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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Fern.

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Then in Life's goblet freely press
 The leaves that give it bitterness,
 Nor prize the coloured waters less,
 For in thy darkness and distress
 New light and strength they give.

And he who has not learned to know
 How false its sparkling bubbles show,
 How bitter are the drops of woe
 With which its brim may overflow,
 He has not learned to live.

Longfellow.

THE LADY FERN. (*Fascination.*)

WHERE the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountain glistens sheenest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 There the Lady Fern grows strongest.

Scott.

THE FERN. (*Sincerity.*)

THE feathery Fern ! The feathery Fern !
 It groweth wild and it groweth free
 By the rippling brook and the whimpling burn,
 And the tall and stately forest-tree ;
 Where the merle and the mavis sweetly sing,
 And the pheasant flies on whirring wing,
 And the blue jay makes the woods to ring
 Beneath a verdurous canopy.

The feathery Fern ! the feathery Fern :
 An emerald sea, it waveth wide,
 Or seems to flash, and gleam, and burn,
 Like the scatter'd spray of a golden tide ;



THE HAUNT OF THE FERN.

On sunny slope, in leafy glade,
Amid the twilight depths of shade,
By intertwining branches made,
And trunks with lichens glorified.

The feathery Fern ! the feathery Fern !
Full oft with antler'd heads beset,
Whose nimble hoofs, the ground that spurn,
Dash through the fronds' with dew-drops wet,
Like giant ferns of an older day,
By megatheriums in their play,
Or creatures mightier than they,
For sport in the humid valleys met. *Anon.*