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The language and poetry of flowers

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The Bower of Adam and Eve.

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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

Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses and jessamine
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem. *Milton.*

FLOWERS IN THE PRISON.

YE are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers !
 By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent ;
 O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,
 And the lark's nest was where your bright cups bent,
 Quivering to breeze and raindrop, like the sheen
 Of twilight stars. On you heaven's eye hath been,
 Through the leaves pouring its dark sultry blue
 Into your glowing hearts ; the bee to you
 Hath murmured, and the rill. My soul grows faint
 With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams paint
 Your haunts by dell and stream—the green, the free,
 The full of all sweet sound—the shut from me !

Hemans.

A POET'S GARDEN.

AND all about grew every sort of flower
 To which sad lovers were transformed of yore ;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
 And dearest love ;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watery shore ;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flower but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Me seems I see Amyntas' wretched fate,
 To whom sweet poets' verse hath given endless date.

Spenser.