



UNIVERSITÄTS-
BIBLIOTHEK
PADERBORN

Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn

The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Spring - Its Close.

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

The varied colours run, and while they break
On the charmed eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
First-born of spring, to summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance ; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
Nor, showered from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

Thomson.

SPRING—ITS CLOSE.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity ! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away !
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring ;
Ah ! why has happiness no second spring?

Charlotte Smith.