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## **Universitätsbibliothek Paderborn**

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

**London, 1877**

Flowers of Spring.

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## THE PRIMROSE.

When Time's dark winter shall be o'er,  
 His storms and tempests laid ;  
 Like me you'll rise, a fragrant flower,  
 But not like me to fade.

## THE GARDEN.

The bower of innocence and bliss,  
 Sin caus'd to disappear ;  
 Repent, and walk in faith and love—  
 You'll find an Eden here. *G. Horne.*

## FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THUS, in the train of Spring, arrive  
 Sweet flowers ; what living eye hath view'd  
 Their myriads ? endlessly renewed,  
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ;  
 Where'er the subtle waters stray ;  
 Wherever sportive breezes bend  
 Their course, or genial showers descend !  
 Mortals, rejoice ! the very angels quit  
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change,  
 Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
 And through your sweet vicissitudes to range !  
*Wordsworth.*

## THE BOWER OF ADAM AND EVE.

THUS talking hand in hand alone they passed  
 On to their blissful bower ; it was a place  
 Chosen by the sovran Planter when He framed  
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof  
 Of thickest covert was unwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub