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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Flowers - their Sanctity.

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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.