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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

Woodland Violet.

**urn:nbn:de:hbz:466:1-33126**

Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats,  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Shakespeare.*

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WOODLAND VIOLET.

THE Violet in her greenwood bower,  
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
 May boast herself the fairest flower  
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

*Sir W. Scott.*

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WOODLAND INVITATION.

COME ye, come ye, to the green, green woods ;  
 Loudly the blackbird is singing ;  
 The squirrel is feasting on blossoms and buds,  
 And the curled fern is springing.  
 Here ye may sleep in the woods so deep,  
 While the moon is so wan and so weary,  
 And sweetly awake, when the sun through the brake  
 Bids the fauuet and whitethroat sing cheery.

*R. Howitt.*