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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Bud is on the Bough.

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THE BUD IS ON THE BOUGH.

"THE bud is on the bough,
 And the blossom on the tree ;"
 But the bud and the blossom
 Bring no joyousness to me.
 Wall'd up within the city's gloom,
 No pleasure can I know ;
 Eut like a cagèd linnet sing,
 To chase away my woe !

The bud will grow a blossom,
 The blossom will grow pale,
 And as they die the fruit will spring,
 But fall when o'er the vale
 Stern winter marches with his train
 In every wind that blows ;
 And I, unripe, with ripest fruit
 May in the dust repose.

But spring upon the seed will breathe,
 The seed become a tree ;
 And on the tree so beautiful
 Shall bud and blossom be :
 And shall I know a second spring ?
 Yes, brighter far than they ;
 When age puts on the blush of youth,
 And youth shall not decay !

Francis Bennoch.

PRECEPTS OF FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem
 Man's frailty to portray,
 Blooming so fair in morning's beam,
 Passing at eve away ;
 Teach this, and, oh ! though brief your reign,
 Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.