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The language and poetry of flowers

London, 1877

Flowers of Paradise.

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FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

AWAKE ! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

Milton.

A FAREWELL.

I go, sweet friends ! yet think of me
When spring's young voice awakes the flowers ;
For we have wandered far and free
In those bright hours, the violet's hours.

I go ; but when you pause to hear
From distant hills the Sabbath-bell
On summer-winds float silvery clear,
Think on me then—I loved it well !

Forget me not around your hearth,
When cheerly smiles the ruddy blaze ;
For dear hath been its evening mirth
To me, sweet friends, in other days.

And oh ! when music's voice is heard
To melt in strains of parting woe,
When hearts to love and grief are stirred,
Think of me, then ! I go, I go !

Hemans.

