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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Spring-Late.

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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.

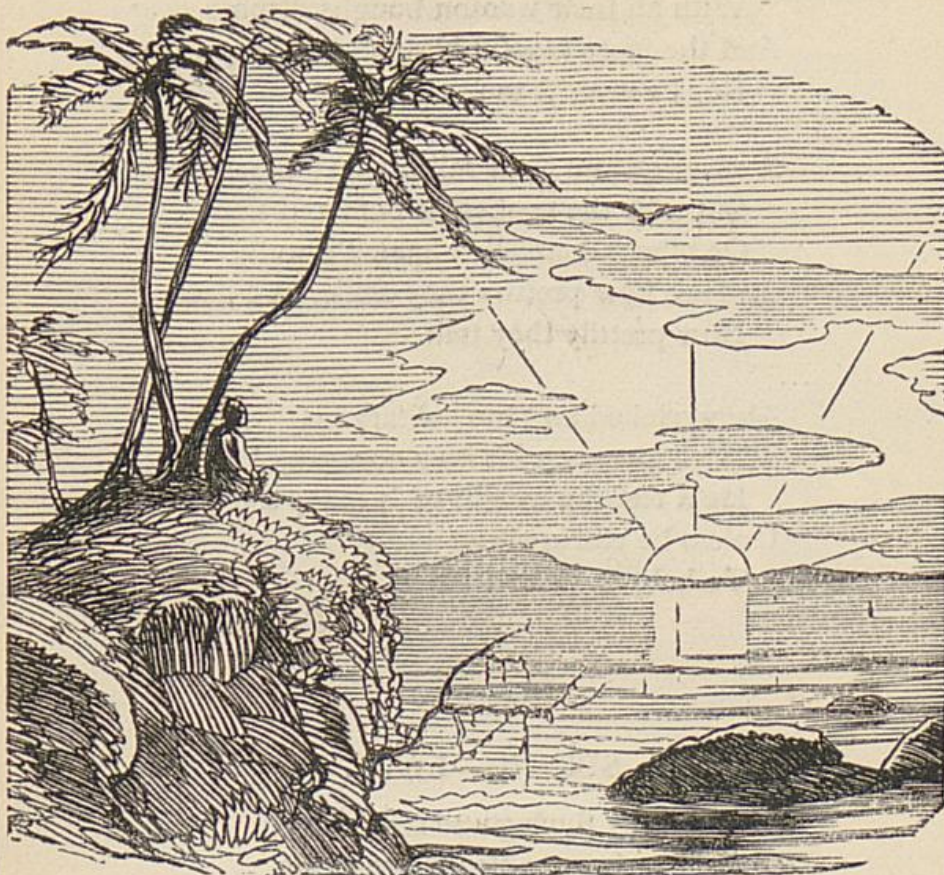
Cowley.

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.



So long had the tyrant of northern birth
His iron reign extended,
The genial commerce of sky and earth
Had well-nigh been suspended.

The young birds had met on St. Valentine's feast,
All eager to get married ;
But the sullen saint refused to be priest ;—
For another red-day they tarried.

The crocus had put forth its feelers green,
But drew in its head in affright, oh ;
On hearing the peas, as soon as seen,
Had been all cut off in a night, oh.

The lilac gay, that loves to be first,
Stood shivering still and pouting,
And many a bud was longing to burst,
But its orders as yet was doubting.

And the queen of the season, so ill did she feel,
She again took to bed in pure sorrow ;
But the Sun has been called in, her sickness to heal,
And we hope she'll be better to-morrow.

Conder.

SPRING.—THE GARDEN.

ALONG these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose ; violet, darkly blue ;
And polyanthus, of unnumbered dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stained with iron brown,
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round ;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays