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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Thistle.

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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.*