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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Flowers - Preachers.

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FLOWERS—THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother Nature laughs around,
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky ;
 The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
 And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower ;
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree ;
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles,—
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away !

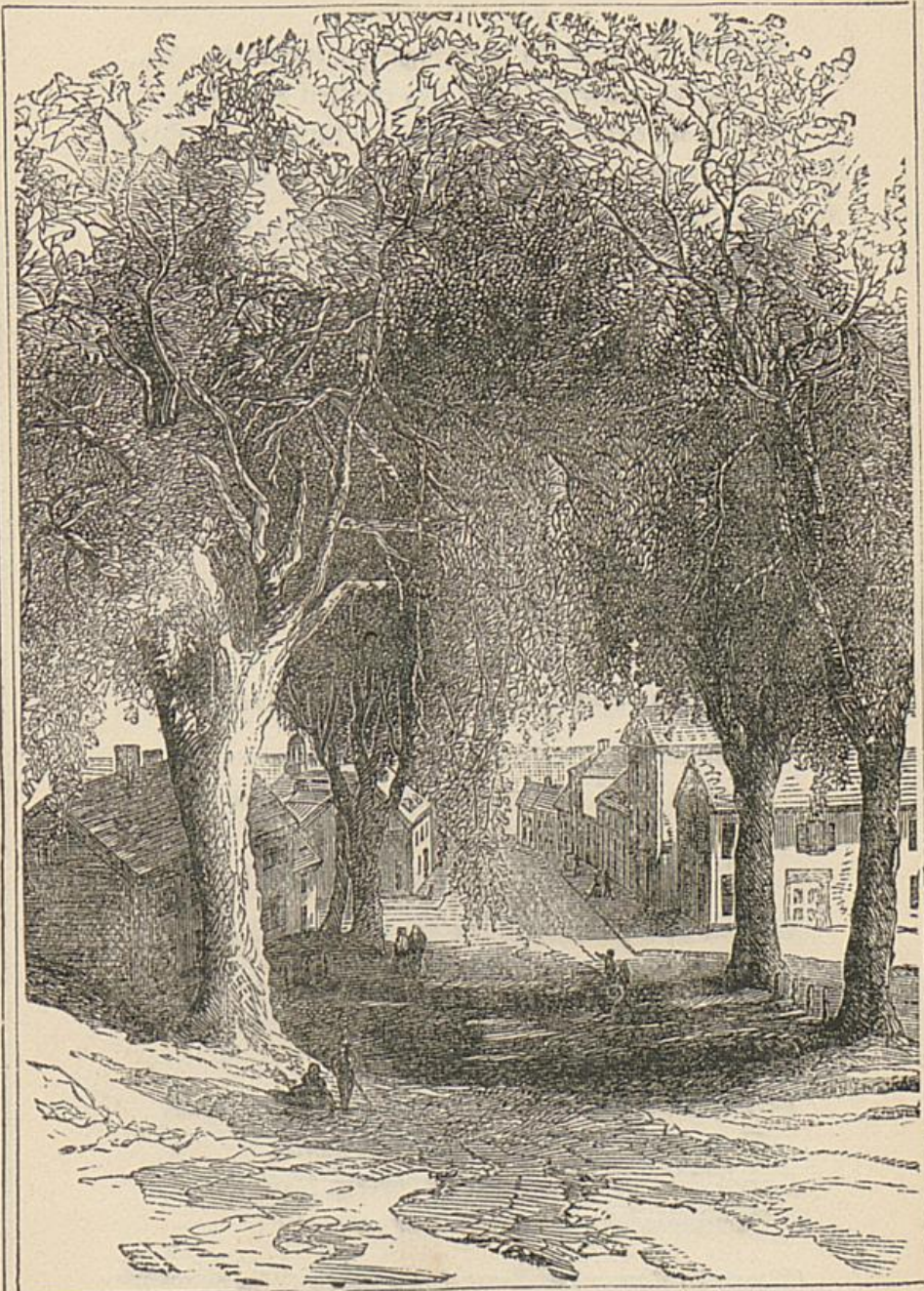
W. Cullen Bryant.

FLOWERS—PREACHERS.

YOUR voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers ;
 Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
 Supplying to the fancy numerous teachers
 From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour
 Weep without woe and blush without a crime,
 Oh ! may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
 Your lore sublime !

Horace Smith.



THERE'S a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree.

Bryant.