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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Hawthorn.

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THE GROUNDSEL. (*Meeting.*)

I LOVE to see the little goldfinch pluck
 The Groundsel's feathered seed, and twit, and twit,
 And then, on bower of apple-blossoms perch'd,
 Trim his gay suit, and pay us with a song :
 I would not hold him prisoner for the world.

Hurdis.

THE HAWTHORN. (*Hope.*)

AMONGST the many buds proclaiming May,
 Decking the fields in holiday array,
 Striving who shall surpass in bravery,
 Mark the fair blooming of the Hawthorn tree,
 Who, finely clothèd in a robe of white,
 Feeds full the wanton eye with May's delight ;

Yet for the bravery that she is in
 Doth neither handle card nor wheel to spin,
 Nor changeth robes but twice ; she is never seen
 In other colours than in white or green ;
 Learn then content, young shepherd, from this tree,
 Whose greatest wealth is nature's livery.

W. Browne.

THE HEATH (*Erica*).

How many a vagrant wing light waves around
 The purple bells, Erica ! 'Tis from thee
 The hermit-birds, that love the desert, find
 Shelter and food. Nor these alone delight
 In the fresh heath. Thy gallant mountaineers,
 Auld Scotia, smile to see it spread, immense,
 O'er their unconquer'd hills ; and at the close
 Of the keen boreal day, the undaunted race,
 Contented, in the rude Erica sink
 To healing sleep.

Carrington.

THE HELLEBORE. (*Scandal.*)

BRIGHT as the silvery plume or pearly shell,
 The snow-white rose, or lily's virgin bell,
 The fair *Helleborus* attractive shone,
 Warm'd every sage, and every shepherd won.

Darwin.

