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The language and poetry of flowers

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Woodland Flowers and Trees.

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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,

Laughing and creeping through the moss-grown rails,
Oft have I hunted, like a truant boy,
Creeping through thorny brakes with eager joy,
To find her nest, and see her feed her young ;
And where those crimped ferns grow rank among
The hazel boughs, I've nestled down full oft,
To watch her warbling on some spray aloft,
With wings all quivering in her ecstasy,
And feathers ruffled up in transport high,
And bill wide open to relieve her heart
Of its outsobbing song ! But, with a start,
If I but stirred a branch, she stopped at once,
And flying off swift as the eye could glance,
In leafy distance hid, to sing again.
Anon from bosom of that green retreat,
Her song anew in silvery strains would gush,
With *jug, jug, jug*, and quavered trilling sweet,
Till roused to emulate the enchanting strain,
From hawthorn spray piped loud the merry thrush
Her loud bravura through the woodlands wild !

J. Clare.

THE WOODS AT NIGHT.

THE moon rose majestic unclouded and bright,
And in triumph she rode through the blue eastern sky,
While the wave 'neath her splendour was dancing in light,
Just ruffling its hues as the low breeze passed by.

How sweet on the ear broke the glad sound of mirth,
As by distance 't was mellowed and wafted along ;
Oh ! it seemed not a sound that belonged to the earth,
But some sweet fabled lay, like the Syren's soft song.