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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Go, Lovely Rose.

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THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go, And tell her this,—but do not so ! Lest a handsome anger fly Like a lightning from her eye, And burn thee up as well as I. *Herrick.*

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose ! Tell her that wastes her time and me,That now she knows,When I resemble her to thee,How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young, And shuns to have her graces spied, That hadst thou sprung In deserts where no men abide, Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth Of beauty from the light retired: Bid her come forth, Suffer herself to be desired, And not blush so to be admired.

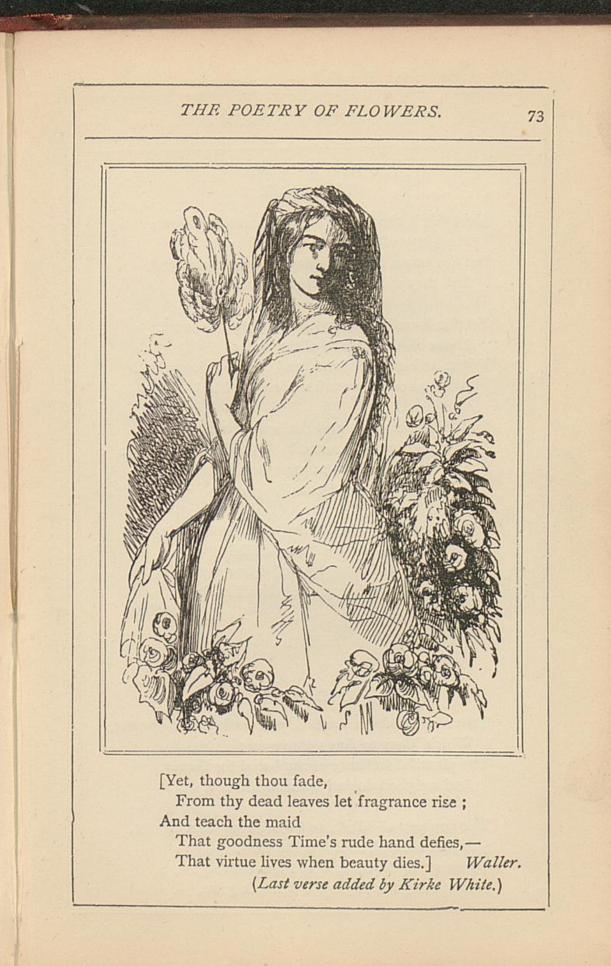
Then die ! that she

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The common fate of all things rare May read in thee,—

How small a part of time they share That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

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