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

**London, 1877**

Willow Tree.

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Thither well pleased he hies, assur'd to find  
Wild, trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.  
Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,  
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,  
With milky kernels, starting full, weigh'd down,  
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with brown ;  
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,  
Loud chirping sparrows welcome on the day,  
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn  
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.  
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,  
And round the grass grown dewy border beats,  
On either side completely overspread,  
Here branches bend, their corn o'ertops his dead.

*Bloomfield.*

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WILLOW TREE.

THOU art to all lost love the best,  
The only true, plant found,  
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,  
And left of love, are crowned.

When once the lover's rose is dead,  
Or laid aside forlorn ;  
Then willow garlands, 'bout the head,  
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,  
Poor maids rewarded be,  
For their love lost ; their only gain  
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,  
When weary of the light,  
The love-spent youth, and love-sick maid,  
Come to weep out the night. *Herrick.*