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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

A Red, Red Rose.

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

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.

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.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only love !
And fare thee weel awhile !
And I will come again, my love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

Burns.

ROSES IN THE BRIDAL GARLAND.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue ;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint.
And sweet thyme true ;

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim ;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim ;

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense !
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence !

Beaumont and Fletcher.