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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Violet - A Type of Love.

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VIOLETS.—LOWLINESS OF MIND.

'Twas a summer morn, and the softened breeze
Scarce ruffled the tiny flowers,
As they lay half hid in the velvet grass
Or nestled in leafy bowers.

And a happy child was wandering there,
And with a wild delight,
Stooped down to pluck the Violets sweet,
Half hidden from his sight.

And down he lay on that cushion green,
To gather the fragrant buds ;
For he loved them better than any flower
Which the blossomed earth bestuds.

And so do the wise and pure of heart,
Of all the human kind,
Esteem and love with a closer bond
A lowly heart and mind.

So does the Wise One who dwells above
Look down on the meek below,
And causes the fragrance of inward peace
Round the hearts of such to flow.

Irne.

THE VIOLET—A TYPE OF LOVE.

It has a scent, as though Love, for its dower,
Had on it all his odorous arrows tost ;
For though the rose has more perfuming power,
The Violet (haply 'cause 'tis almost lost,
And takes us so much trouble to discover)
Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

Barry Cornwall.