



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Love Lies Bleeding.

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

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

You call it "Love Lies Bleeding,"—so you may,
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away :
A flower how rich in sadness ! Even thus stoops
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power),
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower !
('Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread)
So drooped Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew ;
While Venus in a passion of despair
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as immortals sometimes do ;
But pangs more lasting far *that* lover knew
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower,
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart,
His own dejection, downcast flower ! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt
ever bear.

Wordsworth.

