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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Snowdrops.

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



SNOWDROPS.

My Snowdrops, oh my Snowdrops !
How gaily, every spring,
They covered all our mossy banks
With many a fairy ring ;
How delicately beautiful
Their little blossoms were,
Like tiny spirits hovering
Upon the chilly air.

My Snowdrops, oh my Snowdrops !
I shall never, without pain,
See your little fragile blossoms
In the early spring again :

For my only one, my loved one,
A fragile thing like you,
Both came to me and left me
In the spring, as Snowdrops do.

Like the crimson light of sunset
Streaming through a wreath of snow,
So soft upon her pallid cheek
The hectic fever's glow.
As fading Snowdrops gently sink
Upon the cold earth's breast,
So gently sank my holy child
To her eternal rest.

My only one, my loved one !
I shall see her yet again,
When I too am transplanted
From this world of grief and pain.
Her Snowdrops, oh ! her Snowdrops,
Shall be ever dear to me ;
I will cherish them as emblems
Of her immortality.
"Dove on the Cross."

SOLITUDE OF THE FOREST.

HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !
Hail, ye plebeian under-wood !
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.