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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Fair Flower! Fair Flower!

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FAIR FLOWER ! FAIR FLOWER !

FAIR flower ! fair flower !
Though thou seem'st so proudly growing,
Though thou seem'st so sweetly blowing,
With all heaven's smiles upon thee,
The blight has fallen on thee,
Every hope of life o'erthrowing,
Fair flower ! fair flower !

Dear flower ! dear flower !
Vainly we our sighs breathe o'er thee,
No fond breath can e'er restore thee ;
Vainly our tears are falling,
Thou'rt past the dew's recalling ;
We shall live but to deplore thee,
Dear flower ! dear flower !

Poor flower ! poor flower !
No aid now to health can win thee ;
The fatal canker is within thee,
Turning thy young heart's gladness
To mourning and to madness ;
Soon will the cold tomb enshrine thee,
Poor flower ! poor flower !

Wan flower ! wan flower !
Oh, how sad to thee lying,
Meekly, calmly thus, though dying ;
Sweeter in thy decaying
Than all behind thee staying ;
But vain, alas, is now our sighing,
Lost flower ! lost flower !

W. T. Moncrief.

