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The language and poetry of flowers

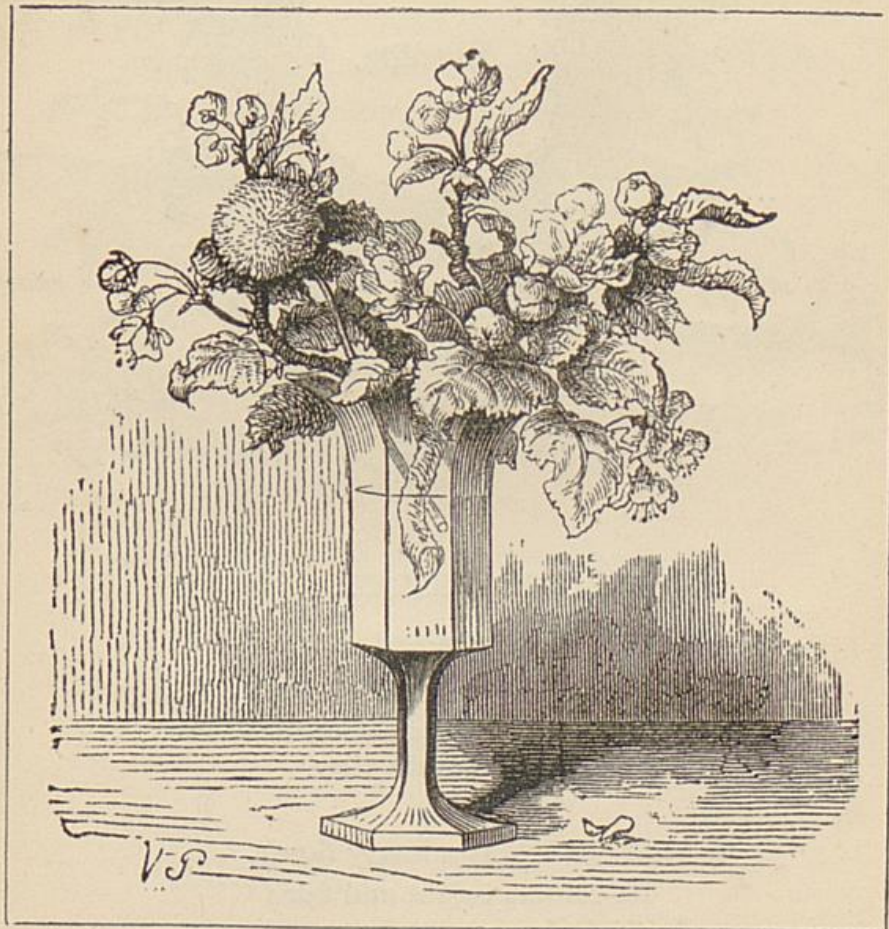
London, 1877

Wild Flowers.

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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,

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell,

Even now, what affections the violet awakes !
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore !
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom ;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

Campbell.

WOODLAND FLOWERS AND TREES.

Up this green woodland path we'll softly rove,
And list the nightingale ; she dwelleth here.
Hush ! let the wood-gate gently close, for fear
Its noise might scare her from her home of love.
Here have I heard her sing for many a year,
At noon and eve, ay, all the livelong day,
As though she lived on song. In this same spot,
Just where the old-man's beard all wildly trails
Its tresses o'er the track, and stops the way,
And where the child the fox-glove flowers hath got,