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

**London, 1877**

To a Mountain Daisy.

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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.



Wi' spreckl'd breast,  
When upward springing, blythe, to greet  
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth ;  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
Amid the storm,  
Scarce rear'd above the parent-earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,  
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snawy bosom sun-ward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betray'd,  
And guileless trust,  
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er !