

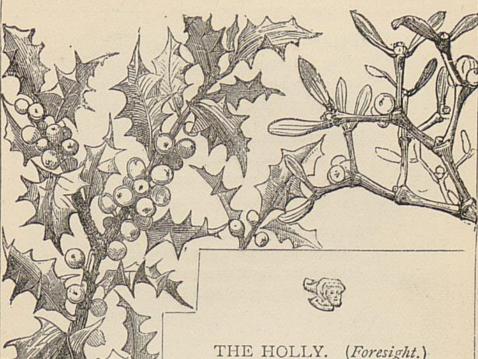
## Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

## The language and poetry of flowers

**London, 1877** 

The Holly.

urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-33126



## THE HOLLY. (Foresight.)

No-no-my love is no rose That only in sunshine buds and grows, And but to blue skies will its blooms unclose;

That withers away In an autumn day, And dies in a dream of drifting snows -No-no-my love is no rose.

No-no-my love is no rose-My love is the Holly that ever is green, Whether breezes are balmy or blasts are keen, The same that is still In days sullen and chill As when snowed with blossoms the orchards are seen -No-no-my love is no rose.

W. C. Bennett.