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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Daffodil.

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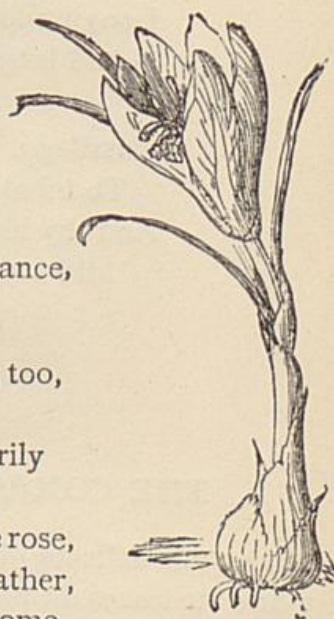
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of
 nepenthe. *Longfellow.*

THE CROCUS. (*Abuse not.*)

AND presently the Crocus heard
 The greeting, and awoke,
 And donned with care her golden robe
 And emerald-coloured cloak ;
 And, springing from her russet shroud,
 Stepped forth to meet the sun,
 While broke the clouds with one bright glance,
 And his jocund race begun.

The Crocus brought her sisters, too,
 The purple, pied, and white,
 And the redbreast warbled merrily
 Above the flowerets bright.
 Oh, the nightingale may love the rose,
 And the lark the summer's heather,
 But the robin's constant flowers come,
 And brave the wintry weather.

Twamley.



THE DAFFODIL. (*Regard.*)

OH, Proserpine.

For the flowers now that, frightened, thou lett'st fall
 From Dis's waggon ! Daffodils
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty !

Shakespeare.