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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Strawberry-blossom.

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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.*

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.

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 ;



Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ;
Only spare the Strawberry-blossom !
Primroses, the spring may love them —
Summer knows but little of them :
Violets, a barren kind,
Withered on the ground must lie ;
Daisies leave no fruit behind
When the pretty flowerets die ;
Pluck them, and another year
As many will be blowing here.

God has given a kindlier power
To the favoured Strawberry-flower.
Hither soon as spring is fled
You and Charles and I will walk ;
Lurking berries, ripe and red,
Then will hang on every stalk,
Each within its leafy bower ;
And for that promise spare the flower !
Wordsworth.