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

**London, 1877**

Spring Flower-Fading.

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## SPRING—PERPETUAL.

THERE is continual spring, and harvest there  
 Continual, both meeting at one time ;  
 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,  
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,  
 And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,  
 Which seem to labour under their fruits' load ;  
 The whiles the joyous birds make their pastime  
 Amongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode),  
 And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that paradise  
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top  
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,  
 Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,  
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,  
 But like a garland compassed the height,  
 And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,  
 That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,  
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

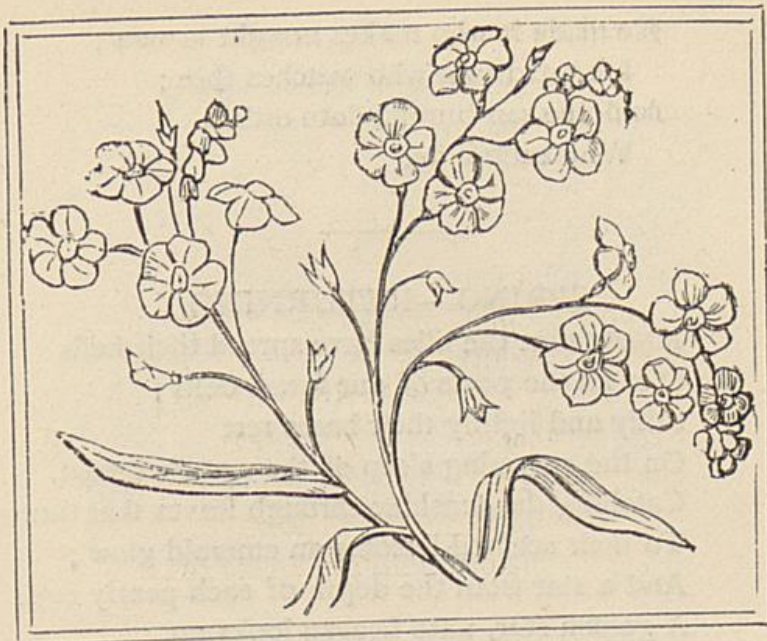
*Spenser.*

## SPRING FLOWER—FADING.

OH spare my flower ! my gentle flower,  
 The slender creature of a day !  
 Let it bloom out its little hour,  
 And pass away.

Too soon its fleeting charms must lie  
 Decayed, unnoticed, overthrown ;  
 Oh hasten not its destiny,  
 So like my own.

The breeze will roam this way to-morrow,  
 And sigh to find its playmate gone ;



The bee will come its sweets to borrow,  
And meet with none.

Oh spare ! And let it still outspread  
Its beauties to the passing eye,  
And look up from its lowly bed  
Upon the sky.

Oh spare my flower ! Thou know'st not what  
Thy undiscerning hand would tear ;  
A thousand charms thou notest not,  
Lie treasured there.

Not Solomon, in all his state,  
Was clad like Nature's simplest child,  
Nor could the world combined create  
One floweret wild.

Spare, then, this humble monument  
Of the Almighty's power and skill ;  
And let it at its shrine present  
Its homage still.

He made it who makes nought in vain ;  
 He watches it who watches thee ;  
 And He can best its date ordain  
 Who bade it be. *Lyte.*

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SPRING.—RETURNING.

KNOW that the lilies have spread their bells  
 O'er all the pools of our forest dells ;  
 Stilly and lightly their bases rest  
 On the quivering sleep of the water's breast,  
 Catching the sunshine through leaves that throw  
 To their scented bosoms an emerald glow ;  
 And a star from the depth of each pearly cup,  
 A golden star, unto heaven looks up,  
 As if seeking its kindred, where bright they lie,  
 Set in the blue of the summer sky.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

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THE STRAWBERRY - BLOSSOM.

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
 Do as Charles and I are doing.  
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
 We must spare them—here are many :  
 Look at it—the flower is small,  
 Small and low, though fair as any :  
 Do not touch it ! summers two  
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne !  
 Pull as many as you can.  
 —Here are daisies, take your fill ;  
 Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower :  
 Of the lofty daffodil  
 Make your bed, or make your bower ;