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

**London, 1877**

The Daisy.

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## TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet the early rising sun  
Has not attained his noon :  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you ;  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay  
As you, or anything :  
We die,  
As your hours do ; and dry  
Away  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

*R. Herrick.*

THE DAISY. (*Innocence.*)

BRIGHT flower ! whose home is everywhere,  
Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
Of joy or sorrow—  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
The forest thorough !



Is it that man is soon deprest ?  
 A thoughtless thing ! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season ?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing :  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all,  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.      *Wordsworth.*

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH, IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,\*  
 Thou's met me in an evil hour ;  
 For I maun crush amang the stoure  
     Thy slender stem.  
 To spare thee now is past my pow'r,  
     Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! It's no' thy neebor sweet,  
 The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !

\* Mr. Chambers says :—"The Mountain Daisy" was composed as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the "Wee modest, crimson-tipped flower," lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse, and both are on the farm of Mossgiel, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry.