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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Rose.

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THE ROSE.

How fair is the Rose ! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the Rose ;
But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Watts.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed ;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.



I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.
And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.
This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while ;
And the tear that is wiped, with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile. *Cowper.*