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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Sweet-brier.

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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 ;

For those roses bright, oh, those roses bright!
I have twined them with my sister's locks,
That are laid in the dust from sight!

Phæbe Cary.



THE THISTLE.

AND, in our vacant mood,
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!
And starting off again with freak as sudden;
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while
Making report of an invisible breeze
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul. *Wordsworth.*