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### **The language and poetry of flowers**

**London, 1877**

Flowers of May.

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FLOWERS OF MAY.

THE month of May is here—the pleasant May !  
Her merry laugh is ringing through the wood :  
Her brow is decked with hawthorn blossoms gay ;  
She speaketh softly, as a maiden should ;  
Sunlight is round her, and a perfect flood  
Of melody ; she goeth on her way  
Rejoicingly, and bids each glistening bud  
Of all its hidden charms to make display.  
Come forth, oh, ye who are in cities pent !

Roam in the greenwood, wander by the stream ;  
 Health shall ye find, and careless merriment,  
 Where silver daisies in the meadows gleam.  
 Hark to the singing birds, the humming bee !  
 Come forth to join in nature's jubilee !

*H. G. Adams.*

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HUMBLE FLOWERS.

NOR all-forgotten be those humbler flowers—  
 Daisies and Buttercups—the child's first love,  
 Which lent their magic to our guileless hours,  
 Ere cares were known.  
 Oh, joyous time! through verdant meads to rove,  
 With wild flowers strewn.

*T. L. Merritt.*

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THE FORGET-ME-NOT. (*Remember me.*)

THE blue-eyed Forget-me-Not, beautiful flower,  
 Half woo'd and half stolen, I brought from her bower  
 By the bright river's bank, where she nestled so low,  
 That the water o'er stem and o'er leaflet might flow.

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THE FURZE. (*Love enduring.*)

ON me such beauty summer pours,  
 That I am cover'd o'er with flowers ;  
 And when the frost is in the sky,  
 My branches are so fresh and gay,  
 That you might look at me and say,  
 "This plant can never die."

*Wordsworth.*