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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Precepts of Flowers.

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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 caged 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.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy mankind breathe
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.
But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye breathe these truths severe,
To those who droop in pale decay,
Have ye no words of cheer?
Oh, yes! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.
Go, then, where wrapped in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing,
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of the long sleep and broken chain ;
And say, that He who from the dust
Recalls the slumbering flower,
Will surely visit those who trust
His mercy and His power ;
Will mark where sleeps their peaceful clay,
And roll, ere long, the stone away.

Blackwood's Magazine.

FLOWERS—THEIR SANCTITY.

A FLOWER is not a flower alone,
A thousand sanctities invest it,
And as they form a radiant zone,
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tints become its own,
As if their spirit had possest it.

Allport.