



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Primrose of the Rock.

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



A SPRING NOSEGAY.

THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

A ROCK there is whose homely front
The passing traveller slights ;
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,
Like stars, at various heights :
And one coy Primrose to that rock
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,
What kingdoms overthrown,
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft

And marked it for my own ;
A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down !

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew ;
The stems are faithful to the root,
That worketh out of view ;
And to the rock the root adheres,
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall ;
The earth is constant to her sphere ;
And God upholds them all :
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads
Her annual funeral.

Wordsworth.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

THE angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dews of heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose :
" O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee !"
" Then," said the rose, with deepened glow,
" On me another grace bestow !"