



UNIVERSITÄTS-  
BIBLIOTHEK  
PADERBORN

## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

The Linden Tree.

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

O Flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river  
 Linger to kiss thy feet ;—  
 O flower of song, bloom on, and make for ever  
 The world more fair and sweet.

*Longfellow.*

THE LINDEN TREE.

THERE'S a song for thee—of the Linden Tree !  
 A song of the silken lime !  
 There is no other tree so pleaseth me,  
 No other so fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy  
 To rest in its scented shade,  
 When the sun was high, and the river nigh  
 A musical murmur made :

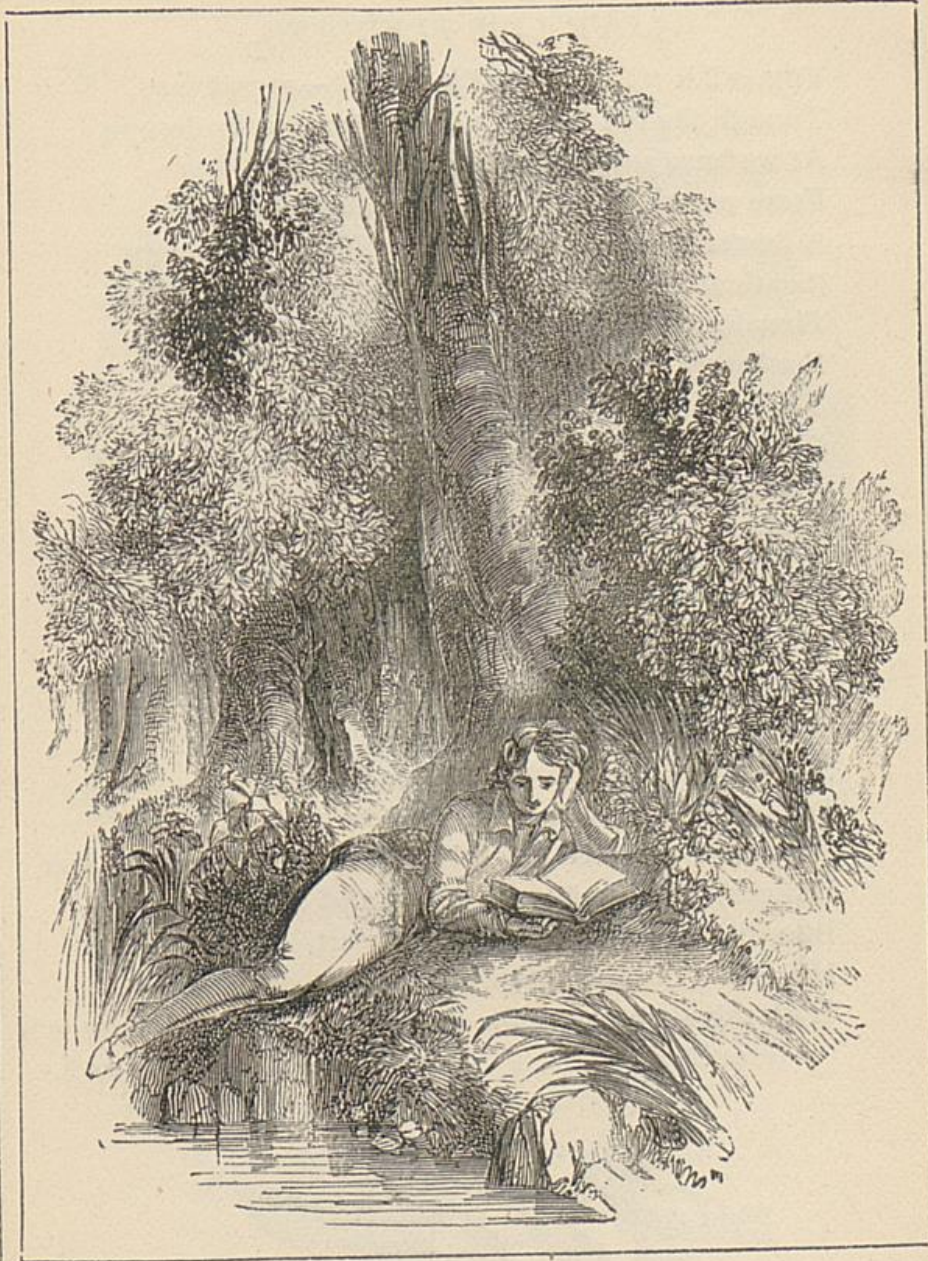
When, floating along like a winged song,  
 The traveller-bee would stop,  
 And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,  
 And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth, afar,  
 And the gnats flew round and round,  
 I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,  
 Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah !—years have fled ; and the Linden, dead,  
 Is a brand on the cottier's floor ;  
 And the river creeps through its slimy deeps,  
 And youth—is a thought of yore !

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain :  
 As deeds of love and wrong,  
 Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,  
 Survive in the poet's song.

*Barry Cornwall.*



When I was a boy, it was all my joy  
To rest in its scented shade,  
When the sun was high, and the river nigh  
A musical murmur made.—*Page 58.*