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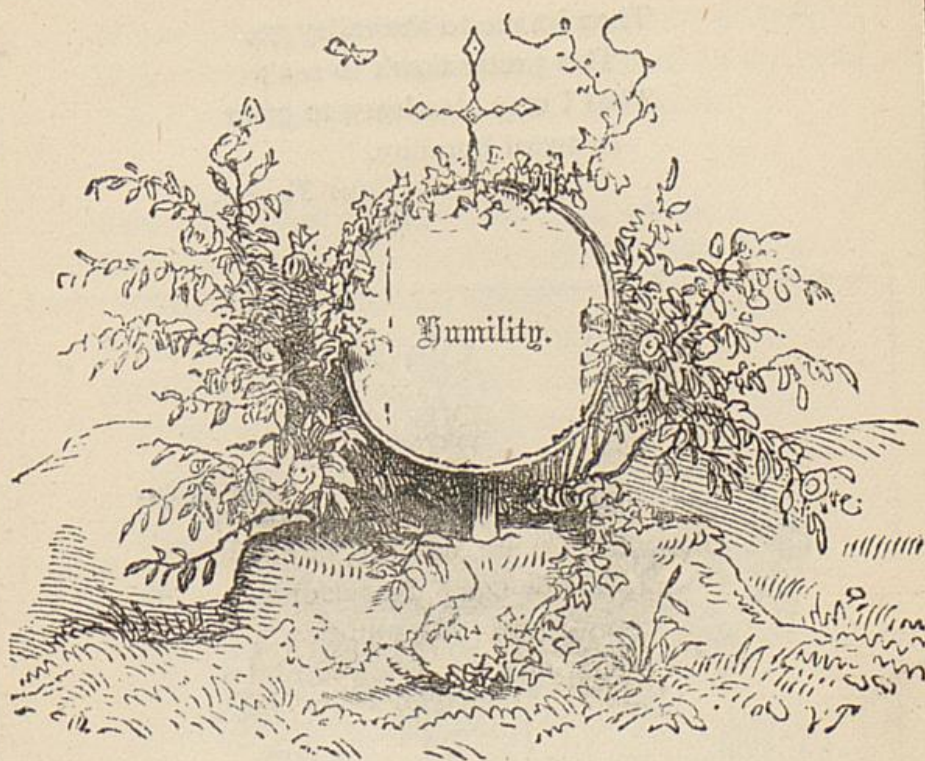
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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Violet.

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THE VIOLET.

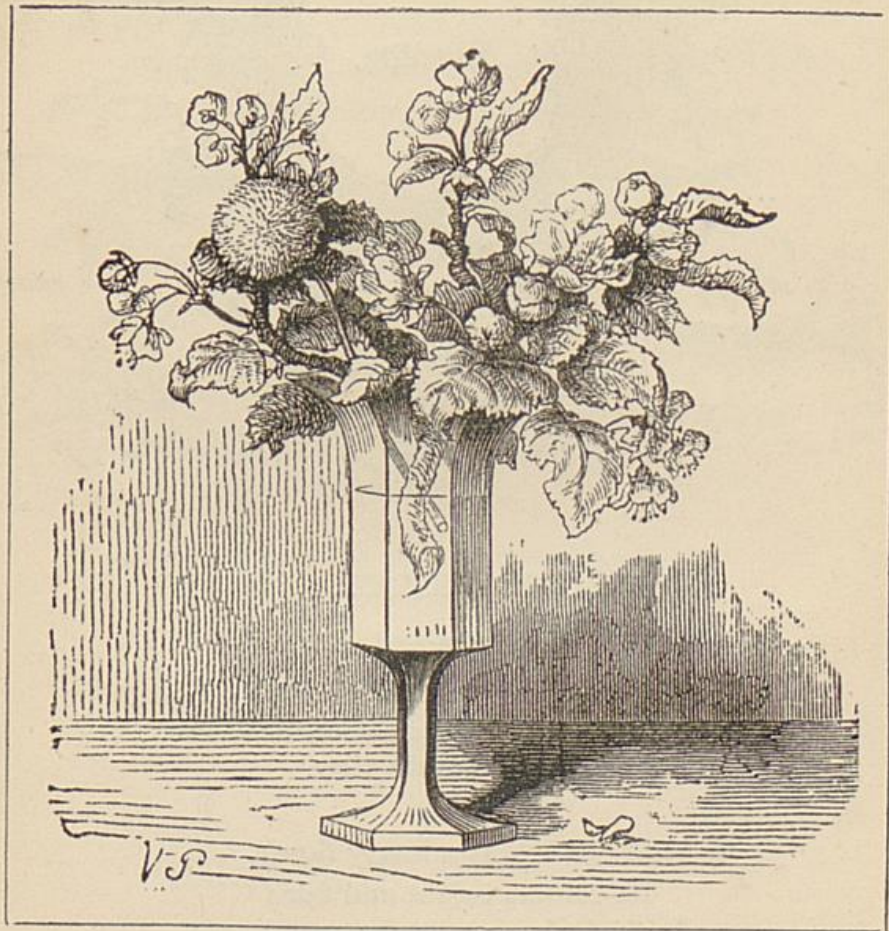
DOWN in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew ;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flow'r,
Its colours bright and fair ;
It might have graced a rosy bow'r,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints array'd ;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flow'r to see ;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor.



WILD FLOWERS.

NOT a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June ;
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,