



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

The Ivy Green.

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

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.*

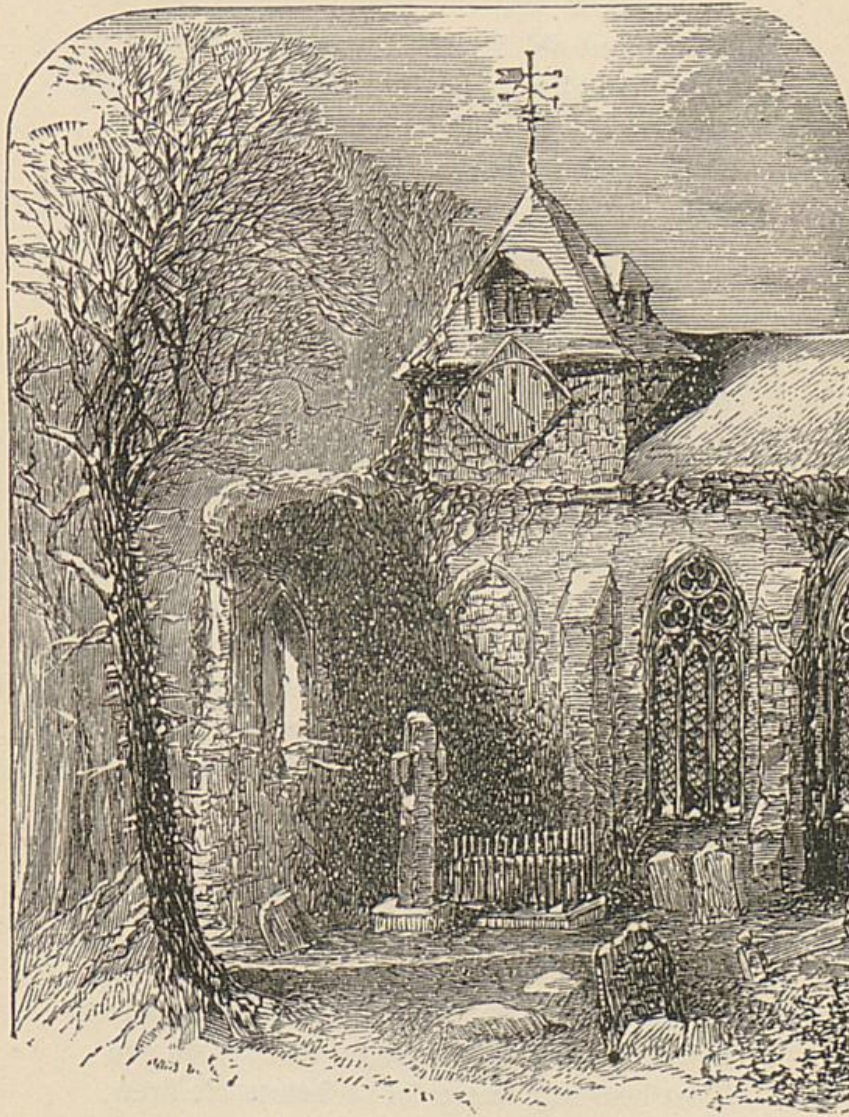
THE IVY GREEN. (*Fidelity.*)

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 !





And slyly he traileth along the ground,  
And his leaves he gently waves,  
And he joyously twines and hugs around  
The rich mould of dead men's graves.  
Creeping where no life is seen,  
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.



Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,  
 And nations scatter'd been ;  
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade  
 From its hale and hearty green.  
 The brave old plant in its lonely days  
 Shall fatten upon the past ;  
 For the stateliest building man can raise  
 Is the Ivy's food at last.  
 Creeping where no life is seen,  
 A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

*Dickens.*

---

THE JESSAMINE.

THE Jessamine, with which the queen of flowers,  
 To charm her god, adorns his favourite bowers ;  
 Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,  
 Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast ;  
 Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste  
 As the pure zone which circle's Dian's waist.

---

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

FLOWERS ! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye  
 Fell on your gentle beauty ; when from you  
 That heavenly lesson for all hearts He drew,  
 Eternal, universal, as the sky ;  
 Then, in the bosom of your purity,  
 A voice He set as in a temple-shrine,  
 That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by  
 Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.  
 And though too oft its low, celestial sound,  
 By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,