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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Jessamine.

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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,