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The language and poetry of flowers

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Summer Sweets.

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SUMMER SWEETS.

(The Nosegay.)

Oh, luve will venture in
 Where it daurna weel be seen ;
 Oh, luve will venture in
 Where wisdom ance has been ;
 But I will down yon river rove,
 Amang the wood sae green—
 And a' to pu' a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu',
 The firstling of the year ;

And I will pu' the pink,
 The emblem o' my dear ;
 For she's the pink o' womankind,
 And blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
 When Phœbus peeps in view,
 For it's like a baumy kiss
 O' her sweet, bonny mou' ;

The hyacinth's for constancy,
Wi' its unchanging blue—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
And the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom
I'll place the lily there ;
The daisy's for simplicity,
And unaffected air—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
Wi' its locks o' siller gray.
Where, like an aged man,
It stands at break of day.
But the songster's nest within the bush
I winna tak away—
And a' to be a posie
To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
When the evening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew
Shall be her een sae clear ;
The violet's for modesty,
Which weel she fa's to wear—
And a' to be a poisie
For my own dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
With the silken bands o' luvie,
And I'll place it in her breast,
And I'll swear by all above

That to my latest draught o' life,
The band shall ne'er remove ;
And this will be a posie
To my ain dear May, *Burns.*

THE SWEET-BRIER.

THE Sweet-brier under the window-sill,
Which the early birds made glad,
And the damask rose by the garden fence
Were all the flowers we had.



I've looked at many a flower since then,
Far brought, and rich, and rare,
To other eyes more beautiful
But not to me so fair ;