

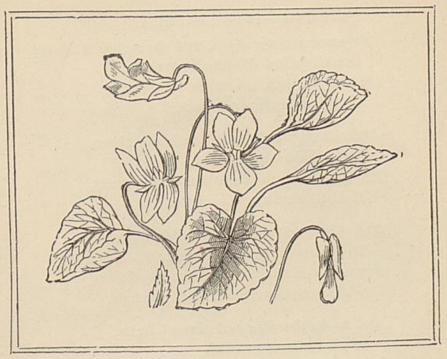
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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Violets.

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VIOLETS.

UNDER the green hedges, after the snow, There do the dear little Violets grow, Hiding their modest and beautiful heads Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.

Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,
Down there do the dear little Violets lie;
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen,
By the leaves you may know where the Violet hath been.
F. Moultrie.

Long as there's a sun that sets,

Primroses will have their glory;

Long as there are Violets,

They will have a place in story.

Wordsworth.