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### **The language and poetry of flowers**

**London, 1877**

The Woods at Night.

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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.*

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#### 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.





'T was the nightingale's note that we heard in the wood,  
Which skirts the wide plain dimly seen from afar ;  
It rang through the valley, as, listening we stood  
'Neath the glimmering light of the evening star.

The wind moved the leaves, and uplifted thine hair  
Through the woods, as it blew them so gentle and low,  
One might have forgotten this world had a care.  
For you looked like an angel of peace, love, below.

That evening, that hour, I shall never forget,  
While memory her seat in my bosom doth hold ;  
Round my heart it is twined, as the ivy's green net  
Clasps the tree that is young which it clings to when old.

*Geo. King Matthews.*