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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

The Ivy.

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THE IVY. (*Friendship.*)

It is not gloomy, brightly play  
 The sunbeams on its glossy green ;  
 And softly on it sleeps the ray  
 Of moonlight, all serene.

It changes not as seasons flow,  
 In changeful, silent course along ;  
 Spring finds it verdant, leaves it so,  
 It outlives summer's song.

Autumn no wan or russet stain  
 Upon its fadeless glory flings ;  
 And winter o'er it sweeps in vain,  
 With tempest on his wings.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE IVY GREEN. (*Fidelity.*)

OH, a dainty plant is the Ivy Green,  
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !  
 Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,  
 In his cell so lone and cold.  
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay'd,  
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;  
 And the mould'ring dust that years have made  
 Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,  
 And a staunch old heart has he ;  
 How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,  
 To his friend the huge oak-tree !