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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Coltsfoot.

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THE COLTSFOOT.* (*Justice.*)

WHEN all other scents have fled,
 In the winter months so dreary,
 When all other flowers are dead,
 And the heart grows cold and weary,

Longing for the balmy hours
 Of the lagging, tardy spring—
 Longing for the leafy bowers,
 And bright creatures on the wing.

Tussilago, then 'tis sweet
 To inhale thy soft perfume,
 And thy lilac blooms to greet
 'Mid surrounding wintry gloom.

Ancn.

THE COMPASS FLOWER. (*Guidance.*)

LOOK at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
 See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;
 It is the Compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,

* The sweet-scented Coltsfoot (*Tussilago fragrans*) is not an indigenous plant ; but we find it in almost every cottage garden, and as widely diffused amongst us as though it sprang spontaneously from the soil. It has been called the Heliotrope of the open gardens, and Phillips has attached to it the motto, "You shall have justice," because such was the exclamation of M. Villan of Grenoble, who found it at the foot of Mount Pilat, in his astonishment that it should not have been noticed and cultivated before.