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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

The Yew.

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THE YEW.

LAY a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I died true.

My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth,
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Beaumont and Fletcher.

YOUTH—THE TIME OF FLOWERS.

THE lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun ;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings ;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers ;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Bruce.

