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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **The language and poetry of flowers**

**London, 1877**

Buttercups and Daisies.

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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.*

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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.*

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BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

(*Ingratitude, Innocence.*)

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

While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and Daisies  
Spring up everywhere.

Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door ;  
Purple with the north wind,  
Yet alert and bold,  
Fearing not, and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?  
What are stormy showers?  
Buttercups and Daisies,  
Are these human flowers !  
He who gave them hardship,  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength,  
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups !  
Welcome, Daisies white !  
Ye are in my spirit  
Visioned, a delight !  
Coming ere the spring-time  
Of sunny hours to tell ;—  
Speaking to our hearts of Him  
Who doeth all things well.

*Mary Howitt.*

