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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Dandelion.

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THE DANDELION. (*Oracle.*)

GAY little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads,
Lists to the robin's note
Poured from above :
Wise little Dandelion
Asks not for love.

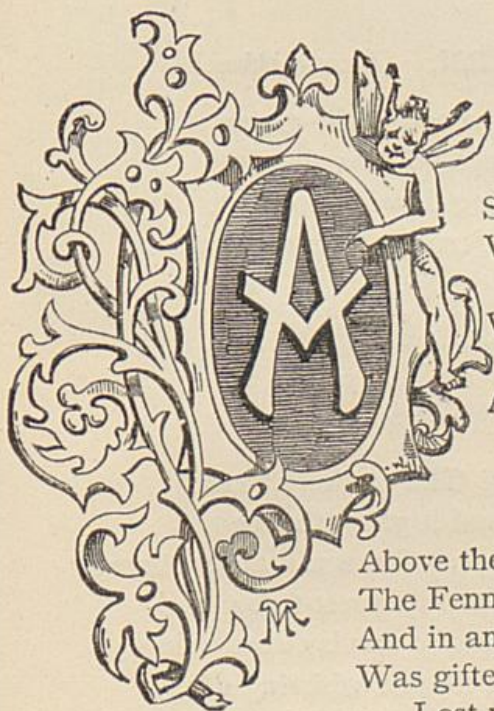
Cold lie the daisy banks
Clothed but in green,
Where, in the days agone,
Bright hues were seen.
Wild pinks are slumbering ;
Violets delay :
True little Dandelion
Greeteth the May.

Brave little Dandelion !
Fast falls the snow,
Bending the daffodil's
Haughty head low.
Under that fleecy tent,
Careless of cold,
Blithe little Dandelion
Counteth her gold.

Meek little Dandelion
Groweth more fair,
Till dies the amber dew
Out from her hair.
High rides the thirsty sun,
Fiercely and high ;
Faint little Dandelion
Closeth her eye.

Pale little Dandelion,
 In her white shroud,
 Heareth the angel-breeze,
 Call from the cloud !
 Tiny plumes fluttering
 Make no delay !
 Little winged Dandelion
 Soareth away.

Helen B. Bostwick.



FENNEL IN LIFE'S
 GOBLET. (*Worth.*)

As it mantling passes round,
 With Fennel is it wreathed and
 crowned,
 Whose seed and foliage sun-
 imbrowned
 Are in its waters steeped and
 drowned,
 And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,
 The Fennel, with its yellow flowers,
 And in an earlier age than ours
 Was gifted with the wondrous powers,
 Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood ;
 And gladiators, fierce and rude,
 Mingled it in their daily food ;
 And he who battled and subdued,
 A wreath of Fennel wore.