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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

### **The language and poetry of flowers**

**London, 1877**

A Rosebud by my Early Walk.

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## ROSEBUDS.

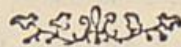
GATHER ye Rosebuds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying ;  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer ;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry :  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Herrick.*



## A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,  
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,  
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,  
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,  
In a' its crimson glory spread,  
And drooping rich the dewy head,  
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest  
A little linnet fondly prest,  
The dew sat chilly on her breast  
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,  
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,  
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,  
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair !  
On trembling string, or vocal air,  
Shall sweetly pay the tender care  
That tends thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,  
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,  
And bless the parents' evening ray  
That watch'd thy early morning.

*Burns.*

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A RED, RED ROSE.

OH, my love's like a red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June :  
Oh, my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I ;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.