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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Lily.

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And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste ;
 Yet the great ocean hath no tone of power
 Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,
 Than yours, meek lilies,—chosen thus and graced.

Hemans.

THE LILY.

ABOVE his head
 Four lily stalks did their white honours
 wed,
 To make a coronal, and round him grew
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and
 hue.
 Together intertwined and trammell'd
 fresh :
 The vine of glossy sprout—the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries—and wood-
 bine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms
 divine—
 Convolvulus in streaked vases blush—
 The creeper mellowing for an autumn
 flush—
 And Virgin's Bower trailing airily,
 With others of the sisterhood.



Keats.

