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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Woodland Invitation.

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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.

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.

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.