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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Hellebore.

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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.

