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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Woodlands in Spring.

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WOODLAND DELIGHTS.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
 Though solitary, who is not alone,
 But doth converse with that eternal Love :
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
 Which good make doubtful do, the evil approve !
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
 And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
 How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold !
 The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
 Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

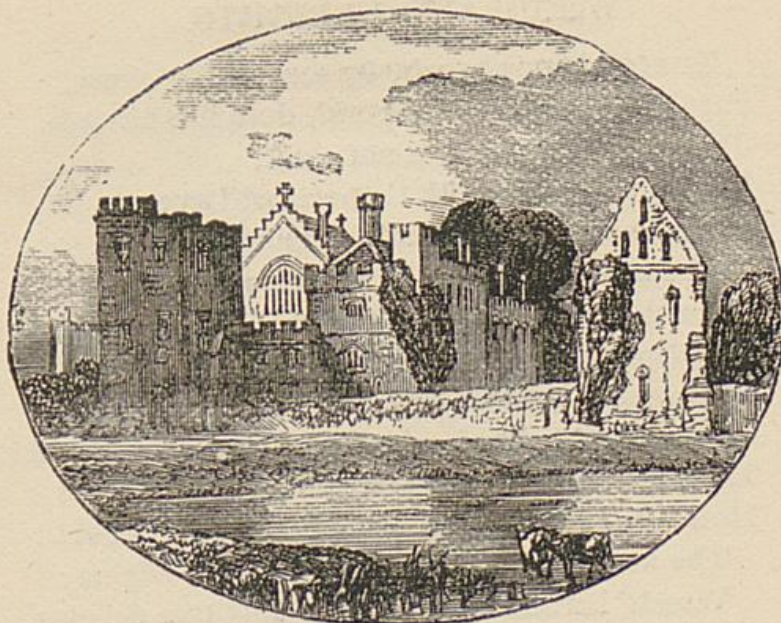
Drummond.

WOODLANDS IN SPRING.

“ Thou givest me flowers, thou givest me songs ;—bring back
 The love that I have lost ! ”

WHAT, wakest thou, Spring? Sweet voices in the woods,
 And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute :
 Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
 The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
 Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
 E'en as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring ! the joyous leaves,
 Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
 Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
 When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
 And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
 Tell that thy footsteps pass.



And the bright waters—they too hear thy call,
 Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
 Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
 Makes melody, and in the forests deep
 Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
 Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
 Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
 Colouring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
 And pencilling the wood anemone :
 Silent they seem—yet each to thoughtful eye
 Glows with mute poesy.

But what awakest thou in the *heart*, O Spring !
 The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
 Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
 Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
 Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art ;
 What wakest thou in the heart ?