Broom.

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While silent showers are falling slow,
 And 'mid the general hush
 A sweet air lifts the little bough,
 Lone whispering through the bush !

The primrose to the grave is gone ;
 The hawthorn flower is dead ;
 The violet by the mossed grey stone
 Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, wild Bramble, back dost bring,
 In all their beauteous power,
 The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
 And boyhood's blossom hour.

Scorned Bramble of the brake ! once more
 Thou bid'st me be a boy,
 To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
 In freedom and in joy.

Ebenezer Elliot.

THE BROOM. (*Humility.*)

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume ;
 Far dearer to me is yon glen o' lone breckan,
 With the burn stealing down through the lang yellow
 Broom. *Burns.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

(*Ingratitude, Innocence.*)

BUTTERCUPS and Daisies,
 Oh ! the pretty flowers !
 Coming ere the spring-time,
 To tell of sunny hours.