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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

Roses in the Bridal Garland.

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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.*