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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Moss-rose.

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

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 !"

The spirit paused in silent thought,—
What grace was there that flower had not?
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?



GO, HAPPY ROSE.

Go, happy rose! and, interweave
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.