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The language and poetry of flowers

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Solitude of the Forest.

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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.



Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat !
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect ;
Nature, the wisest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds, above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying ;
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamelled bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

Ah, wretched and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company !
He'll feel the weight of 't many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear 't away.

Cowley.

SPRING—LATE.

THE sleepy Spring was still in bed,
And to rise was slowly preparing,
When she heard the soft fall of the Zephyr's tread,
Who came to give her an airing.

She rose in haste, not dressed in blue,
But clad in her wintry mourning ;
Just stuck in her bosom a snowdrop or two
Her brow a faint smile adorning.

Then away over meadow, and garden, and wood,
Her light-winged courser bore her ;
But in her fair eyes the tear-drop stood,
To see the drear scene before her.