

THE
LANGUAGE
OF FLOWERS



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The Language

AND

Poetry of Flowers.



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PREFACE.

FLOWERS are universally acknowledged and appreciated as the most graceful and lovely objects among the productions of nature, and few preliminary remarks are therefore necessary in presenting to the acceptance of the public, a little work on a subject so truly delightful and interesting as the Language of Flora.

Flowers are calculated to raise generous and tender emotions in the heart, and to swell the bosom with gratitude and praise to the "Giver of every blessing," for the rich and inexhaustible treasures he has thought fit to scatter in such profusion around us, to delight our senses by their rich tints, delicate forms, and delightful perfumes—filling the air with the most delicious fragrance throughout the summer months—

“ When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears:—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassel breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs.”

Poets have from the time of Chaucer to the present day adorned their verse with singing the praises and extolling the perfume of the breath of the flowers, which so delightfully blend in the zephyrs of the summer skies ; and have spoken of them in language almost divine,—terming them the “ Stars of the earth ;” —indeed, poetry without them would lose its chief beauty, for it derives from them its richest charms.

The associations connected with flowers are equally pleasing, for are there not some of our commonest plants which we have held in the highest esteem, since the days of our infancy, when we rambled about the meadows and woods in careless innocence, that bear to us sweet memories of the happy days of childhood, and speak eloquently to the heart? And in later years have not the rose’s blush, the tulip’s varied hues, and the lily’s grace, attracted our admiring gaze? Whilst the carnation, mignonette, and violet, with a variety of others, delighted us with their sweet perfume.

Pages may be filled in speaking the praises of these lovely gems of the earth ; but what we have to consider in the present little work, is the sentiments attached to them, which may not inappropriately be called the “ Language of Angels.”

On searching the historic page, in all ages we find flowers were in requisition at festivals as well as at funerals, and among the Heathens, the Jews, and the Christians, they were used as emblems. In the East, in particular, we have abundant proof that the feelings

were expressed by them, and that there were flowers to represent hope, love, grief, joy, care, fear, hatred, and every other sentiment ; and that the acceptance or refusal of a proffered flower had great effect on the one presenting it, as we find in a passage in the *Bride of Abydos*, where Selim allows the rose offered by Zuleika to remain untouched, which leads her to exclaim—

“What! not receive my favourite flower?
Nay, then I am indeed unblest.”

In the West, too, we read of the homage paid and sentiments attached to trees and flowers ; and among the numerous instances we find the reward of the victor was the laurel, and the chaplet of the poet the bay ; palms were the emblem of triumph—cypress of mourning—and the holly of festivals. We are told of the respect paid to the oak by our Roman and British ancestors, and the solemnity with which the Druids regarded the misletoe and the crab apple ; and the superstitions attached to several others, as the black poplar and the Rowan tree.

In the Language of Flowers—

“The rose is a sign of joy and love,—
Young blushing love in its early dawn,
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the myrtle’s snowy flower is drawn.

“Innocence shines in the lily’s bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame’s bright star, and Glory’s swell,
By the glossy leaf of the bay is given.

“The silent, soft, and humble heart
 In the violet’s hidden sweetness breathes;
 And the tender soul that cannot part,
 A twine of evergreen fondly wreathes.

“The cypress that daily shades the grave,
 Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
 And faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
 Speaks in thy blue leaves—forget-me-not.”

But the same flower is made to convey several sentiments—according to the manner in which it is presented, and the state it is in when given. For example:—if a rosebud, or other flower with prickly or thorny stalks be presented with the thorns and leaves on, it expresses the sentiment of “*I fear but I hope:*” for the thorns imply fear, and the leaves hope: but divest the sprig of the thorns and leaves, and then it becomes a warning “*neither to fear nor hope;*”—if the thorns only are cut off, you imply that “*fear is to be banished;*” but if you leave the thorns, and take away the leaves, you warn the receiver that “there is every thing to fear.”

For the purpose of making the Language of Flowers fully understood, it is necessary to lay down certain rules for the guidance of the learner; and by attention to the following instructions, it will soon become a delightful occupation, and a perfect knowledge of the art will in a short time be gained.

DIRECTIONS.

1. A flower presented with leaves on its stem expresses affirmatively the sentiment of which it is the emblem;—stripped of its leaves it has a negative meaning:—if the plant be flowerless, the latter is expressed by cutting the tops off the leaves.
2. When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is implied by inclining it to the *left*, and the word *thou* by inclining it to the *right*.
3. If an answer to a question is implied by the gift of a flower, presenting it to the right hand gives an affirmative, and to the left a negative reply.
4. The position in which a flower is worn may alter its meaning—on the head it conveys one sentiment, as *Caution*; on the breast another, as *Remembrance* or *Friendship*; and over the heart a third, as *Love*.
5. If the flower be sent, the knot of the ribbon or silk with which it is tied should be on the left as you look at the front of the blossoms, to express *I* or *me*; and on the front *thee* or *thou*.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE FIRST.

Flowers.

Meanings.

Abecedary	Volubility.
Acacia	Chaste Love.
Acacia Pink	Elegance.
Acanthus	The Arts.
Achillea Millefolia	War.
Aconite-leaved Crow- foot, or Fair Maid of France	Lustr.
Adonis	Sorrowful remembrance.
Almond	Headlessness.
Aloe	Acute Sorrow or Afflic- tion.
Althæa Frutex	Persuasion.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Alyssum, Sweet	Worth beyond Beauty.
Amaranth	Immortality. Unfading Love.
Amaranth, Globe	Unchangeable.
Amaryllis	Pride.
Ambrosia	Love returned.
American Cowslip	Pensiveness.
American Elm	Patriotism.
American Linden	Matrimony.
American Starwort	Welcome to a Stranger.
Anemone	Sickness.
Angelica	Inspiration.
Angrec	Royalty.
Apocynum	Falsehood.
Apple	Temptation.
Apple-tree Blossom	Fame speaks him great and good.
Arbor Vitæ	Unchanging friendship.
Arum, Wake Robin	Ardour.
Asclepias	Cure for the Heart-ache.
Ash	Grandeur.
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower	Separation.
Aspen Tree	Lamentation.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Asphodel	My regret will follow you to the grave.
Auricula	Painting.
Azalea	Temperanee.
Bachelor's Button	Single blessedness.
Balm	Sympathy.
Balm of Gilead	A cure.
Balsam	Impatience.
Bar-berry	Sourness.
Basil	Hatred.
Bay-berry	Instruction.
Bay-leaf	I change but in dying.
Bay-wreath	The Reward of Merit.
Bear's breech	Art.
Beech Tree	Grandeur.
Bell Flower	Constancy.
Belvidere	I declare against you.
Bee Orehis	Industry.
Betony	Surprise.
Birch	Graefulness.
Bird Cherry	Hope.
Bird's foot Trefoil	Revenge.
Bearded Crepis	Protection.
Blaek Poplar	Courage.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Black Thorn	Difficulty.
Bladder Senna	Frivolous Amusements.
Bluebottle Centuary	Delicacy.
Blue flowered Greek Valerian	Rupture.
Blue Pyramidal Bell Flower	Constancy.
Bonus Henricus	Goodness.
Borage	Bluntness or roughness of manners.
Box	Stoicism.
Bramble	Remorse.
Branch of Currants	You please all.
Branch of Thorns	Severity or Rigor.
Bryony	Prosperity.
Buck-bean	Calm Repose.
Bud of a White Rose	A Heart ignorant of Love.
Bugloss	Falsehood.
Bundle of Reeds with their Panicles	Music.
Buttercup	Childishness. Riches.
Butterfly Orchis	Gaiety.
Cabbage	Profit.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Calla Ethiopica	Feminine modesty.
Calyceanthus	Benevolence.
Canary Grass	Perseverance.
Candy-tuft	Architecture.
Canterbury Bell	Gratitude.
Cardamine	Paternal Error.
Catesby's Star-Wort	After-thought.
Cardinal's Flower	Distinction.
Catalpa Tree	Beware of the Coquette.
Catch Fly	Youthful Love.
Cedar of Lebanon	Incorruptible.
Cedar Trees	Strength.
Chamomile	Energy in Adversity.
Chequered Fritillary	Perseecution.
Cherry Tree Blossom	Spiritual Beauty.
Chesnut Tree	Render me Justice.
China Aster or Chi- nese Starwort	Variety.
China or India Pink	Aversion.
China Rose	Beauty always new.
Chinese Chrysanthe- mum	Cheerfulness under ad- versity.
Cistus, or Roek Rose	Popular Favour.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Cæao	Gossip.
Cock's Comb or Crest- ed Amaranth	Singularity.
Colcichum or Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Coltsfoot	Maternal Care.
Columbine	Folly.
Common Cactus or In- dian Fig	I burn.
Convolvulus Major	Extinguished Hopes.
Convolvulus Minor	Night.
Corchorus	Impatience of Absence.
Coriopsis	Love at First Sight.
Coriander	Concealed Merit.
Coronilla	Success Crown your wishes.
Cowslip	Pensiveness. Attractive grace.
Cranberry	Hardiness.
Creeping Cercus	Horror.
Crocus	Smiles. Cheerfulness.
Cross at Jerusalem	Devotion.
Crown Imperial	Majesty and Power.
Crown of Roses	Reward of Merit.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Cuckoo-pint	Ardour.
Cyclamen	Diffidence.
Cypress	Despair.
Cypress Tree	Death & eternal Sorrow.
Daffodil	Deceitful Hope.
Dahlia	Instability.
Daisy	Beauty & Innocence.
— Double	I partake your Sentiments.
— Ox Eye	A Token.
— Wild	Innocence.
Damask Rose	Freshness of complexion
Dandelion	Oracle.
Daphne Odora	Sweets to the Sweet.
Darnel or Ray Grass	Vice.
Day Lily	Coquetry.
Dew Plant	Serenade.
Diosma	Inutility.
Dittany	Birth.
Dock	Patience.
Dodder of Thyme	Business.
Dogwood, or Cornel- Tree	Durability.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Dragon Plant	Snare.—The Betrayer.
Dried Flax	Utility.
Ebony	Blackness.
Eglantine, or Sweet- Brier	Poetry.
Elder	Zealousness.
Elm	Dignity.
Enchanter's Night- shade	Witchcraft.
Endive	Frugality.
Eupatorium	Delay.
Ever-flowing Candy tuft	Indifference.
Evergreen	Poverty.
Evergreen Thorn	Solace in Adversity.
Everlasting	Never-ceasing Remem- brance.
Everlasting Pea	Lasting Pleasure.
Fennel	Worthy all Praise.
Fern (Flowering)	Fascination.
Fern	Sincerity.
Fig	Argument.
Fig Marigold	Idleness.
Fig-Tree	Prolific.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Filbert	Reconciliation.
Fir	Time.
Flax	Fate.
Flax-leaved Goldy- Locks	Tardiness.
Flower of an Hour	Delicate Beauty.
Flowering Reed	Confidence in Heaven.
Fly Orchis	Error.
Forget-me-not	True Love.
Fox-glove	South.
Frankincense	The incense of a Faith- ful Heart.
French Honeysuckle	Rustic Beauty.
French Marigold	Jealousy.
French Willow	Bravery and Humanity.
Frog Ophrys	Disgust.
Full Blown Eglantine	Simplicity.
Full Blown Rose	Beauty.
Fuller's Teasel	Importunity.
Fumitory	Spleen.
Fuschia. Scarlet	Taste.
Garden Marigold	Uneasiness.
Garden Ranunculus	You are rich in attrac- tions.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Garden Sage	Esteem.
Gentian	Virgin Pride.
Genista	Neatness.
Geranium, Dark	Melancholy.
———— Nutmeg	An unexpected Meeting.
———— Pink	Preference.
———— Scarlet	Comforting.
———— Silverleaved	Recall.
Germander Speedwell	Facility.
Gilly-Flower	Bonds of Affection.
Glory-Flower	Glorious Beauty.
Goat's Rue	Reason.
Golden Rod	Precaution.
Good King Henry	Goodness.—Same plant as Bonus Henricus.
Gooseberry	Anticipation.
Gourd	Extent, Bulk.
Grape, Wild	Charity.
Great Bindweed	Dangerous insinuation.
Great Flowered Even- ing Primrose	Inconstancy.
Guelder Rose	Winter or Age.
Hare-Bell	Delicate & lonely as this flower. Submission.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Hawk-weed	Quick-sightedness.
Hawthorn	Hope.
Hazel	Reconciliation.
Heart's Ease or Pansy	You occupy my thoughts
Heath	Solitude.
Helenium	Tears.
Heliotrope	Devoted to you.
Hellebore	Calumny.
Hemlock	You will cause my death
Hemp	Fate.
Henbane	Imperfection.
Hepatica	Confidence.
Hibiscus	Delicate Beauty.
Hoarhound	Frozen Kindness.
Holly	Foresight.
Hollyherb	Enchantment.
Hollyhock	Fecundity.
Honesty	Honesty
Honeyflower	Love, sweet and secret.
Honeysuckle	Bond of Love. Sweet- ness of Disposition.
———— Wild	Inconstancy in Love.
Hop	Injustice.
Hornbeam Tree	Ornament.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Horse Chesnut	Luxuriancy.
House Leek	Vivacity. Domestic Industry.
Houstonia	Content.
Hoya	Sculpture.
Humble Plant	Despondency.
Hundred-leaved Lose	Gracc.
Hyacinth	Play, or Games.
Hydrangea	Boaster.
Hyssop	Cleanly.
Iceland Moss	Health.
Ice Plant	You freeze me.
Indian Cress	Resignation.
Iris	Message.
Ivy	Fidelity.
Japan Rose	Beauty is your only attraction.
Jonquil	Desire.
Judas Tree	Unbelief.
Juniper	Asylum.
Justicia	The Perfection of Female Loveliness.
Kennedia	Mental Beauty.
King-cup	I wish I was rich.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Laburnum	Pensive Beauty.
Lady's Slipper	- Capricious Beauty.
Larkspur	Levity.
Laurel	Glory.
Laurel Common in Flower	Perfidy.
Laurel-leaved nolia	Mag- Dignity.
Laurustinus	I die if I'm neglected.
Lavender	Assiduity.
Lemon	Zest.
Lettuce	Cold-hearted.
Lichen	Solitude.
Lilac	Forsaken.
Lilly of the Valley	Return of Happiness.
Lime or Linden Tree	Conjugal Fidelity.
Live Oak	Liberty.
Lobelia	Arrogance.
Locust	Vicissitude.
London Pride	Frivolity.
Lotus-Flower	Silence.
Love in a Mist	Perplexity.
Love in a puzzle	Embarrassment.
Love lies bleeding	Hopeless not Heartless.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Lucerne	Life.
Lupine	Voraciousness.
Lyehnis	Religious Enthusiasm.
Lythrum	Pretension.
Madder	Calumny.
Madwort, Rock	Tranquillity.
Maize	Plenty.
Mallow	Sweet Disposition.
Mandrake	Rarity.
Maple	Reserve.
Marjoram	Blushes.
Marshmallow	Humanity.
Marvel of Peru	Timidity.
Marygold	Despair.
May Rose	Precoicity.
Meadow Saffron	My best days are past.
Meadow Sweet	Uselessness.
Mereury	Goodness.
Mesembryanthemum	Idleness.
Mezereou	Desire to please. Co- quette.
Michaelmas Daisy	Cheerfulness in old age.
Milfoil, or Yarrow	War.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Mignonette	Your qualities surpass charms.
Milk Vetch	Your presence softens my pain.
Mimosa	Sensitiveness.
Mint	Virtue.
Mistletoe	Obstacles to be overcome or surmounted.
Mock Orange	Counterfeit.
Monk's Hood	Knight-errantry.
Moschatell	Weakness.
Moss	Recluse.
Moss Rose	Voluptuous Love.
Mosses	Ennui.
Mossy Saxifrage	Maternal Love.
Motherwort	Concealed Love.
Mountain Ash	Prudence.
Mouse Ear Chickweed	Ingenious simplicity.
Mouse Ear Scorpion Grass	Forget-me-not.
Moving Plant	Agitation.
Mulberry Tree	Wisdom.
Mushroom	Suspicion.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Musk Rose	Capricious Beauty.
Myrtle	Love.
Narcissus	Self-esteem.
Nasturtium	Patriotism.
Nettle	Slander.
Night-blooming cereus	Transient beauty. True affection, wealth of.
Oak	Hospitality.
Oats	The witching soul of music.
Oleander	Beware.
Olive	Peace.
Orchis	A Belle.
Orange Flowers	Chastity. Bridal festivity.
Orange Tree	Generosity:
Osier	Frankness.
Ox-eye	Obstacle.
Palm	Victory.
Parsley	Feast or banquet.
Passion-flower	Religious superstition.
Patience Dock	Patience.
Pea	An appointed meeting.
Peach Blossom	I am your captive.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Penny Royal	Flee away.
Peony	Shame.
Pepper Plant	Satire.
Periwinkle	Pleasures of memory.
Persicaria	Restoration.
Persimon	Bury me amid Nature's Beauties.
Peruvian Heliotrope	Intoxicated with plea- sure.—Devotion.
Pheasant's Eye or Floss	
Adonis	Remembrance.
Phlox	Unanimity.
Pimpernal	Assignation.
Pine	Pity.
Pine Apple	You are perfect.
Plane Tree	Genius.
Plum Tree	Independence.
Polyanthus	Confidence.
Pomegranate	Foolishness.
Poppy	Oblivion. Consolation to the sick.
Prickly Pear	Satire.
Pride of China	Dissension.
Primrose	Youth.—Early days.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Privet	Defence.
Purple Clover	Provident.
Pyrus Japonica	Fairies' Fire.
Quamoclet	Busybody.
Queen's Rocket	You are the Queen of Coquettes.
Ragged Robin	Wit.
Raspberry	Envy.
Red Bay	Love's Memory.
Red Mulberry	Wisdom.
Red Pink	Lively and pure love.
Rhododendron	Danger.
Rocket	Rivalry.
Rose	Genteel, pretty.
Rose, Acacia	Elegance.
Rosebay Willow Herb	Celibacy.
Rosemary	Fidelity. Remembrance.
Rudbeckia	Justice.
Rue	Grace, or Purification.
Rush	Docility.
Sage	Domestic Virtue.
Saffron Flower	Do not abuse.
Saffron Crocus	Mirth.
Sardony	Irony.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Scabious	Unfortuuate attachment.
Scarlet Flowered Ipomœa	Attachment.
Searlet Geranium	Preference.
Scarlet Ipomœa	I attach myself to you.
Scarlet Nasturtium	Splendour.
Scotch Fir	Elevation.
Sensitive Plant	Bashful modesty. Delicate feelings.
Shamrock	Light-heartedness; also the Emblem of Ireland.
Siberian Crab Tree Blossom	Deeply Interesting.
Silver Fir	Elevation.
Small Bindweed	Obstinacy.
Small White Violet	Candour and Innocence.
Small White Bell Flower	Gratitude.
Snap Dragon	Presumption.
Snow Ball	Thoughts of Heaven.
Snow Drop	Consolation. Adventurous Friendship.
Sorrel	War ill-timed.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Sorrel, Wild	Parental Affection.
Sorrowful Geranium	Sorrowful remembrance
Southern Wood	Jest or Bantering.
Spanish Jasmine	Sensuality.
Speedwell	Female Fidelity.
———— Spiked	Resemblance.
Spider Orphys	Adroitness.
———— Wort	Transient Happiness.
Spiræ Hypericum Fru- tex	Uselessness.
Spring Caroline	Disappointment.
Squirting Cueumber	Critic.
St. John's Wort	Superstitious Sanetity.
Star of Bethlehem	The light of our path.
Stinging Nettle	Cruelty.
Stoek, or Gillyflower	Lasting Beauty.
Straw, whole	Union.
Strawberry	Perfect Goodness.
Striped Pink	Refusal.
Sumaeh	Splendour.
Sunflower	False Riches.
———— Tall	Lofty and pure thoughts
———— Dwarf	Your devoted Adorer.
Swallow Wort	Medicine.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Sweet Briar	Poetry.
Sweet Flag	Fitness.
—— Pea	Delicate Pleasure. De- parture.
—— Scabious	Widowhood.
Sweet Sultan	Felicity.
—— Scented Tussilago	You shall have Justice.
—— William	Craftiness.
Sycamore	Woodland Beauty.
Syringa	Memory.
Tamarisk	Crime.
Tansy	Resistance.
Teasel	Misanthropy.
Ten Week's Stock	Promptitude.
Thistle, common	Austerity.
Thorn Apple	Deceitful Charms.
Thrift	Mutual Sensibility.
Throat Wort	Neglected Beauty.
Thyme	Activity.
Tiger Flower	For once may Pride be- friend me.
Traveller's Joy	Safety.
Tree of Life	Old Age.
Tuberose	I have seen a lovely Girl.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Tulip Red	Declaration of Love.
Tulip Variegated	Beautiful Eyes.
Tulip Tree	Fame.
Turnip	Charity.
Valerian	Accommodating Disposition.
Various Coloured Lantana	Rigour.
Venetian Sumach	Intellectual excellence.
Venus's Fly Trap	Deceit.
—— Looking Glass	Flattery.
Verbena	Sensibility.
Vernal Grass	Poor but Happy.
Vervain	Superstition.
Vetch Bush	Shyness.
Vine	Drunkenness.
Violet Sweet	Modesty.
Violet Yellow	Rural Happiness.
—— Blue	Faithfulness.
—— Dame	Watchfulness.
Virgin's Bower	Artifice.
Virginian Spider Wort	Momentary Happiness.
Volkamenica Japonica	May you be Happy.
Wall Flower	Fidelity in Misfortune.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Wall Speedwell	Fidelity.
Walnut	Intellect.
Water Melon	Bulkiness.
Wax Plant	Susceptibility.
Wheat	Riches.
Whin	Anger.
White Jasmine	Amiability.
— Lily	Purity and Modesty.
— Mullen	Good Nature.
— Oak	Independence.
— Pink	Talent.
— Poplar	Time.
— Rose, Dried	Death preferable to loss of innocence.
— Violet	Purity of Sentiment.
Wortle Berry	Treason.
Willow	Forsaken.
— Water	Freedom.
— Weeping	Melancholy.
— Creeping	Love Forsaken.
— Herb	Pretension.
Winter Cherry	Deception.
Witch Hazel	A spell.

<i>Flowers.</i>	<i>Meanings.</i>
Woodbine	Fraternal Love.
Wood Sorrel	Maternal Tenderness.
Wormwood	Absence.
Xanthium, Clot Bur	Rudeness.
Yellow Carnation	Disdain.
—— Day Lily	Coquetry.
—— Gentian	Ingratitude.
—— Iris	Flame of Love.
—— Rose	Infidelity.
Yew	Sorrow.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

PART THE SECOND.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
A Belle	Orchis.
Absenco	Wormwood.
Accommodating Dis- position	Valerian.
Activity	Thyme.
Acute Sorrow or Afflic- tion	Aloe.
Adroitness	Spider Orphys.
After-thought	Catesby's Star-wort.
Agitation	Moving Plant.
Amiable	White Jasmine.
An appointed meeting	Pea.
Anger	Whin.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Anticipation	Gooseberry.
Architecture	Candy-Tuft.
Ardour	Cuckoo-pint. Arum.
Argument	Fig.
Arrogance	Lobelia.
Art	Bear's-breech.
Arts, The	Acanthus.
Artifice	Virgin's Bower.
A Spell	Witch Hazel.
Assiduity	Lavender.
Assignation	Pimpernel.
Asylum	Juniper.
Attachment	Scarlet Flowered Ipomœna.
Attractive Grace	Cowslip.
Austerity	Common Thistle.
Aversion	China or Indian Pink.
Bashful modesty—Delicate feelings	Sensitive Plant.
Bashful Shame	Peony.
Beauty	Full-blown Rose.
Beauty always new	China Rose.
Beauty is your only attraction	Japan Rose.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Beautiful eyes	Variegated Tulip.
Benevolence	Calyeanthus.
Betrayer, The	Dragon Plant.
Beware	Oleander.
Beware of the Co- quette	Catalpa Tree.
Birth	Dittany.
Blackness	Ebony.
Bluntness of manners	Borage.
Blushes	Marjoram.
Boaster	Hydrangea.
Bond of Love	Honeysuckle.
Bonds of Affection	Gilly-Flower.
Bravery and humility	French Willow.
Bulkiness	Water-Melon.
Bury me and Nature's beauties	Persimon.
Business	Dodder of Thyme.
Busybody	Quamolet.
Calm repose	Buckbean.
Calumny	Hellebore. Madder.
Candour and Inno- cence	Small white violet.
Capricious beauty	Musk rose.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Celibacy	Rosebay. Willow herb.
Charity	Wild Grape.
Chaste love	Acacia.
Chastity	Orange flower.
Cheerfulness	Crocus.
Cheerfulness in old age	Michaelmas daisy.
Cheerfulness in adversity	ChineseChrysanthemum
Childishness	Butter-cup.
Cleanly	Hyssop.
Cold-hearted	Lettuce.
Comforting	Scarlet geranium.
Complaisance	Common reed.
Concealed love	Motherwort.
Concealed merit	Coriander.
Confidence	Hepatica. Polyanthus.
Confidence in heaven	Flowering reed.
Conjugal fidelity	Lime or Linden tree.
Conclusion	Snow-drop.
Consolation to the sick	Poppy.
Constancy	Blue pyramid bellflower.
Content	Houstonia.
Coquetry	Yellow day lily.
Counterfeit	Mock orange.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Courage	Black poplar.
Craftiness	Sweet William.
Crime	Tamarisk.
Critic	Squirting Cucumber.
Cruelty	Stinging Nettle.
Cure, A	Balm of Gilead.
Cure for the heart-ache	Asclepias.
Danger	Rhododendron.
Dangerous Insinuations	Great Bindweed.
Death and eternal sor- row	Cypress Tree.
Death preferable to loss of innocence	White Rose dried
Deceit	Venus's fly trap.
Deceitful charms	Thorn apple.
Deceitful Hope	Daffodil.
Deception	Winter cherry.
Declaration of Love	Red Tulip.
Deeply interesting	Siberian crab-tree blos- som.
Defence	Privet.
Delay	Eupatorium.
Delicacy	Blue-bottle centaury.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Delicate and lovely as this flower	Harebell.
Delicate beauty	Hibiscus. Flower of an hour.
Delicate pleasure	Sweet pea.
Desire	Jonquil.
Desire to please	Mezercon.
Despair	Cypress. Marigold.
Despondency	Humble plant.
Devoted to you	Heliotrope.
Devotion	Cross of Jerusalem.
Difficulty	Black thorn.
Diffidence	Byclamen.
Dignity	Elm. Laurel-leaved magnolia.
Disappointment	Spring caroline.
Disdain	Yellow carnation.
Disgust	Frog Orphrys.
Dissension	Pride of China.
Distinction	Cardinal's flower.
Docility	Rush.
Domestic industry	Houseleek.
Domestic virtue	Sage.
Do not abuse	Saffron flower.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Drunkenness	Vine.
Durability	Dogwood or Cornel Tree.
Early youth	Primrose.
Elegance	Acacia Pink.
Elevation	Silver Fir.
Embarrassment	Love in a puzzle.
Enchantment	Hollyherb.
Energy in adversity	Camomile.
Ennui	Mosses.
Envy	Raspberry.
Error	Fly Orchis.
Esteem	Garden sage.
Extent, bulk	Gourd.
Extinguished hopes	Convolvulus major.
Facility	Germander speedwell.
Falsehood	Apocynum. Bugloss.
False riches	Sun Flower.
Fame speakshim great and good	Apple-tree blossom.
Fascination	Flowering Fern.
Fate	Flax.
Feast or banquet	Parsley.
Fecundity	Hollyhock.
Felicity	Sweet Sultan.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Female fidelity	Wall speedwell. Rose- mary
Feminine modesty	Calla Æthiopica.
Fidelity in friendship	Ivy.
Fidelity in misfortune	Wall-flower.
Fitness	Sweet-flag.
Flame of love	Yellow Iris.
Flee away	Penny Royal.
Fraternal love	Woodbine.
Freedom	Water Willow.
Frozen Kindness	Hoarhound.
Flattery	Venus's looking-glass.
Folly	Columbine.
Foolishness	Pomegranite.
Foresight	Holly.
Forget-me-not	Mouse-ear scorpion- grass.
For once may pride befriend me	Tiger flower.
Forsaken	Lilac. Willow.
Frankness	Osier.
Fresh complexion	Damask Rose.
Friendship	Acacia Rose.
Frivolity	London Pride.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Frivolous	Amuse-
ments	Bladder Senna.
Frugality	Endive.
Gaiety	Butterfly Orehis.
Generosity	Orange tree
Genius	Plane tree,
Genteel	Rose.
Glorious Beauty	Glory Flower.
Glory	Laurel.
Good education	Cherries.
Good nature	White Mullein.
Goodness	Bonus Henricus. Good Henry.
Gossip	Cobœna.
Grace	Hundred-leaved rose.
Gracefulness	Bireh.
Grandeur	Ash. Beech tree.
Gratitude	Small white bell flower.
Hardiness	Cranberry.
Hatred	Basil.
Heart ignorant of love	Bud of a white rose.
Health	Jeeland moss.
Heedlessness	Almond.
Honesty	Honesty.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Hope	Bird cheery. Hawthorn.
Hopeless not heartless	Love lies bleeding.
Horror	Creeping Cerus.
Hospitality	Oak.
Humanity	Marshmallow.
I am your captive	Peach blossom.
I attach myself to you	Scarlet Ipomœa.
I burn	Common Cactus.
I change but in dying	Bay-leaf.
I declare against you	Belvidere.
I die if I'm neglected	Laurustinus.
Idleness	Mesembryanthemum. Fig Marigold.
I have seen a lovely girl	Tuberose.
Immortality	Amaranth.
Impatience	Balsam.
Impatience of absence	Borchorus.
Imperfection	Henbane.
Importunity	Juller's Teasel.
Inconstancy	Great flowered evening primrose.
Inconstancy in love	Wild honeysuckles.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Incorruptible	Cedar of Lebanon.
Independence	Plum tree. White oak.
Indifference	Ever-flowering candy tuft.
Indiscretion	Split Reed.
Industry	Bee Orchis.
I shall ne're look upon his like again	Rhododendron.
Infidelity	Yellow rose.
Ingenuis simplicity	Mouse-ear chickweed.
Ingratitude	Yellow gentian.
Injustice	Hop.
Innocence	Wild daisy.
Innocence and beauty	Daisy.
Inspiration	Angelica.
Instability	Dahlia.
Instruction	Bayberry.
Intellect	Walnut.
Intellectual excellence	Venetian Sumach.
Intoxicated with plea- sure	Peruvian Heliotrope.
Inutility	Diosma.
I partake your senti- ments	Double daisy.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Irony	Sardony.
Single Blessedness	Bachelor's button.
I wish I was rich	King cup.
Jcalousy	French Marigold.
Jest or bantering	Southern wood.
Justice	Rudbeakia.
Knight-errantry	Monk's hood.
Lamentation	Aspen tree.
Lasting Beauty	Gillyflower.
Lasting pleasure	Everlasting pea.
Levity	Larkspur.
Liberty	Live oak.
Life	Lucerne.
Light-heartedness	Shamrock.
Lively and pure love	Red Pink.
Love	Myrtle.
—— at first sight	Cariopsis.
—— forsaken	Creeping Willow.
—— match, Δ	London Pride.
—— returned	Ambrosia.
—— sweet and secret	Honey-flower.
Love's memory	Red bay.
Lustre	Aconite leaved crowfoot
Luxuriance	Horse Chesnut.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Majesty and power	Crown imperial.
Maternal care	Coltsfoot.
——— love	Mossy Saxifrage.
——— tenderness	Wood sorrel.
Matrimony	American Linden.
May you be blessed though I be miser- able	Volkamenica japonica.
Medicine	Swallow-wort.
Melancholy	Dark geranium.
Melancholy lover	Weeping willow.
Memory	Mock orange. Syringa.
Mental Beauty	Kennedia.
Message	Iris.
Mirth	Saffron crocus.
Misanthropy	Teasel.
Modesty	Sweet violet.
Momentary happiness	Virgin spider-wort.
Music	Bundle of reeds with their panicles.
Mutual Sensibility	Thrift.
My best days are past	Colehicum. Meadow saffron.
My heart bleeds for you	Camelia Japonica.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
My regret will follow you to the grave	Asphodel.
Neatness	Genista.
Neglected beauty	Throatwort.
Never-ceasing remem- brance	Everlasting.
Night	Convolvulus Minor.
Oblivion	Poppy.
Obstacle	Ox eye.
Obstinacy	Small bindweed.
Old age	Tree of life.
Oracle	Dandelion.
Ornament	Hornbeam tree.
Obstacles to be overcome	Mistletoe.
Painting	Auricula.
Parental affection	Wild Sorrel.
Participation	Double daisy.
Paternal error	Cardamine.
Patience	Patience dock.
Patriotism	American elm. Nas- turtium.
Peace	Olive.
Pensive beauty	Laburnum.
Pensiveness	American cowslip.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Perfect goodness	Strawberry.
Perfidy	Common laurel flower.
Perplexity	Love in a mist.
Persecution	Chequered Fritillary.
Perseverance	Canary grass.
Persuasion	Althæa frutex.
Pity	Pine.
Play, or Games	Hyacinth.
Pleasures of memory	Periwinkle.
Plenty	Maize.
Poetry	Eglantine, sweetbriar.
Poor but happy	Vernal grass.
Popular favour	Cistus or rock rose.
Poverty	Evergreen Clematis.
Precaution	Golden rod.
Preeocity	May rose.
Preference	Scarlet Geranium.
Presumption	Snap Dragon.
Pretension	Lythrum. Willow herb
Pride	Amaryllis.
Profit	Cabbage.
Prolific	Fig-tree.
Promptitude	Ten weeks' stock.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Prosperity	Bryony.
Protection	Bearded Crepis.
Provident	Purple clover.
Prudenco	Mountain Ash.
Purification or Grace	Rue.
Purity and modesty	White Lily.
Purity of sentiment	White violet.
Quick-sightedness	Hawkweed.
Rarity	Mandrake.
Reason	Goat's rue.
Recall	Silverheaded geranium.
Recluse	Moss.
Reconciliation	Filbert.
Refusal	Striped pink.
Religious enthusiasm	Lyehnis.
Religious superstition	Passion Flower.
Remembrance	Pheasant's eye or floss Adonis.
Remorso	Bramble.
Render me justice	Chestnut tree.
Resemblance	Spiked Speedwell.
Reserve	Maple.
Resignation	Indian cress.
Resistance	Tansy.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Restoration	Persicaria.
Return of happiness	Lilly of the valley.
Revenge	Bird's foot Trefoil.
Reward of virtue	Crown of roses.
Reward of merit	Bay wreath.
Riches	Wheat. Butter-cup.
Rigour	Various colored lantana.
Rivalry	Roeket.
Rudeness	Angree.
Royalty	Xanthium. Clot bur.
Rupture	Blue flowered Greek valerian.
Rural Happiness	Yellow violet.
Rustic Beauty	French honeysuckle.
Safety	Traveller's Joy.
Satire	Pepper plant. Priekly pear.
Sculpture	Hoya.
Self-esteem	Nareissus.
Sensibility	Verbena.
Sensitiveness	Mimosa.
Sensuality	Spanish jasminc.
Separation	Ash-leaved trumpet flower.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Serenade	Dew plant.
Severity	Branch of thorns.
She will be fashionable	Queen's rocket.
Shyness	Vetch bush.
Sickness	Anemone.
Silence	Lotus flower.
Simplicity	Full-blown Eglantine.
Sincerity	Fern.
Singularity	Cock's comb, or crested amarinth.
Slander	Nettle.
Sleep of the heart	White poppy.
Smiles	Crocus.
Snare	Dragon plant.
Solace in adversity	Evergreen thorn.
Solitude	Lichen. Heath.
Sorrow	Yew.
Sorrowful remembrance	Sorrowful geranium.
Sourness	Barberry.
Spiritual beauty	Cherry-tree blossom.
Splendour	Scarlet nasturtium. Su- mach.
Spleen	Common fumitory.
Stoicism	Box.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Strength	Cedar tree.
Success crown your wishes	Harebell.
Submission	Coronilla.
Superstition	Vervian.
Superstitious sanctity	St. John's Wort.
Surprise	Betony.
Susceptibility	Wax plant.
Suspicion	Mushroom.
Sweet disposition	Mallow.
Sweets to the sweet	Daphne Odora.
Sympathy	Balm.
Talent	White Pink.
Tardiness	Flax-leaved goldylocks.
Taste	Scarlet fuschia.
Tears	Helenium.
Temperance	Azalea.
Temptation	Apple.
The incense of a faith- ful heart	Frankincense.
The perfection of fe- male loveliness	Juticia
The witching soul of music	Oats.

<i>Meanings</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
The light of our path	Star of Bethlehem.
Thoughts	Heart's ease.
Thoughts of heaven	Snow bell.
Time	White poplar. Fir.
Timidity	Marvel of Peru.
Token, A	Laurentinus. Double ox-eye.
Tranquillity	Madwort, rock.
Transient beauty	Night-blooming Cereus.
———— happiness	Spider wort.
Treason	Whortle berry.
True love	Forget-me-not.
Truth	Bittersweet nightshade.
Unanimity	Phlox.
Unbelief	Judas tree.
Unchangeable	Globe amaranth.
Unchanging friendship	Arbor vitæ.
Uneasiness	Garden marigold.
Unexpected meeting	Nutmeg geranium.
Unfortunate attachment	Seabious.
Union	Whole straw.
Uselessness	Spiræ hypericum frutex. Meadow sweet.
Utility	Dried Flax.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Variety	China aster or Chinese starwort.
Vice	Darnel, or ray grass.
Vicissitude	Locust.
Victory	Palm.
Virgin pride	Gentian.
Virtue	Mint.
Vivacity	House leek.
Volubility	Abecedary.
Voluptuous love	Moss Rose.
Voluptuousness	Tuberose.
Voraciousness	Lupine.
Vulgar minds	African marigold.
War	Achillea millefolia. Common milfoil.
Watchfulness	Dame violet.
Weakness	Moschatell.
Welcome to a stranger	American starwort.
Widowhood	Sweet scabious.
Winter, or Age	Guelder Rose.
Wisdom	Red Mulberry.
Wit	Ragged Robin.
Wit, ill-timed	Sorrel.
Witchcraft	Enchanter's nightshade.

<i>Meanings.</i>	<i>Flowers.</i>
Woodland beauty	Sycamore.
Worth beyond beauty	Sweet asyllum.
Worthy all praise	Fennel.
You are my divinity	American cowslip.
You are perfect	Pine apple.
You are rich in attractions	Garden ranunculus.
You are the queen of coquettes.	Queen's rocket.
You are without pretensions	Rose campion.
You freeze me	Ice plant.
You occupy my thought	Heart's ease or Pansy.
You please all	Bunch of currants.
Your presence softens	Milk vetch.
Your qualities surpass your charms	Mignonette.
You shall have justice	Sweet-scented tussilago.
Youth	Fox glove.
Youthful love	Catch-fly.
You will cause my death	Hemlock.
Zealousness	Elder.
Zest	Lemon.

The Poetry of Flowers.

PREFACE.

ATTACHED to the Language of Flora is a selection of Poetry on Flowers, which, it is hoped, will give additional interest to this little volume, and make it an appropriate token of affection.

Poetry is so closely connected with flowers that we scarcely ever find a poet who does not call in those sweetest smiles of nature—the beautiful children of the wilds, to decorate his verse.—What a loss would the poet sustain were he to be deprived of the beautiful gems that dwell beside his paths, and look up to him from their lowly beds. Where would he fly for images of beauty—of purity—of peace—of truth—of love—were he to be debarred from flowers.

As the bouquet of Summer is not composed of one class of plants, but by the blending of colours and combination of the fragrance of many, so has it been thought desirable that the selection of poetry should consist of pieces that most excel in tenderness and pathos, and that are suitable for the perusal of the grave as well as the gay.

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The Poetry of Flowers.

THE FLOWERS OF GOD.

THE welcome flowers are blossoming,
In joyous troops revealed ;
And lift their dewy buds and bells,
In garden, mead, and field.
They lurk in every sunless path,
Where forest children tread ;
And dot, like stars, the sacred turf
Which lies above the dead.

They sport with every playful wind
Which stirs the blooming trees ;
And laugh on every fragrant bush,
All full of toiling bees :
From the green marge of lake and stream,
Fresh vale and mountain sod,
They look in gentle glory forth—
The pure, sweet flowers of God.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree, and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain-mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus-flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drank them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest graco,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
And beautify the earth;

To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

WILD FLOWERS.

BEAUTIFUL children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the
heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your fields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer wea-
ther,—

I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers ! to me ye fresher seem
 From the Almighty hand that fashioned all,
 Than those that flourish by a garden-wall ;
 And I can image you, as in a dream,
 Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,
 I love ye all !

Beautiful gems ! that on the brow of earth
 Are fixed, as in a queenly diadem ;
 Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
 Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth.
 As light erewhile into the world came,—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow !
 The wild red rose, the speedwell's peepings eyes,
 Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
 Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow ;
 And thousands more of blessed forms and dyes,
 I love ye all !

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew !
 Fanned, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
 And shaded o'er by green and arching trees ;
 I often wish that I were one of you,
 Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
 I love ye all !

Beautiful watchers ! day and night ye wake !
 The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,
 The Morning comes and goes, and then the day

Within the arms of Night its rest doth take;
 But ye are wakeful wheresoe'er we stray.—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
 The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
 And in your native woods and wilds to be;
 All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
 Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—
 I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
 The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
 And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
 Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
 And, though the Wordling, scorning, may
 deride,—
 I love ye all!

SONG TO DIAPHENIA.

DIAPHEN'S like the daffy-down-dilly,
 White as the sun, fair as the lily,
 Heigh-ho! how I do love thee!
 I do love thee as my lambs
 Are beloved of their dams;
 How blest were I if thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
 For dead, thy breath to life might move me !

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed
When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee !
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king :—
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me !

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

THE spring is come, the violet's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun ;
With us she is but a winter flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember
 Their herald out of dire December ;
 The morning star of all the flowers,
 The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours ;
 And 'mid the roses ne'er forget
 The virgin, virgin violet.

SUMMER WILL SPREAD HER ROSES.

SUMMER will spread her roses
 O'er mountain and o'er lea,
 The wee blithe birdies 'mang the weeds
 Will sing wi' joyous glee—
 Will sing wi' joyous glee,
 For a' shall happy be ;
 For I will aye be lane at heart,
 Since Mary lo'es na mo.

Her cheek is fair and blooming,
 Her een are bonnie blue,
 Her lips are like the wild moss rose
 When moistened o'er wi' dew.—
 When moistened o'er wi' dew,
 They would be sweet to pree,
 Yet I can never taste sic bliss,
 For Mary lo'es na me.

She aye looks on me kindly,
 An' meets me wi' a smile,
 An' by her side, in dreamy joy,
 Lang hours I aft beguile—
 Lang hours I aft beguile ;
 Yet in her dark blue e'e,
 There's something says her heart is cauld—
 That Mary lo'es na mo.

They say she lo'es anither,
 An' I need hope nae mair,
 They speak o' some wi' as bright een,
 An' wi' a brow as fair—
 An' wi' a brow as fair—
 But they nae joy ean gi'e :
 My heart will aye be Mary's still,
 Though sho should ne'er lo'o mo.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he ealled the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars that in earth's firmament do shino.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
 As astrologers and seers of eld ;

Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above ;
But not less, in those bright flowrets under us,
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours ;
Making evident our own creation
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers

And the Poet, faithful and far seeing,
Seeks, alike in stars and flowers, a part
On the self-same universel Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowrets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the gorgeous light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same powers,

Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born :
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden eorn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
And in the centre of his brazen shield :

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But on old eathedrals high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, earved in stone :

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

THE FLOWER OF THE WEST.

THE dewdrops of morning
Each flower were adorning,
The sweet early lark soared on high 'bove herncst,
As by Kelvin* I strayed,
Where its clear waters played,
To meet with fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.

O, long have I lo'ed her,
With fond thoughts have wooed her.—
To her breathed my soul in strains she loves best ;
There's none knows the feeling,
That's through my heart stealing,
At the name of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.

Her hair in soft tresses,
Her pale cheek caresses ;
Her eyes like twin stars when the sun's gone to rest ;

* A beautiful and romantic stream in Scotland.

I've oft thought that Heaven
To none smiles had given,
Like those of fair Jeannie, the flower of the west.

The earth has its pleasures,
And rich golden treasures
Lie hid in the caves of its dark rocky breast ;
But far brighter gems dwell
In each rich laden cell
Of the mind of sweet Jeannie, the flower of the west.

May despair's chilling storm
Ne'er assail her fair form ;
May her heart by pale anguish ne'er be opprest ;
May fair angels bless her,
Watch o'er and caress her,
And shield from cold winds the flower of the west.

Though the sweet bonnie blossom
Should ne'er grace *my* bosom,
Or pour forth its perfume on this wounded breast,
Yet still will I cherish,
And never let perish,
My heart's love for Jeannie, the flower of the west.

TO A LOVER OF FLOWERS.

STILL, gentle lady, cherish flowers—
True fairy friends are they,
On whom, of all thy cloudless hours,
Not one is thrown away ;
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
No care conferr'd is spurned,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
A thousand-fold return'd.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles—
The stainless lily rears,
Dew in the chalice of its wiles,
As sparkling as thy tears.
The glances of thy gladden'd eyes
Not thanklessly are pour'd ;
In the blue violet's tender dyes
Behold them all restored.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek
Bent o'er it in the bud ;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
In one rejoicing flood !
That balm has treasured all thy sighs,
That snow-drop touch'd thy brow,
Thus not a charm of thine shall die,
Thy painted people vow.

THE BOUQUET.

ONE summer's morn, fair Flora's shrine
A beauteous maiden sought,
A faultless bouquet to combine,
Was what she would be taught.
'Choose, maiden, from the flowery race,
Thy favourites with care,'
Said Flora, 'and I'll show the place
Where each will seem most fair.'

A half blown rose, with sunny smile,
Won first the fair maid's heart ;
She raised it to her lips the while,
The twins were loth to part.
'The work is done,' the goddess cries,
'The bouquet's faultless now,
The flower, the lip, the world defies,
Fer sweetness I will trow.'

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

I WANDERED forth at the blush of morn,
While the dew on the leaves yet hung ;
And shadows deep of the giant oak
Were far o'er the green sward flung.

'Twas an autumn morn, and besido my way
A sweet flower bloomed on that autumn day.

I watched as it oped to the breath of morn,
A blossom alone on the plain :
For a few fleet hours in beauty it bloomed,
But the sharp frost came again.
It withered and dried, and shrunk away,
That flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

Thus on each tender thing of life,
Will Death's eold hand be laid ;
And what now blooms in rosy health,
Like the lark in the `oreezy glade,
Must sink to the earth and pass away,
Like the flower that bloomed on an autumn day.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

WEE modest erimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun erush amang the stour
Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnio Lark, companion meet ! -
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blythe to greet
 The purplin east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth ;
 Yct cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scaree reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield !
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorn'st the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There in the scanty mantle clad,
 Thy showy bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lift'st thy unassuming head
 In humble guise :
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is tho fate of artless maid,
 Sweet flowret of the rural shade !

By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust ;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride and cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
Till, wrenched of every stay but heaven,
 He ruined sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date :
Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom !

MY HOME BENEATH THE SYCAMORE.

How oft doth memory linger near,
A spot which to my heart is dear ;
While fancy's vision brightly shows
A rippling stream which gently flows
Along a deep and flowery vale,
Where bloom the lilies pure and pale,
Where stands upon its pebbly shore,
My home beneath the sycamore.

But O, how dear thy native scenes,
Thy running brooks and purling streams ;
While now their tinkling eddies run,
And dance and twinkle in the sun.
Where the wild wood bird's stirring note
Amid the scene so soothing float ;
While the gay lark above did soar
My home beneath the sycamore.

When twilight soft its rays has lent
To gild the glorious firmament,
I've strayed along the mountain side,
Where swells beneath the rolling tide,
'Mid brook, and bird, and fragrant trees,
With all their wondrous power to please,
Oft memory sweetly lingers o'er
My home beneath the sycamore.

FIELD FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the field, how meet ye seem
Man's frailty to pourtray :
Blooming so fair, 'neath morning's beam,
Passing at eve away ;
Teach this, and oh ! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a monitory wreath
For youth's unthinking brow ;
Go, and to busy manhood breathe
What most he fears to know ;
Go, strew the path whero age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay,
Ye breathe these truths severe ;
To those who droop, 'neath pale decay,
Have ye no word of cheer ?
Yes, yes, ye weave a double spell,
And life and death betoken well.

Go then where, wrapt in fear and gloom,
Fond hearts and true are sighing ;
And deck with emblematic bloom
The pillow of the dying ;
And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain.

Her dark an' flowing silken hair,
 In ringlets kiss a cheek so fair,
 That aft I've wished sic bliss to share—
 Sweet lily o' the vale.

Wi' beauty's form, an' grace refined,
 She bears within a wealthy mind,
 Whaur a' that's pure an' bricht's combined—
 Dear lily o' the vale.

Flowers mair gay may deck the plain ;
 Sae chaste an' lovely, there aro nane, •
 To me at least, compared wi' Jane—
 The lily o' the vale.

TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine !
 Or leave a kisse within the cup,
 And I'll not looke for wine.
 The thirst that from the soule doth rise
 Doth aske a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thino.

I sent thee, late, a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee,

As giving it a hope that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thercon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to mee,
 Since when it growes, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself but thee.

THE FLOWER DIAL.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,
 As they floated in light away,
 By the opening and the folding flowers,
 That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
 And its graceful cup and bell,
 In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
 Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed,
 In a golden current on,
 Ere from the garden, man's first abode,
 The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—
 Those days of song and dreams,—
 When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,
 By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest
Far off on a breezeless main,
Which many a bark, with a weary guest,
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Marked thus—even thus—on earth
By the closing of one hope's delight,
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn, may leave
A lingering still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

SYMPATHY OF CHILDHOOD WITH FLOWERS.

NOT *one*, mamma! not only one:
I could not bear to sever
That bond of gentle union
So rudely thus for ever.

The primrose could not live alone
Its graceful head would pine,
Its starry blossoms, one by one,
Forsake their dewy shrine.

How would it languish for the buds
It left in thousands there,
Fringing the margin of the woods,
Like gems in beauty's hair !

That sweet, pale rose ! O eull it not
Without its kindred flowers,
Nor doom it to an exile's lot,
Far from its native bowers.

But let me bring a handful more,
Yellow, and white, and red,
Their mingled fragrancy to pour—
Their blended light to shed.

And see those daisy-twins, mamma ;
How lovingly they smile !
Yearning for day's resplendent star,
Yet bright'ning earth the while.

I could not bear to bid them part,
And leave one lonely here ;
'Twould seem like tearing from my heart
Some friendship fond and dear.

LINES ON FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are the brightest things which earth
On her broad bosom loves to cherish ;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

In every clime, in every age,
Mankind have felt their pleasing sway ;
And lays to them have deck'd the page
Of moralist—and minstrel gay.

By them the lover tells his tale,
They ean his hopes, his fears express ;
The maid, when words or looks would fail,
Can thus a kind return confess.

They wreath the harp at banquets tried,
With them we crown the crested brave :
They deck the maid—adorn the bride—
Or form the chaplets for her grave.

TO THE VIOLET.

SWEET lowly plant ! once more I bend
To hail thy presence here,

Like a beloved returning friend
From absence doubly dear.

Wert thou for ever in my sight,
Might we not love thee less ?
But *now* thou bringest new delight,—
Thou *still* has power to bless.

Still doth thine April presence bring
Of April joys a dream ;
When life was in its sunny Spring—
A fair unrippled stream.

And still thine exquisite perfume
Is precious as of old ;
And still thy modest tender bloom,
It joys me to behold.

It joys and cheers wheno'er I see
Pain on Earth's meek ones press,
To think the storm that rends the tree
Scathes not thy lowliness.

And thus may human weakness find,
E'en on thy lowly flower,
An image cheering to the mind
In many a trying hour.

A SONG OF THE ROSE.

ROSE! what dost thou here?
Bridal, royal rose?
How, 'midst grief and fear,
Canst thou thus disclose
That fervid hue of love, which to thy heart-leaf
glows?

Rose! too much arrayed
For triumphal hours,
Look'st thou through the shade
Of these mortal bowers,
Not to disturb my soul, thou crown'd one of all
flowers!

As an eagle soaring
Through a sunny sky,
As a clarion pouring
Notes of victory,
So dost thou kindle thoughts, for early life too
high—

Thoughts of rapture, flushing
Youthful poet's cheek,
Thoughts of glory rushing
Forth in song to break,
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, oh ! festal rose,
 I have seen thee lying
 In thy bright repose
 Pillowed with the dying,
 Thy crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,
 O'er that bed of pain,
 Met in thee, yet wove
 Too, too frail a chain
 In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?—
 Oh ! within the spells
 Of thy beauty's power
 Something dimly dwells,
 At variance with a world of sorrows and fare-
 wells.

All the soul forth-flowing
 In that rich perfume,
 All the proud life glowing
 In that radiant bloom,
 Have they no place but here, beneath the o'er-
 shadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters
 Of our tearful race?—
 Heaven's own purest waters,
 Well might bear the trace
 Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

Yes! my fancy sees thee
In that light disclose,
And its dream thus frees thee
From the mist of woes,
Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal
rose!

THE LIFE OF FLOWERS.

I WOULD, dear love! that I thy convert were
To that strange lore.—The fair flowers dream
and feel,
Are glad and woful, fond and scornful are;
And mutely conscious how the unresting wheel
Of Time revolveth, and doth hourly steal
Their beauty, and the heart-companionship
Of their nectarious kindred, and reveal
Their souls to sunlight, and with fragrant lip
Drink the abundant dews that from God's eye-
lids drip.

But then, I never dare another cull,
 To crush its being, and for ever end
 Its commune with its fellows beautiful ;
 Ah ! no, presence and absence never blend
 A consciousness about them ; or to rend
 Lover from lover, in their early wooing,
 When even the rainbow their dew'd eyes tran-
 scend ;
 For our adornment merely—oh ! 'twere doing
 Sweet creatures bitter wrong, with our worst woes
 indulging.

At least, for conscience-sake, I'll not believe
 That they are sensible to hearted feeling :
 For in no creature's being would I weave
 Those griefs which even now I am revealing
 In tears and sighs, from lips and eyelids steal-
 ing—
 Sad rain and wind of my heart's laden cloud !—
 By which, if they do feel, with wounds unheal-
 ing
 Their parted spirits must be cleft and bow'd
 Till they grew pale and sear, and wore death's
 common shroud.

Then, to the lover's and the poet's warning
 Attend, as to a Delphic oracle ;
 When flowers into the grey eyes of the morning
 Peer in awaken'd beauty from Night's cell ;
 On the warm heart of Noontide when they
 dwell ;

Or close in loveliness at Twilight's feet
 They gave their thoughts and dreams; and
 thou dost quell
 A gentle spirit in each blossom sweet
 (Which its love-conseious mates for ever pine to
 greet—

And pine in vain!) which thy small hand doth
 sunder
 From its green birth-place!—Art thou of those
 that sleep
 In common thought, to whom there is no wonder
 In all the universe sublime and deep—
 Invisible and visible! There weep
 Dews of a Morning round us, which must break—
 And unveil all things o'er which darkly sweep
 The night-shades of our ignorance. Awake!
 And in this creed believe—for love's, if not truth's
 sako.

THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade—
 Seek thou the well-known glade,
 Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
 Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,
 Like dark eyes filled with sleep,
 And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose ;
For I in sooth depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
Alas ! this may not be ;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours ;
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest,
The dim green light that pours through lauro
bowers.

I know how softly bright,
Steeped in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now ;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow !

Then, as in hope's young days,
Track you the antiquo maze
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound ;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding, in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around ;

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee

Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above ;
 Bring me one pearly flower
 Of all its clustering shower—
 For on that spot we first revealed our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
 Then from the lattice low
 Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,
 When by the hamlet last,
 Through dim wood-lanes we pass'd,
 While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's
 spark :

Haste ! to my pillow bear
 Those fragrant things and fair,
 Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—
 Yet shall their odours soft
 One bright dream round me waft
 Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave ;

And oh ! if thou wouldst ask
 Wherefore thy steps I task,
 The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
 'Tis that some thought of me,
 When I am gone, may be
 The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
 (Oh ! break not thou the spell !)
 In the deep wood and by the fountain side ;

Thou must not, my beloved !
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died !

TO A WILD FLOWER.

IN what delightful land,
Sweet scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth ?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fann'd.

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade or river's marge has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee.

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My-inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words ;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds ;
Of venerable wine ;

Of Earth's fresh shrubs and roots ;
Of Summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come
again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
Tho music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude ;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower ! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought ;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

FAIR flow'r, that lapt in lowly glade
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,
Than whom the vernal gale
None fairer wakes on bank or spray,
Our England's lily of the May,
Our lily of the vale.

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield
The heart from blank despair,
He showed to our mistrustful kind,
An emblem to the thoughtful mind
Of God's paternal care ?

Not thus I trow : for brighter shine
To the warm skies of Palestine
Those children of the east.—
There, when mild autumn's early rain
Descends on parch'd Esdrela's plain,
And Tabor's oak-girt crest—

More frequent than the host of night,
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,
Their brilliant disks unfold ;
Fit symbol of imperial state
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,
And crowns of burnish'd gold.

But not the less sweet spring-tide's flower,
Dost thou display the Maker's power,
His skill and handy work,
Our western valley's humbler child ;
Where in green nook of woodland wild
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,
The loom to ply, the thread to twine !

Yet, born to bloom and fade,
Thee, too, a lovelier robe arrays
Then e'er in Israel's brightest days
Her wealthiest king array'd.

Of thy twin leaves th' embower'd screen
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green ;
Thy Eden-breathing smell ;
Thy arch'd and purple-vested stem,
Whence pendant many a pearly gem,
Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,
As rising from the dead,
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,
Charg'd thy fair blossoms to produco,
And berries scarlet red.

The triple cell, the two-fold seed,
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,
Whence aye thy race may grow,
As from creation they have grown,
While spring shall weave her flowery crown,
Or vernal breezes blow :—

Who forms thee thus with unseen hand ;
Who at creation gave command,
And will'd thee thus to be,

And keeps thee still in being thro'
Age after age revolving, who
But the Great God is He ?

Omnipotent to work his will ;
Wise, who contrives each part to fill
The post to each assign'd ;
Still provident, with sleepless care
To keep : to make the sweet and fair
For man's enjoyment, kind !

"There is no God," the senseless say ;—
"O God, why cast'st thou us away ?"
Of feeble faith and frail,
The mourner breathes his anxious thought—
By thee a better lesson taught,
Sweet lily of the vale.

Yes ! He who made and fosters thee,
In reason's eye perforce must be
Of majesty divine ;
Nor deems she that his guardian care
Will He in man's support forbear,
Who thus provides for thine.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CERUS.

How coyly thou the golden hours dost number !

Not all their splendour can thy love beguile ;
Vainly the morning zephyrs fan thy slumber,
And noon's rich glory woos thee for a smile.

For thou dost blossom when cool shadows hover,
And dews are falling through the dusky air ;
When with new fervor dreams the happy lover,
And winds grow solemn with the voice of prayer.

With all around thee earth's bright things are
sleeping,
Gay lilies fade and droops the crimson rose,
Fresh is the vigil thou alone art keeping,
And sweet the charms thy virgin leaves disclose.

Thus, in the soul is deep love ever hidden,
Thus noble minds will ever shun the throng,
And at their chosen time start forth unbidden,
With peerless valor or undying song.

Thus the true heart its mystic leaves concealing,
Folds them serenely from the world's broad
glare,
Its treasured bliss and inmost grief revealing
To the calm starlight and the dewy air.

Blest is thy lesson, vestal of the flowers—
Not in the sunshine is our whole delight ;
Some joys bloom only in love's pensive hours,
And pour their fragrance on the breeze of night.

TO A BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

AH, blossomed blighted, luckless, lone,
Thy fragrance fled, thy beauty gone,
 No eye regards thee now.
Like wild weeds on a nameless gravo,
Thy melancholy petals wave
 Upon thy parent bough.

But late in all thy rich array,
Thou gem'dst the coronal of May,
 As Iris gems the skies.
Thy rival sisters shrunk abased,
Whilst bards beside thee paused and gazed
 With wonder-stricken eyes.

Why did'st thou droop, thou tender thing,
Ere yet the birds have ceased to sing
 Their joyous summer song!
Why did'st thou die, fair flower, while yet
The pearly dew was lingering wet
 That should have nursed thee long?

Was it with thee, as oft in life,
Where envy vows eternal strife
 With merit's modest claim?

Did malice, with her demon scowl,
Dark lowering, pour her venom foul
Forth on thy morn of fame ?

If sooth imaginations guess,
Thou art not all companionless
In thy dejected state.
Like thee hath many a genius proud
Found Refugo in an early shroud,
Beyond the reach of fate.

Farewell ! no prescient power is mine :
But should my lot resemble thino,
Should fortune's biting blast
Rave round my dark devoted head,
If conscience here her halo shed,
I'll brave it to the last.

YE ARE NOT MISS'D, FAIR FLOWERS.

YE are not miss'd, fair flowers, that lato were
spreading
The summer's glow by fount and breezy grot ;
There falls the dew, its fairy favours shedding,
The leaves dance on, the young birds miss you
not.

Still plays the sparkle o'er the rippling water,
 O lily! whence thy cup of pearl is gone;
 The bright wave mourns not for its loveliest
 daughter,
 There is no sorrow in the wind's low tone.

And thou, meek hyacinth! afar is roving
 The bee that oft thy trembling bells hath kiss'd,
 Cradled ye were, fair flowers! midst all things
 loving,
 A joy to all—yet, yet, ye are not miss'd

Ye, that were born to lend the sunbeam glad-
 ness
 And the winds fragrance, wandering where they
 list!
 —Oh! it were breathing words too deep in sad-
 ness,
 To say—earth's *human* flowers not more are
 miss'd.

THE ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then, die ; that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee ;
 How small a part of time they share,
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

THE POSIE.

O, LUVe will venture in, where it daurna weel be
 seen ;
 O, LuvE will venture in, where Wisdom ance has
 been ;
 But I will down yon river rove, amang the woods
 sae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear ;
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms
without a peer ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in
view,

For it's like a balmy kiss o' her sweet bonnie
mou ;

The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging
blue ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,

And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there ;

The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller
grey,

Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day ;

But the songster's nest within the bush I winna
tak away ;

And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is
near,

And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her cen
sae clear :

The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to
 wear ;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o'
 luvo,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by
 a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life the band shall
 ne'er remuve ;
 And this shall be a posie to my ain dear May.

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis
 true,
 Yet, wildings of Nature, I doat upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
 When the earth teemed around me with fairy de-
 light,
 And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my
 sight,
 Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
 Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
 streams,

And of broken glades breathing their balm ;
 While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine re-
 mote,
 And the deep mellow crush of the wood pigeon's
 note
 - Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
 Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of
 June :

Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
 Where I thought it delightful your beauties to
 find,
 When the magic of nature first breathed on my
 mind,
 And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes :
 What lov'd little islands, twice seen in their
 lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore ;
 What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
 And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy
 brooks
 In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's culturless buds, to my heart ye were
 dear,

Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
 Had scathed my existence's bloom.

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless
stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I pluck'd, the garden's pride !
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue ;
All purple glowed his cheek, beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor seared his balmy rest ;
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamp'd his fairy feet.

Ah ! soon the soul-entrancing sight
 Subdued the impatient boy ;
 He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
 Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

And, " O ! " he cried, " of magic kind,
 What charms this throne endear !
 Some other love let Venus find—
 I'll fix my empire here."

ON A FADED VIOLET

THE odour from the flower is gone ;
 Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me !
 The colour from the flower is flown,
 Which glow'd of thee, and only thee !

A shrivell'd lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandoned breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not !
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me ;
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

OH! wear it on thy heart, my love !
 Still, still a little while !
 Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,
 Though faded be their smile,
 Yet for the sake of what hath been,
 Oh ! cast it not away !

'Twas born to grace a summer scene,
 A long, bright, golden day,
My love !
 A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love !
 Its fragrance yet shall cling,
 Telling that on thy heart hath lain,
 A fair, though faded thing.
 But not even that warm heart hath power
 To win it back from fate :—
 Oh ! I am like thy broken flower,
 Cherished too late, too late,
My love !
 Cherished, alas ! too late !

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

“ Shall I have nought that is fair !” saith he ;
“ Have nought but the bearded grain !
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.”

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

“ My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”
The Reaper said and smiled ;
“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE COWSLIP.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
Ye cowslips delicately pale,
Upraise your loaded stems :
Unfold your cups of splendour, speak !
Who deck'd you with that ruddy streak,
And gilt your golden gems ?

Ye lovely flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod ;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker and your God.

THE DAISY.

NOT worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here,
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but he who arched the skies,
And pours the day spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cup the gold-embossed gem
That's set in silver gleams within?

And fling it unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

THE DAFFODIL.

FAIR Daffodils, to see
You hasto away so soon;

As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you ;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything :
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

THE HAREBELL.

WITH drooping bells of clearest blue,
Thou didst attract my childish view,
 Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew,
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew
 So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern, and golden bloom,
Increase the sand-rock cavern's gloom,
 I've seen thee tangled,
'Mid tufts of purple heather bloom,
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom,
 With dew-drops spangled.

'Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
 Still freshly springing
Where pride and pomp have pass'd away,
On mossy tomb and turret grey,
 Like friendship clinging.

When glow-worm lamps illumine the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
 Thy flowers revealing ;
Perchance to soothe the fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
 Thy soft bells pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
 And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
 Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory ;
The pensive soul recalls in thee

The year's past pleasures ;
And led by kindred thought will flee,
Till back to careless infancy
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending ;
Pale as the pale veins that streak
Consumption's thin transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine.
The violet and the eglantine
With spring are banished ;
In summer's beam the roses shine ;
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanished.

TO THE DAISY.

LITTLE flower with starry brow,
Slumbering in thy bed of snow ;
Or with lightly tinged ray,
Winter gone and storms away,
Peeping from thy couch of green
With modest head and simple mien ;

How I love to see thee lie,
In thy low serenity,
Basking in the gladsome beam ;
Or, beside some murmuring stream
Gently bowing from thy nost
Greet the water's silver breast.
Or mid fissure of the rock,
Hidden from the tempest's shock,
Vie with snowy lily's bell—
Queen and fairy of the dell.
Thou nor wind nor storm can tear
From thy lonely mountain lair :
Nor the sleety, sweeping rain,
Root thee from thy native plain.
Winter's cold, nor Summer's heat,
Blights thee in thy snug retreat ;
Chill'd by snow or scorch'd by flame,
Thou for ever art the same.
Type of truth, and emblem fair
Of virtue struggling through despair,
Close may sorrows hem it round,
Troubles bend it to the ground ;
Yet the soul within is calm,
Dreads no anguish, fears no harm ;
Conscious that the Hand which tries
All its latent energies,
Can, with more than equal power,
Bear it through temptation's hour,
Still the conflict, soothe its sighs,
And plant it 'neath congenial skies.

TO PRIMROSES,

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who wero but born
 Just as the modest morn
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warp'd, as we
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
 Speaking by tears beforo ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop, and weep;
 Is it for want of sleep,
 Or childish lullaby?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweetheart to this?
 No, no; this sorrow shewn

By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read :—
 “That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth.”

SWEET LAVENDER.

SWEET lavender ! I love thy flower
 Of meek and modest blue,
 Which meets the morn and evening hour,
 Tho' storm, the sunshine, and the shower,
 And changeth not its hue.

In cottage-maid's parterre thou'rt seen,
 In simple touching grace ;
 And in the garden of the queen,
 'Midst costly plants and blossoms sheen,
 Thou also hast a place.

The rose, with bright, and peerless bloom,
 Attracted many eyes ;
 But while *her* glories and perfume
 Expire before brief summer's doom,
Thy fragrance never dies.

Thou art not like the fickle train,
 Our adverse fates estrange ;

Who, in the day of grief and pain,
Are found deceitful, light and vain,
For thou dost never change.

But thou art emblem of the friend,
Who, whatsoe'er our lot,
The balm of faithful love will lend,
And true, and constant to the end,
May die, but alters not.

THE GIRL AND THE BLOSSOMS.

WHEN apple-trees in spring were gay,
With many a rosy blossom,
A damsel plucked them every day
To deck her hair and bosom.

She wove her wreaths in sport alone,
Or vain profusion rather,
Till all the gifts of May were gone,
And there was none to gather.

But Time, who sleeps not though he's mute,
At length brought on the season
When blossoms are exchanged for fruit
Which all expect with reason,

But when the careless maiden thought
To share the autumn treasure,
The trees produced not what she sought,
Which filled her with displeasure.

The gardener marked her vain pursuit
Among the orchard bowers,
And cried, "if you expected fruit,
Why did you pluck the flowers?"

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

HAIL to thy hues, thou lovely flower !
Still shed around thy soft perfume ;
Still smile amid the wint'ry hour ;
And boast e'en now a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
Long lingering in the icy vale,
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale !

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds to Fancy's-ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell.

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair ;
In Autumn's chaplets thou art wreathed,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As summer breezes waved her head ;
And now the snowdrop at thy side
Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay ;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower ! how happy dost thou seem,
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost :
While gathering beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost !

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair ;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affection's wintry air.

Charmer, alike in lordly bower,
And in the hermit's cells she glows ;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
The bosom's Everlasting Rose !

THE LOVER'S WREATH.

WITH tender vine-leaves wreath thy brow,
And I shall fancy that I see
In the bright eye that shines below,
The dark grape on its parent tree ;
'Tis but a whim, but oh ! entwine
My leafy crown round thy brow divino.

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath,
Fresh sparkling with an April shower,
And I shall think my fair one's breath
Is but the fragrance of the flower ;
'Tis but a whim, but oh ! do thou
Entwine my wreath round thy blushing brow.

Oh ! let sweet-leaved Geranium be
Entwined amidst thy clustering hair,
Whilst thy red lips shall paint to me
How bright its scarlet blossoms are ;
'Tis but a whim, but oh ! do thou
Crown with my wreath thy lovely brow.

Oh ! twine green rose-leaves round thy head,
And I shall dream the flowers are there,
The moss-rose on thy rich cheek spread,
The white upon thy forehead fair :
'Tis but a whim, but oh ! entwine
My wreath round that dear brow of thine.

THE VIOLET.

A VIOLET blossomed on the green,
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen ;
It was a sweet, wee flower.
A shepherd maiden came that way
With lightsome step, and aspect gay,
Came near, came near,
Came o'er the green with song.

Ah ! thought the violet, might I be
The fairest flower on all the lea,
Ah ! but for one brief hour ;
And might be pluck'd by that dear maid,
And gently on her bosom laid,
Ah but, ah but,
A few dear moments long.

Alas ! the maiden, as she pass'd,
No eye upon the violet cast ;
She crush'd the poor, wee flower ;
It sank, and dying, heaved no sigh,
And if I die, at least I die
By her, by her,
Beneath her feet I die.

THE YOUNG MAID AND THE FLOWER.

THE coffin descends ! and the garland of roses,
 By a father's hand dropped, on its lid reposes,
 To the bridegroom death a dower !
 Earth ! open thy arms, and take to thy bosom
 These twinings of beauty, cut off in their blossom,
 The fair young maid, and the flower !

Ah ! give them not back to this impure dwelling,
 Where sorrow and pain have power of quelling
 The bliss of man in an hour !
 No storm shall blast them, when laid in thy keeping,
 Heat shall not scorch them, noise break not their
 sleeping—
 The fair young maid and the flower !

How brief was thy span of enjoyment, poor maiden !
 But yet the dark future, with care and grief
 laden
 For others, thy peace cannot sour !
 Oh, night ! shed thy dews from their grave-turf's
 adorning,
 Their life was a short and a sweet summer's morning—
 The fair young maid and the flower !

THE ROSE-BUD.

I WISH the bud would never blow,
'Tis prettier and purer so ;
It blushes through its bower of green,
And peeps above the mossy screen
 So timidly, I cannot bear
 To have it open to the air.
I kissed it o'er and o'er again,
As if my kisses were a chain.
To close the quivering leaflets fast,
And make for once—a rosebud last !
But kisses are but feeble links
For changeful things, like flowers, methinks ;
The wayward rose-leaves one by one,
Uncurl'd and look'd up to the sun,
With their sweet flushes fainter growing,
I could not keep my bud from blowing !
Ah ! there upon my hand it lay,
And faded, faded fast away ;
You might have thought you heard it sighing,
It looked so mournfully in dying.
I wish it were a rose-bud now,
 I wish 'twere only hiding yet,
With timid grace its blushing brow,
 Behind the green that sheltered it ;
I had not written were it so,
Why would the silly rose-bud blow ?

THE FADING ROSE.

THE Rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
E'er from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn.

But oh ! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering lies !
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then, since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
The beauty of the mind.

TO A FADED PRIMROSE.

WELL do I love to look on thee, thou sweet and
simple flower,
Thy beauty oft hath cheer'd my heart in sorrow's
pensive hour ;
And now with moisten'd eye I mark thy glowing
tints decay,
And sigh to think that aught I love so soon should
pass away.

Thou wert an early favourite—in boyhood's happy
days
I lov'd to haunt the spot where thou thy modest
head did raise ;
And watch with passionate delight thy small leaves
brightly bloom,
Which breathed on every passing breeze their de-
licate perfume.

In manhood's ripened years, sweet flower, thou art
beloved still,
And fondly sought for as of yore, by rivulet and
rill—
And often in my wanderings, by mead and flowery
lea,
Array'd in glittering dew-drops bright thy well-
known form I see.

O ! beautiful exceedingly, is thy last lingering
look,
Which seems to bid a sad "farewell" to valley,
hill, and brook ;
And did not shades of doubt and fear upon my
spirit lie,
Like thee, lone flower, I'd tranquilly breathe out
my latest sigh.

THE FLOWER "FORGET-ME-NOT."

DEAREST of all the flowers that gaily gleam,
In garden, field, or on the green hill's breast,
For link'd with thee does fond remembrance seem,
With gentle memories round thy stem to rest !

Some absent friend, in fancy hovers near,
Some form, o'er dale and hill divided far,
"Forget-me-not !" in distant tones we hear,
Oh vain such prayers and parting wishes are !

Yet still, forget-me-not ! when moonlight sleeps,
On garden walks where we together stray'd,
When twilight dews, each gentle flowret weeps,
And stars are gleaming o'er the shadowy glade.

Forget-me-not ! when midnight gales are high,
When voices seem to whisper faint and low,
When clouds career along the autumn sky,
And winds are tossing wide the poplar bough.

Forget-me-not ! when morning breaks serene,
When modest spring her dewy garland wears,
Forget-me-not !—when deck'd in summer sheen,
With flowers all gay, thy peaceful home appears !

And think on me ! in the calm holy hour,
Devotion's own, when thou in prayer art bend-
ing,
On thee may heaven its every blessing shower,
Still let our prayers, tho' absent, thus be blend-
ing !

THE IVY-SONG.

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee
In ancient days the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine !
Ivy ! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more.
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman, on his battle plains
Where kings before his eagles bont,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent ;
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's gravo.

Urn and sculpture half-divine,
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lonō the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy they know thee well !
And far above the festal vine,
Thou waviest where once proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
The Rhine, still fresh and young !
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhino,
Ivy, all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down
Those eyries of a vanished race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have passed and left no trace.
But thou art there serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb !
Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis all the same ; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,

August in beauty, stern in power,
Days past—thou Ivy never sere !
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine !
Temple, pillar, shrine !

THE COWSLIP.

Now, in my walk, with sweet surprise,
I see the first spring cowslip rise,
The plant whose pensile flowers
Bend to the earth their beauteous eyes,
In sunshine as in showers.

Low on a mossy bank it grew,
Where lichens purple, red and blue,
Among the verdure crept ;
Its yellow ringlets dropping dew,
The breezes lightly swept.

A bee had nestled on its bloom,
He shook abroad their rich perfume,
Then fled in airy rings ;
His place a butterfly assumes,
Glancing his glorious wings.

Oh ! welcome ! as a friend ! I cried,
A friend through many a season tried,
And never sought in vain,
When May, with Flora at her side,
Is dancing on the plain.

Sheltered by Nature's graceful hand
In briery glens, o'er pasture land
The fairy tribes we meet,
Gay, in the milk-maid's path they stand,
They kiss her tripping feet.

From winter's farm-yard bondage freed,
The cattle bounding o'er the mead,
Where green the herbage grows,
Among thy fragrant blossoms feed,
Upon thy tufts repose.

Tossing his forelock o'er his mane,
The foal, at rest upon the plain,
Sports with thy flexile stalk ;
Yet stoops his little neck in vain
To crop it in his walk.

Where thick thy primrose blossoms play,
Lovely and innocent as they,
O'er coppice, lawns and dells,
In bands the village children stray
To pluck thy honied bells ;

Whose simple sweets with curious skill
 The frugal cottage dames distil,
 Nor envy Franco tho vine ;
 While many a festal cup they fill
 Of Britain's homoly wine.

Perhaps from nature's earliest May,
 Imperishable 'midst decay,
 Thy self-renewing race
 Have breathed their balmy lives away,
 In this neglected place.

And oh ! till nature's final doom
 Hero unmolested may they bloom,
 From scythe and plough securd ;
 This bank their cradle and their tomb,
 While earth and skies endure !

THE WILD FLOWER.

SWEET wilding tufts that 'mid tho waste,
 Your lowly buds expand :
 Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
 Nor trained by beauty's hand ;

Tho primal flowers which grace your stems
 Bright as the dahlia's shine,
 Found thus like unexpected gems,
 To lonoly hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
 Sweet blossoms ye are sprung
 From flowers that over Eden once
 Their pristine fragrance flung ;--

They drank the dews of Paradise,
 Beneath the starlight clear ;
 Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
 Her first repentant tear.



LINES SENT WITH A "FORGET-ME-NOT."

EMBLEM of my Fanny's eye,
 Dyed with empyrean hue,
 Bright as heaven's sunshine sky,
 Divinely, beautifully blue.

Emblem of my Fanny's mind,
 Resplendent, modest, rich and pure,
 Like that brilliant gem we find
 All radiant, though at first obscure.

Emblem of my Fanny's heart,
 But what to that can I compare ?
 All that heaven could impart
 Of woman's worth, is perfect there.

Go, lovely flower! to Fanny go!
 And tell her absence ne'er can blot
 From mem'ry her loved image—no!
 And, flower, bid her “forget-mē-not!”

OH! THE FLOWERY MONTH OF JUNE.

Oh! the flowery month of June again I hail as
 summer's queen;
 The hills and valleys sing in joy, and all the woods
 are green;
 The streamlets flow in gladsome song, the birds
 are all in tune,
 And nature smiles in summer pride, in the flowery
 month of June!

There's music in the laughing sky, and balm upon
 the air;
 The earth is stamped with loveliness, and all around
 is fair;
 There's glory on the mountain top, and gladness
 on the plain;
 The flowers wake from their wintry bed, and blush
 in bloom again!

Oh! the flowery month of June! my heart is
 bounding wild and free,
 As with a fond and longing look I gaze once more
 on thee!

With all thy thousand spangling gems—a bright
and blessed boon—
That come to cheer and welcome in the flowery
month of June!

The lark hath sought an upward home, far in the
dewy air;
While lowly by the rose's cheek, the blackbird's
singing there;
Or in its leafy bowers unseen, the thrush bursts
forth in song—
A low and pleasing melody thro' woods and dells
among!

Oh! the flowery month of June; ah! me, where
are the fond ones fled?
No spring comes for the parted friends, nor sum-
mer to the dead;
I miss them at the calm of eve, or sunny hour of
noon;
Nor morning songs awake the dead in the flowery
month of June!

THE WEE FLOWER.

A BONNIE wee flower grew green in the wuds,
Like a twinkling wee star among the cluds;

And tho langer it leevit, the greener it grew,
For 'twas lulled by the winds, and fed by the dew ;
Oh, fresh was the air where it reared its head,
Wi' the radiance and odours its young leaves
shed.

When the morning rose frae his eastern ha'
This bonnie wee flower was the earliest of a'
To open its cups sealed up in the dew,
And spread out its leaves o' the yellow and blue.

When the winds were still, and the sun rode
high,
And the clear mountain stream ran wimplin' by,
When the wee birds sang, and the wilderness bee
Was floating awa' like a clud over the sea ;
This bonnie wee flower was blooming unseen—
The sweet child of summer—in its rokely green.

And when the clud grew dark on the plain,
When the stars were out and the moon in the
wane,
When the bird and the bee had gane to rest,
And the dews of the night the green earth press'd :
This bonnie wee flower lay smiling asleep,
Like a beautiful pearl in the dark green deep.

And when Autumn came, and the summer had
pass'd,
And the wan leaves were strewn on the swirling
blast,

This bonnie wee flower grew naked and bare,
And its wee leaves shrank in the frozen air ;
Wild darnel and nettle sprang rank from the
ground,
But the rose and whitelilies were dropping around ;
And this bonnie blue flower hung down its wee
head,
And the bright morning sun flung his beams on
its bed,
And the pale stars look'd forth—but the wee
flower was dead.

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

THOSE few pale Autumn flowers !
How beautiful they are !
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far !

And why ?—They are the *last*—
The last !—the last !—the last !
O, by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred !
That sister of the past !

Pale flowers !—Pale perishing flowers !
Ye're types of precious things ;

Types of those bitter moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words, half uttered,
Last looks of dying friends !

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day :
The last day spent with one,
Who, ere the morrow's sun,
Must leave us, and for aye ?

O, precious, precious moments !
Pale flowers ! ye're types of those—
The saddest ! sweetest ! dearest !
Because, like those, the nearest
Is an eternal close.

Pale flowers !—Pale perishing flowers !
I woo your gentle breath ;
I leave the summer rose—
For younger, blither brows,
Tell me of change and death !

TO THE SNOWDROP.

BENEATH the changeful skies of early spring
 Emblem of human life, and frail as fair,
 Pale visitant of earth,
 I mark thy modest bloom.

Herald of brighter scenes and calmer joys,
 When the sweet lark, enamoured of the dawn.
 Above the cottage roof
 Shall pour his melting lay ;

Though surly Winter passing from the plain
 Reluctant with his storms (while, rude and wild,
 Stern desolation marks
 His long and lonely track),

Oft wraps thy beauty in a wreath of snow,
 And gems with icicles that faintly shine
 Below with imaged beam
 Thy cold but lovely brow ;

I see thee smile like innocence at fate,
 Beneath his idle rage and parting storms,
 Secure of happier hours
 And skies without a cloud.

So Piety, upheld by faith and hope,
Endures serene the passing storms of life,
 With eye intent on Heaven,
 And thought already there.

HEART'S EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower,
 To love thee dearly, when a boy :
For thou didst seem, in childhood's hour,
 The smiling type of childhood's joy.

But now thou only mock'st my grief,
 By waking thoughts of pleasure fled ;
Give me—give me the withered leaf,
 That falls on Autumn's bosom dead,

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
 But warns me what I soon shall be ;
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
 But points unto futurity.

I love thee not, thou simple flower,
 For thou art gay and I am lone :
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—
 The *Heart's-ease* from my path is gone.

THE LILY.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps
 In Lumin's flowery vale :
 Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
 Slow waving to the gale.

“Cease, restless gale !” it seems to say,
 “Nor wake me with thy sighing !
 The honours of my vernal day
 On rapid wings are flying.

“To-morrow shall the traveller come,
 Who late beheld me blooming ;
 His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The dreary vale of Lumin.”

O, BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

O, BONNIE was yon rosy brier
 That blooms so far frae haunt o' man ;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear !
 It shaded frae the e'enin' sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How puro amang the leaves sae green ;

But purer far the lover's vow
 They witnessed in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 The crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is a far sweeter flower,
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and whimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms be mine ;
 And I, the world nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

THE wall-flower—the wall-flower,
 How beautiful it blooms !
 It gleams above the ruined tower,
 Like sunlight over tombs ;
 It sheds a halo of repose
 Around the wrecks of Time ;
 To beauty give the flaunting rose,
 The wall-flower is sublime.

Flower of the solitary place !
 Grey Ruin's golden crown !
 That lendest melancholy grace
 To haunts of old renown :

Thou mantlest o'er the battlement
 By strife or storm decayed ;
 And fillest up each envious rent
 Time's canker-tooth hath made.

Thy roots outspread the ramparts o'er,
 Where, in war's stormy day,
 The Douglasses stood forth of yore,
 In battle's grim array :
 The clangour of the field is fled,
 The beacon on the hill,
 No more through midnight blazes red—
 But thou art blooming still !

Whither hath fled the choral band
 That filled the Abbey's nave ?
 Yon dark sepulchral yew-trees stand
 O'er many a level grave ;
 In the belfry's crevices the dove
 Her young brood nurseth well,
 Whilst thou, lone flower, dost shed above
 A sweet decaying smell.

In the season of the tulip cup,
 When blossoms clothe the trees,
 How sweet to throw the lattice up,
 And scent thee on the breeze !
 The butterfly is then abroad,
 The bee is on the wing,
 And on the hawthorn by the road
 The linnets sit and sing.

Sweet wall-flower, sweet wall-flower !
Thou conjurest up to me
Full many a soft and sunny hour
Of boyhood's thoughtless glee,
When joy from out the daisies grew,
In woodland pastures green,
And summer skies were far more blue,
Than since they e'er have been.

Now autumn's pensive voice is heard
Amid the yellow bowers,
The robin is the regal bird,
And thou the Queen of Flowers !
He sings on the laburnum trees,
Amid the twilight dim,
And Araby ne'er gave the breeze
Such scents as thou to him.

Rich is the pink, the lily gay,
The rose is summer's guest ;
Bland are thy charms when these decay,
Of flowers, first, last, and best !
There may be gaudier on the bower,
And statelier on the tree,
But wall-flower, loved wall-flower,
Thou art the flower for me !

THE CYPRESS.

THOU graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to yon blue heaven stooping
In meek humility ;

Like one who patient grieves,
When winds are o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping ;
While tear-like fall thy leaves,

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining ;
Yet with thy slight bows declining,
Still thou seekst the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green :
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging ;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow ;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
 Patient when Wiuter winds rave o'er thee,
 Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
 Upon thy martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
 A lesson of faith and meekness,
 Of patient strength in weakness,
 And trust in Heaven !

THE PASSION FLOWER.

ALL beauteous flower ! whose centre glows
 With studs of gold ; thence streaming flows
 Ray-like effulgence ; next is seen
 A rich expanse of varying hue,
 Enfring'd with an empurpl'd blue,
 And streak'd with young Pomona's green.

High o'er the pointal deck'd with gold,
 (Emblem mysterious to behold !)
 A radiant cross its form expands ;
 Its opening arms appear t' embrace
 The whole collective human race,
 Refuge of all men, in all lands.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

WHITE bud ! that in meek beauty so dost lean,
 The cloistered cheek as pale as moonlight snow,
 Thou seemest beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
 An Eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a livelier thing,—
 The broken spirit that its anguish bears
 To silent shades, and there sits offering
 To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.

 TO A DAISY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
 With silver crest and golden eye
 That welcomes every changing hour,
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
 In gay but quick succession shine,
 Race after race their honours yield,
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
 While moon and stars their courses run,

Wrathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold flowret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation's bed :
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends his purple stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page.—In every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,

It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;
Tho Rose has but a summer's reign,
The Daisy never dies.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Now dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives ;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured
wings

Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver wood with light, the green slope throws
Its shadow in the hollow of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April ! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed ;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

TO THE EVENING OR TREE PRIM-
ROSE.

FAIR flower, that shun'st the glare of day
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of palely gold ;

Be thine the offering, owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night breeze chill
And shine 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile,
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirits up,
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,
The holier hope of grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom,
Expands to glad the close of day ;
So through the shadows of the tomb,
May break forth Mercy's ray.

THE DAISY.

MEEK and modest little flower,
Simplest offering of the hour,
Blooming in obscurist shade,
Or the sun-lit verdant glade ;
On the rock, or in the dell,
Forest walk, or woodland fell ;
Ever easy in thy lot,
And content to be forgot.
'Mid thy sisters' fairer bloom,
Or their rich and raro perfume,

Happy still with heavenward gaze
To display thy star-like rays.
Storms may gather in the skies,
Tempests roar and whirlwinds rise,
Showers descend in fearful train,
Hail and sleet sweep o'er the plain,
Sunbeams parch thy gentle head,
Or the snow around thee spread,
Still contented thou art found,
Patient 'neath the conflict round ;
By thy meekness freed from harm,
Waiting for the coming calm.

Type and emblem thou mayst be
Of that rare simplicity,
Which in every Christian's mind
Should its place of resting find,
Mingling with its scorn of state,
Meekness to the rich and great,
Patience 'midst severest woes,
Kindness e'en to sternest foes,
Faith to rest on in the way,
Hope to lend its cheering ray,
And Charity, that gentle guest,
Whose temple is the good man's breast.

Such the sermon—meanest things
Preach to subjects or to kings ;
Such the lesson thou may'st meet
In the daisy at thy feet.

ELEGIAC.

THE flowers I strew upon thy grave,
Are wet with many a sorrowing tear,
Alas ! they had not power to save
Thy head from resting here !

Their fragrance here they sweetly shed,
And seem their gentle heads to bow,
And weep upon the narrow bed
Where low thou liest now.

I can but weep to see them bloom
At morning still so freshly fair,
At evening withering on thy tomb ;
Whilst I who placed them there

Can read thy omblem in their doom,—
So pure—so loved—so early lost—
Departing in life's brightest bloom
Ere grief thy heart had crost !

I turn away with many a sigh,
For here there breathes some holy spell :
Too prized to live—too loved to die—
How can I say farewell !

TO A WILD ROSE.

OH, floweret wild !

 Drooping with many a glittering tear,
The Summer's most beloved child,

 Thou'rt welcome here !

I speak not of thy shadowy bloom

 Which gleaming mid the leaves we see,

Nor of thy soft and rich perfume,

 Sweet though it be :—

Thou hast a spell,

 A charm far dearer to my heart,

The power of days long past to tell,—

 Of hopes that would depart !

Yes ! gazing on thee now,

 Those scenes beloved can memory draw,

When simple childhood's hat of straw

 Shaded my careless brow :

And round it clustered many a wreath

 Of blossoms wild and sweet as thou,

And lighter was the heart beneath

 Than it is now,—

But pass we that,—no thought of grief

 Thy flowers unto my bosom bring,

But hallowed is each fragrant leaf

 With dreams of hope and spring.

Thou bring'st me back the time
 When I would pause from morn till even
 To hear the sweet bell's distant chime,
 Like melody from Heaven.
 I gaze,—thou art no more a flower,
 But some bright scene of early youth,
 The wild wood-side—a summer bower—
 All clear and pure as truth !

FLOWERS FOR THE BEE.

COME, honey-bee, with thy busy hum,
 To the fragrant tufts of the wild thyme come,
 And sip the sweet dew from the cowslip's head,
 From the lily's bell and the violet's bed.
 Come, honey-bee,
 There is spread for thee
 A rich repast in wood and field,
 And a thousand flowers
 Within our bowers
 To thee their nectar'd essence yield.

Come, honey-bee, to our woodlands come,
 There's a lesson for us in thy busy hum ;
 Thou hast treasures in store in the hawthorn's
 wreath,
 In the golden broom and the purple heath ;

And flowers less fair,
That scent the air,
Like pleasant friends drop balm for thee,
And thou winnest spoil,
By thy daily toil,
Thou patient, thrifty, and diligent bee.

We may learn from the bee the wise man's lore,
"The hand of the diligent gathereth store."
He plies in his calling from morn till night
Nor tires of his labour nor flags in his flight;
From numberless blossoms of every hue,
He gathers the nectar and sips the dew.
Then homeward he speeds
O'er the fragrant meads,
And he hums as he goes his thankful lay—
Let our thanks too arise
For our daily supplies,
As homeward and heavenward we haste on our
way.

THE WINTER ROSE.

THE soft blooms of Summer are faint to the eye
Where brightly the gay silver Medway glides by;
And rich are the colours which Autumn adorn,
Its gold chequer'd leaves, and its billows of corn.

But dearest to me is the pale lonely *Rose*,
 Whose blossoms in Winter's dark season uncloset
 Which smile in the rigour of Winter's stern blast,
 And smooth the rough present by sighs of the
 past.

And thus, when around us affliction's dark power
 Eclipses the sunshine of life's flowing hour,
 While drooping, deserted, in sorrow we bend,
 O! sweet is the presence of *one* faithful friend.

The crowds that smiled on us when gladness was
 ours,
 Are Summer's bright blossom which Autumn de-
 vours ;
 But the friend on whose breast we in sorrow re-
 pose,
 That friend is the Winter's lone, beautiful rose.

THE VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

BLOSSOMS that lowly bend,
 Shutting your leaves from evening's chilly dew,
 While your rich odours heavily ascend,
 The fitting winds to woo.

I walk at silent eve,
 When scarce a breath is in the garden bowers,
 And many a vision and wild fancy weave,
 Midst you, ye lovely flowers :

Beneath the cool green boughs,
And perfumed bells of the fresh blossomed lime,
That stoop and gently touch my feverish brow,
Fresh in their summer prime ;

Or in the mossy dell,
Where the pale primrose trembles at a breath ;
Or where the lily by the silent well,
Beholds her form beneath ;

Or where the rich queen-rose
Sits throned and blushing, 'midst her leaves and
moss ;
Or where the wind-flower, pale and fragile, blows,
Or violets' banks emboss.

Here do I love to be,—
Mine eye alone in passionate love to dwell
Upon the loveliness and purity
Of every bud and bell,

Oh blessedness, to lie
By the clear brook, where the long-bennet dips !
To press the rose-bud in its purity
Unto the burning lips !

To lay the weary head
Upon the bank, with daisies all beset,
Or with bare feet, at early dawn to tread
O'er mosses cool and wet !

And then to sit at noon,
When bees are humming low, and birds are still,
And drowsy is the faint uncertain tone
Of the swift woodland rill.

And dreams can then reveal
That, wordless though ye be, ye have a tone,
A language, and a power, that I may feel,
Thrilling my spirit lone.

Ye speak of hope and love,
Bright as your hues, and vague as your perfume ;
Of changeful, fragile thoughts, that brightly move
Men's hearts amid their gloom.

Ye speak of human life,
Its mystery,—the beautiful and brief ;
Its sudden fading, 'midst the tempest strife,
Even as a delicate leaf.

And, more than all, ye speak
Of might and power, of mercy, of the One
Eternal, who hath strewed you fair and meek,
To glisten in the sun ;

To gladden all the earth
With bright and beauteous emblems of his grace,
That showers its gift of uncomputed worth
In every clime and place.

TO A PRIMROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

SWEET exile of the hills !
What dost thou here ?
Far from thy native rills,
And fountains clear !
Why is thy young perfume —
Thy star-like bell
Beside the silent tomb
Condemned to dwell ?

Oh ! surely thou dost love
The tall tree's shade, —
The thickly foliated grove, —
The dewy glade :—
The bank whereon the bee
At noon reposes,
Amid the luxury
Of Summer Roses !

And, here no sheltering bower
A curtain weaves
To blend in beauty o'er
Thy tender leaves ;
No drooping Violet
Expands in glee
Its purple coronet
To welcome thee !

Yet thou dost brightly bloom,
When all around
Breathes of sepulchral gloom,
And grief profound;—
Like to some sunny gleam
In life's dark sky,
Or a remembered dream
Of bliss gone by !

TO A CROCUS.

BLOSSOMING BENEATH A WALL-FLOWER.

WELCOME, wild harbinger of spring !
To this small nook of earth ;
Feeling and fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee,—for thy rich golden bloom,
Like heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter hours draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes,
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose
Than I derive from thee :
The eye their beauty may prefer ;
The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,
By those whose fancies roam,
An emblem of that leaf of green
The faithful dove brought home,
When o'er the world of waters dark,
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh
To mournful captives there ;
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
And chides the dark despair,
By winter's chilling influence flung
O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
Assigned thy dwelling-place
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,
With fond congenial grace,
On many a desolated pile,
Brightening decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue
Is bright with coming joy ;

The wall-flower's that of Faith, too true
 For ruin to destroy ;—
 And where, Oh ! where should Hope up-spring
 But under Faith's protecting wing ?

THE ROSE-BUD AND EMBLEM.

I SAW a rose with colours bright
 Blooming on its mossy stem,
 It seem'd to me in blushing pride
 Earth's fairest gem.

Its fragrance fill'd the balmy air,
 Its beauty pleased the passing eye ;
 Ah ! who could think so fair a thing
 Must fade and die ?

It had been nursed with gentle care,
 The sun had lent its glad'ning power,
 Its leaves unfolded to receive
 The ambrosial shower.

But soon as angry storm arose,
 The sun withdrew its genial ray ;
 I look'd and saw the once fair flower
 Had pass'd away !

And is it thus? I said, and sigh'd ;
Must things so lovely meet decay ?
Ah, yes! and are not human flowers
As frail as they !

See yon fair child with laughing eye,
Unmark'd by care that cherub face ;
But ere the morrow he may lie
In death's embrace.

And that brave youth, whose manly form
Would seem the tyrant to defy,
The stamp of death is on his brow ;
He too must die.

'Tis even so, the brave, the fair,
The opening bud, the full blown flower,
Alike may wither, fade, and die
In one short hour.

Our hope is like this beautiful bud,
Which seem'd to be the garden's pride,
And lov'd ones, like the fragile thing,
Have drooped and died.

But as the wither'd rose-leaves yield
Sweet perfume when their beauty's fled,
So let our virtues ever live,
When we are dead.

GORSE.

Emblem—Anger.

MARMION BIDDING ADIEU TO DOUGLAS.

THE train from out the castle drew ;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
“ Though something I might plain,” he said,
“ Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither at your king’s behest,
While in Tantallon’s towers I staid ;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand.”

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
“ My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
Be open, at my sovereign’s will,
To each one whom he lists, howe’er
Unmeet to be the owner’s peer.
My castles are my king’s alone,
From turret to foundation stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.”

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek with fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And—"This to me!"—he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary head,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And Douglas, more, I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near;
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)

I tell thee—thou'rt defied!
And, if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou has lied!"

On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth:—"And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was his need,
 And dash'd the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,
 The ponderous gate behind him rung,
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars descending, razed his plume.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

Emblem—Beauty and Purity.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
 If more admired than she ;
 But where will fierce contention end,
 If flowers can disagree ?

Within the garden's peaceful scene
 Appeared two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen—
 The Lily and the Rose.

The rose soon reddened into rage,
 And swelling with disdain,
 Appeal'd to many a poet's page
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair imperial flower ;

She seem'd designed for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanced to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre.

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien,
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus sooth'd and reconcil'd, each seeks
The fairest British fair ;
The seat of empire is her cheeks—
They reign united there.

STREW ODOROUS FLOWERS.

STREW odorous flowers upon the bed of death,
Cull ye the fairest from the greenest fields ;
The primrose, with its perfume-yielding breath,
The loveliest fragrances that Nature yields ;
"Sweet to the sweets" be given, nor forget—
For such was she,—the shrinking violet.

Place one white rose upon that whiter brow,—
 The rosemary, within that stone-cold hand :
 And on that breast, so chill and moveless now,
 Scatter some wild flowers of her native land :
 Yea, by affection be the lovelist given,
 To her now blooming in her native Heaven.

Silence in that death-chamber !—the deep hush
 Of sentient minds above what once was Life.
 Crushed are all earthly hopes, which used to rush
 With dark despair, in eager, anxious strife.
 Life's dream is over, the belov'd is clay ;
 Godward the unchained soul hath pass'd away.

Gone is the lov'd, the lovely ! Sad the grief
 For her who ne'er before gave cause for tears ;
 Her earthly pilgrimage hath been but brief—
 God claimed his own in her youth's gentle years
 Wafting her spirit to yon starry skies,
 Ere Care could vex, or Sorrow dim her eyes.

THE VIOLET'S SPRING SONG.

UNDER the hedge all safe and warm,
 Sheltered from boisterous wind and storm,
 We violets lie ;
 With each small eye
 Closely shut while the cold goes by.

You look at the bank, 'mid the biting frost,
 And you sigh and say that were dead and lost;
 But, lady, stay,
 For a sunny day,
 And you'll find us again alive and gay.

On mossy banks, under forest trees,
 You'll find us crowding, in days like these ;
 Purple and blue,
 And white ones too,
 Peep at the sun, and wait for you.

By maids and matrons, by old and young,
 By rich and poor our praise is sung ;
 And the blind man sighs
 When his sightless eyes
 He turns to the spot where our perfumes rise.

There is not a garden country through,
 Where they plant not violets white and blue ;
 By princely hall,
 And cottage small—
 For we're sought, and cherished, and cull'd by all.

Yet grand parterres, and stiff-trimmed beds,
 But ill become our modest heads !
 We'd rather run,
 In shadow and sun,
 O'er the banks where our merry lives first begun.

There, where the birken bough's silvery shine
 Gleams over the hawthorn and frail woodbine,
 Moss, deep and green,
 Lies thick, between
 The plots where we violet-flowers are seen.

And the small gay Celandine's stars of gold
 Rise sparkling beside our purple's fold :
 Such a regal show
 Is rare, I trow,
 Save on the banks where violets grow.

SYMPATHY FOR FLOWERS.

OH ! spare the flowers, the fair young flowers,
 The free glad gift the summer brings ;
 Bright children of the sun and showers,
 Here do they rise, earth's offerings.
 Rich be the dew upon you shed,
 Green be the bough that o'er you waves,
 Weariless watchers by the dead,
 Unblenching dwellers 'midst the graves !

Oh ! spare the flowers ! their sweet perfume,
 Upon the wandering zephyr cast,
 And lingering o'er the lowly tomb,
 Is like the memory of the past.

They flourish freshly, though beneath
Lie the dark dust and creeping worm,
They speak of Hope, they speak of Faith :
They smile, like rainbows thro' the storm.

Pluck not the flowers—the sacred flowers !
Go where the garden's treasures spread,
Where strange bright blossoms deck the bowers,
And spicy trees their odours shed.
There pluck, if thou delightest, indeed,
To shorten life so brief as theirs,
But here the admonition heed—
A blessing on the hand that spares !

Pluck not the flowers ! in days gone by
A beautiful belief was felt,
That fairy spirits of the sky
Amidst the trembling blossoms dwelt.
Perhaps the dead have many a guest
Holier than any that are ours,
Perhaps their guardian angels rest
Enshrined amidst the flowers.
Hast thou no loved one lying low,
No broken reed of earthly trust ?
Hast thou not felt the bitter woe
With which we render dust to dust ?
Thou hast ! and in one cherished spot,
Unseen, unknown to earthly eyes,
Within their heart, the unforgot
Entombed in silent beauty lies.

Memory and Faith, and Love so deep,
No earthly storm can reach it more—
Affection that hath ceased to weep,
These flourish in thy bosom's core.
Spare then the flowers! With gentle tread
Draw near, remembering what thou art,
For blossoms sacred to the dead,
Are ever springing in thy heart.

THE WATER-LILY.

BURTHENED with a cureless sorrow,
Come I to the river deep ;
Weary, hopeless of the morrow,
Seeking but a place to weep ;
Sparkling onwards, full of gladness,
Each sun-crested wavelet flew,
Mocking my deep-hearted sadness,
Till I sickened at the view.
Then I left the sunshine golden
For the gloomy willow-shade,
Desolate and unbeholden,
There my fainting limbs I laid.
And I saw a water-lily
Resting in its trembling bed,
On the drifting waters chilly,
With its petals white outspread.

Pillowed there, it lays securely,
Moving with the moving wave,
Up to heaven gazing purely,
From the river's gloomy grave.
As I look'd a burst of glory,
Fell upon the snowy flower,
And the lessoned allegory
Learned I in that blessed hour :—
Thus does Faith, divine, indwelling,
Bear the soul o'er life's cold stream,
Though the gloomy billows swelling,
Evermore still darker seem.
Yet the treasure never sinketh,
Though the waves around it roll,
And the moisture that it drinketh,
Nurtures, purifies the soul.
Thus aye looking up to Heaven
Should the white and calm soul be.
Gladden in the sunshine given,
Nor from clouds shrink fearfully.
So I turned, my weak heart strengthened,
Patiently to bear my wo ;
Praying, as the sorrow lengthened,
My endurance too might grow.
And my earnest heart's beseeching
Charmed away the sense of pain ;
So the lily's silent teaching
Was not given to me in vain.

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
 Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
 What more than magic in you lies
 To fill the heart's fond view?
 In childhood's sports, companions gay ;
 In sorrow, on life's downward way,
 How soothing !—in our last decay,
 Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers ;
 As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
 As when he crowned the sunshine hours
 Of happy wanderers there.
 Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
 How is it stained with fear and strife,
 In Reason's world what storms are rife,
 . What passions range and glare !

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
 Your first and perfect form ye show !
 The same that won Eve's matron smile
 In the world's opening glow.
 The stars of heaven a course are taught
 Too high above our human thought ;
 Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
 An as we gaze we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow ;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet ;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide ;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes.
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys ;
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your maker's praise that hour,
As when he paused and owned you good ;
His blessing on earth's primal hour,
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form ?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm ;
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas ! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm loveliness !

' Live for to-day ! to-morrow's light
 To-morrow's cares will bring to sight ;
 Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
 And Heaven thy morn will bless.

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

LOVELIEST of God's creations
 Are the flowers that gem the earth ;
 In life's various relations,
 'Mid its scenes of wo and mirth,
 They are ever valued by us, e'en as things of price-
 less worth.

Mark the child amid them roving
 Full of innocent delight ;
 Mark the youth and maiden loving,
 Giving to each other's sight
 Those many-hued interpreters which tell their
 hidden thoughts aright.

When the marriage vows are spoken,
 And the merry bells outring,
 What so well fond hopes betoken,
 What so fit can friendship bring,
 To strew the path wherein the pair are newly
 entering ?

And when lost in blissful trances,
 'Neath the honeymoon they rove,
 While soft looks and tender glances
 Tell of confidence and love,
 Flowers seem blessings scattered round them by
 angelic hands above.

Flowers all beauty and all sweetness !
 Out, alas ! that they must fade ;
 Earthly joys have no completeness ;
 There's no sunshine without shade ;
 Like a blighted rose the loved one stricken is,
 and lowly laid !

When the funeral bell is tolling,
 And the landscape looketh drear,
 And adown the deck is rolling
 Sorrow's agonizing tear,
 Faded blossoms, hope's frail emblems, deck the
 coffin and the bier.

And when time had gently chidden
 Grief to something like repose,
 By the voice of memory bidden,
 To the tomb the mourner goes,
 Pleased he sees it wreath'd and covered with the
 violet and rose.

And amid his weeping, lowly
 Bending to the verdant sod,

Thoughts came o'er him calm and holy,
And he blesseth, praiseth God
For the flowers of life that ever twine around his
chastening rod.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

WELCOME in our leafless bower
Where November's breath has come ;
Welcome golden-anthered flower,
Ever fair chrysanthemum !
Like an old friend's pleasant face—
Though the earth is void of grace,
And the very birds are dumb,
Cheerful, gay chrysanthemum !

Thus may I have round me when
Age's frost my heart shall numb,
Friends as warm and constant then
As thou art, chrysanthemum !
May I find, though youth be past,
Hearts that loved me to the last,
Eyes that smile, though winter come,
Bright as thou, chrysanthemum

WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining
tints unfold,
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock
the sunset's gold ;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush, have drawn the
admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel harp the meed of
song and praise ;
Oh ! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's
courtly bowers,
Far those I love the wreath shall be, of wild and
woodland flowers !

Bright clustering in the forest shades, or spring-
ing from the sod,
As flung from Eden, forth they come, fresh from
the hand of God !
No human care hath nurtured them ; the wild
wind passed by ;
They flourish in the sunshine gleam and tempest-
clouded sky ;
And oh ! like every gift that He, the bountiful
hath given,
Their treasures fall, alike to all, type of his pro-
mised heaven !

They bear to us sweet memories of childhood's
happy years,
Ere grief had wrung the heart with pain, or dim-
med the eye with tears ;
They have been twined with playfulness round
many a snowy brow,
Where costly pearls and Indian gems are proudly
flashing now !
But hiding many a line of care beneath their gor-
geous blaze,
That lurk'd not 'neath the wild flower wreath of
youth's untroubled days !

Oh ! chide not at the simple theme that wakes the
minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that
blossom by the way ;
He at whose word the universe her ancient might
did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of
the field.
I thank thee, God ! for every boon thy hand in
mercy showers,
And oh, not least among thy gifts, the beautiful
wild-flowers !

THE DAISY AND THE STAR.

THE modest daisy on the hill,
That drinks of morning dew its fill,
And spreads its leaflets to the light,
And then in quite meek repose
Its crimson coronet doth close
Beneath the shade of night,
Lives calmly out its little day,
Then fades unseen away.

And yonder shining star,
That dwells in Heaven afar,
Whose trembling ray no more is seen,
Lost in the myriads orbs of light
That spangle o'er the veil of night,
Than is the daisy on the green,
Will but live out a longer day,
Then pass unseen away.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

A LOVELY Rose and Lily growing
In a garden, side by side,
The Rose with love's own radiance glowing,
Turned and said, in beauty's pride :

‘ Wherefore raise thy head so high,
Since not half so fair as I ?

Sure all the magic charms that hover
O'er the lips of maiden fair,
In my bosom's depths the lover,
Fondly seeketh, findeth there :
On her dewy lips repose
All the glories of the Rose !

The Lily turned to speak, soft smiling
With a proud, yet gentle grace,
For well she knew the charm beguiling
Of her pure and virgin face ;
‘The whiteness of the maiden's breast,
Of beauty is the surest test.’

That moment, through the garden bounding,
Comes the treasure of my life ;
As light they hear her footfall sounding,
Ceased each angry word of strife.
The lovely flowers she stands before,
And they are sisters evermore !

Her fair young cheek, where lilies, roses,
In fast friendship ever bloom,
To the rival flowers discloses,
In beauty's garden both have room ;
Each declares, from envy free,
None so beautiful as she !

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

SILENT o'er the fountain gleaming,
 In the silvery moonlight hour,
 Bright and beauteous in its seeming,
 Waves a friendly fragile flower.
 Never let it be mistaken ;
 Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
 By no envious clouds o'ertaken
 When it laughs through all the sky.
 Flower of heaven's divinest hue !
 Symbol of affection true !
 Whisper to the poor heart-broken
 Consolation—heaven-spoken !

Loved one !—like the star of morning
 Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
 Innocence with light adorning
 The pure radiance everywhere !
 Maiden mine ! attend my lay ;
 Be this flow'ret ne'er forgot—
 Whispering through the far-away,
 ' Oh, forget—forget me not !'

Duty stern may bid us sever,
 Tears bedew our parted lot :
 Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
 ' Ah, forget—forget me not !'

List, beloved ! what it sayeth ;
 List each blossom's whispered sound !
 And its lowly head it layeth
 On the dew-sprinkled ground.
 Bethink ! each dew-drop is a tear,
 That hrimms its dark blue eyes ;
 Remember—when you wander near—
 ' Forget me not ! ' it sighs !

THE MULBERRY TREE.

THE Mulberry tree, the Mulberry tree !
 No child of the woods so wise as she ;
 For the spring may come, and the spring may go
 And her hastier mates in beauty glow,
 Yet still she waits her fitting time,
 Till summer hath reached her sunny prime.
 Prudent, patient Mulberry-tree !
 What child of the woods so wise as she !

But when chill spring hath passed away,
 She quickly huddeth without delay,
 Soon decketh herself in her summer charms,
 And flingeth her dress o'er her naked arms ;
 And her ample leaf unfold at last,
 And her purple fruit doth ripen fast.
 Active, ardent Mulberry tree !
 No child of the woods so wise as she.

Fain would I make such wisdom mine,
 Prudence and vigour thus combine ;
 Not blindly rash when dangers lour,
 Nor slow in duty's sunny hour ;
 Still wait with patience, plan with care,
 Yet prompt to act, and bold to dare.
 Thus I'd be like the Mulberry tree :
 Happy, thrice happy, if wise as she.

THE NIGHTINGALE FLOWER.

FAIR flower of silent night !
 Unto thy bard an emblein thou shouldst be ;
 His fount of song, in hours of garish light,
 Is closed like thee.

But, with the vesper hour,
 Silence and solitude its depths unseal :
 Its hidden springs, like thy unfolding flower,
 There life reveal.

Were it not sweeter still
 To give imagination holier scope,
 And deem that thus the future may fulfil
 A loftier hope.

That, as thy lovely bloom
 Sheds round its perfume at the close of day,

With beauty sweeter from surrounding gloom,
A star-like ray.

So in life's last decline,
When the grave shadows are around me cast,
My spirit's hope may like thy blossom shine
Bright at the last :

And, as the grateful scent
Of thy meek flower, the memory of thy name,
Oh ! who could wish for prouder monument,
Or purer fame ?

The darkness of the grave
Would wear no gloom appalling to the sight,
Might Hopes fair blossom, like thy flowret, brave
Death's wintry night.

Knowing the dawn drew nigh
Of an eternal though a sunless day,
Whose glorious flowers must bloom immortally,
Nor fear decay !

THE CROPPED FLOWER.

Go, lovely flower !
Tell her, who fills my every thought,
That from the hour

When first across my path was brought
That gentle form,
My soul no other idol sought
From night till morn.

Go quickly, go,
And let thy modest blushes speak ;
Though now you blow,
Too soon thou'rt doomed by winter bleak
To fade and perish ;
Thus vanisheth all hope would make
Me love and cherish.

And tell her too,
As morning's beam doth kiss away
The tears of dew
Which thou has wept since yesterday,
When thy god set—
So doth her smile send forth a ray
To cheer me yet.

But go, fair flower !
No longer by the winding lea,
In mossy bower,
At early dawn thy god thou'lt see ;
He's set for ever,
As is my deity to me,
To rise, oh never !

Then droop and fade ;
Thy god still shines as warm and bright
O'er lawn and mead ;
And other flowers shall woo his light
In sunny hour,
But none so true from morn till night
As thou, poor flower !

TO A WINTER BLOOMING WILD
FLOWER.

LONE dweller in the bleak and barren spot
That finds no shelter from a leafless tree,
Though very desolate may be thy lot,
Almost I wish that I resembled thee.

Not in thy beauty, flowret azure-hue ! !
Nor in thy faint, wind-wasted fragrancy—
Nor in the stillness of thy solitude—
My heart, companionless, would broken be.

But I, like thee, upspringing from the sod,
Would lift, through storms, a cheerful eye to
Heaven,
Trusting the bounteous hand of Nature's God,
Sunshine and storm for equal good hath given

And though thy wintry doom may seem severe,
 Uncheered by song of birds, or kindred flower,
 I do believe thou dost not blossom here,
 But by the will of that Almighty Power,
 Who makes thy fragile blooms an instrument
 To teach a proud and murmuring heart content.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.*

'SISTER, wake ! 'tis surely morning : listen, I can
 hear the bees
 Humming underneath the window, in the fragrant
 lilac-trees.
 There it comes ! the wandering sunbeam I have
 watched so many a time,
 Creeping in the same dark corner at the early
 morning chime.

'Oh the night is very weary unto those who lie
 and moan,
 And who only know the day-time by the slow
 hours stealing on—
 By the small blue rift of heaven gleaming through
 the curtained pane,
 By the warbling birds that waken to their daily
 life again.

* In ancient Germany it was the custom for a bride-
 groom to send or bring to his betrothed a golden rose,
 as a token that he was about to claim her.

'Sister, rise! and let me watch you twisting up
your tresses bright;
Stand there, just where I can see you, in the early
morning light.

I will look, and you shall listen, while I tell a wondrous
dream
Which I dreamt, when these tired eyelids closed
at daybreak's cold gray beam.

'Often have I, sighing, told you, how to me there
came no more
Those sweet dreams that used to haunt me in the
first sad time of yore,
When this long and wasting sickness, stealing all
my youth and bloom,
Turned my eyes from bridal altar to the dark and
ghastly tomb.

'It is long since even in slumber I have seen my
Wilhelm's face,
But last night he looked upon me from his blessed
dwelling place;
Not as when I last beheld him—still, and cold,
and marble-white—
But all radiant as an angel, with his gold hair
gleaming bright.

'And he kissed my lips and forehead, as in those
dear olden days,
And his eyes once more bent on me their clear
loving, earnest gaze;

Not a word did Wilhelm utter : and my lips in silence bound

By that holy kiss he gave me, could not frame a single sound.

‘ Then he placed within my bosom, with a smile
the rose of gold,

And my heart leaped up within me as I felt his
dear arms fold

Round me ; and a wondrous lightness shot through
all this drooping frame,

While above my shoulders budded two bright
wings of amber flame.

‘ In the air we rose together, I and Wilhelm, hand
in hand ;

Like two wandering doves we floated over sea and
over land ;

Higher—till the air grew clearer, and the earth
beneath grew dim,

And afar we heard the angels chant our glorious
nuptial hymn.

‘ In each other’s arms we floated all the blessed
stars among,

Till I wakened with the music of the skylark’s
matin song.

Sister ! tell me now what meaneth this most
happy dream of mine ?’

Weeping, turning away her sister, for too well she
knew the sign.

On the wall the sunbeam stealeth ; gaily hum the
laden bees ;
And the light wind stirs the blossoms in the fra-
grant lilac-trees ;
Loudly sings the lark, but breaks not that im-
moveable repose,
For the bride has met the bridegroom—Death has
brought the golden rose.

MAY FLOWERS.

SWEET flowers every one !
Ye put it in my mind to offer up
A thankful prayer to Him who fills my cup,
And sendeth beauty with the summer's sun,
Thought wanders joyful while your sunny bloom
And odours sweet enrich the passing hours ;
Thought which forbids an anchoritish gloom,
And glows with beauty not unlike the flowers.
A welcome waits you through this land of ours !
In southern vales or Scotia's wilder glen :
Where'er your glories fall in golden showers,
A welcome waits ye in the hearts of MEN !
For 'souls are ripened,' even while ye fly
The howling storm beneath 'our northern sky.'

'Twere well to learn of you
The skill to waken hope and pleasant thought !
And pour into the bosom nigh distraught,
The freshness of the heart, like morning dew.
To lift the head, and suffer truth to play
Upon the brow, like sunshine ever bright ;
To cherish in the heart, though but a ray
Of potent love, to warm the mental light.
To rise from sloth, as ye from winter's night,
Rejoicing garden-land and forest dell ;
With all the soul, with all the heart and might,
Abiding the brotherhood in which we dwell.
To learn of sweetest May, and kindly give
Blessings with open hand to all that live !

THE VIOLET.

SWEET flower ! Spring's earliest loveliest gem !
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rearest thy purple diadem ;
Meekley from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou, from thy little secret mound,
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee,
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round ;
And well may Nature's Poet love thee !

Thine is a short swift reign I know—
 But here thy spirit still pervading,
 New *Violet* tufts again shall blow,
 Then fade away as thou art fading.

And be renewed ; the hope how blest,
 O may that hope desert me never !
 Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast,
 And wake again, and bloom for ever.

THE ROSES ARE GONE.

THE Roses are gone, their empire is o'er,
 And many who saw them, may see them no more ;
 Yet little it recks that we mourn they decay,
 For we are as fragile, as fleeting as they.

What came with the Roses ? Sweet hopes spring-
 ing forth
 'Mid the sunbeams of heaven, the blossoms of earth,
 And the songs of the birds, and the breath of the
 flowers,
 Awakening a dream of life's sunniest hours.

What came with the Roses ? Dear thought of de-
 light,
 That feared not extinction, that dreamt not of
 blight ;

And the trust that had withered, the joy that was
lost,
Forth springing again, but again to be crost.

What came with the Roses? The promise of truth,
And the love that haunts ever the spirit of youth,
Ere the heart learns to school its wild throbs of
delight,
Ere the storms of the world pour their withering
blight.

What went with the Roses? Hope chill'd to de-
spair,
And all our bright visions like fabrics in air.
We felt they were lovely! we knew they must go,
Yet that doth not waken one pulse of our woe.

What went with the Roses? The love of long
years
That kindled in sunshine, has withered in tears;
And the joy that we deemed in a moment to clasp,
Had fled like a shade and eluded our grasp.

What went with the Roses? The bark o'er the
sea,
With its treasures of loved ones—the leaf from
the tree,
The earliest reft—in our pathway is shed,
And the birds of the spring-time are silent or fled.

The breeze took the Roses, nor took them alone,
There are fair ones, and loved ones as suddenly
gone,
And the last of your leaves have been shed o'er
the bier,
Where their scent cannot charm, their beauty
not cheer.

Alas! it is thus, nought is permanent here :
Each joy brings its price, the fast following tear ;
And the smile that is lighting our features to-day,
Ere to-morrow may pass into darkness away.

Yet Roses may wither, and pleasures may fly,
But somewhat there is that can fade not, nor die:
And like a sweet perfume, that doth not depart,
Are the feelings that chango not, within the deep
heart.

THE ROSE BUD.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath!

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down,
The first soft star in evening's crown
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom
On features wan and fair,—
The gazing eye no change can trace,
But look away a little space,
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er
Blushed on the rosy spray—
A brighter star, a richer bloom
Then e'er did western heaven illumine
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;
Love—gentle, holy, pure;
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,
The searching sun, the open sky,
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight
Here in the coarse rude earth;
How then should rash intruding glance
Break in upon her sacred trance,
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,
Ever the truest heart,
Where deepest strikes her kindly root
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look
Behind the blissful screen—
As when, triumphant o'er his woes,
The Son of God, by moonlight rose,
By all but Heaven unseen :

As when the holy maid beheld
Her risen Son and Lord :
Thought has not colours half so fair
That she to paint that hour may dare,
In silence best adored.

The gracious Dove, that brought from heaven
The earnest of our bliss,
Of many a chosen witness telling,
On many a happy vision dwelling,
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,
Old Irsael's long lost Son,
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,
He called his conscious brethren near,
Would weep with them alone.

He could not trust his melting soul
But in his Maker's sight—
Then why should gentle hearts and true
Bare to the rude world's withering view
Their treasures of delight ?

No—let the dainty rose awhile
Her bashful fragrance hide—
Rend not her silken veil too soon,
But leave in her own soft noon,
To flourish and abide.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just washed in a show-
er,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,
The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay so dripping and drown'd ;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas !
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd !

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile ;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied
To delicate growth of our isle,
Art has in a measure supplied,
And Winter is deck'd with a smile.
See, Mary, what beauties I bring
From the shelter of that sunny shed,
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring,
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,
Where Flora is still in her prime,
A fortress to which she retreats
From the cruel assaults of the clime.
While earth wears a mantle of snow,
These pinks are as fresh and as gay
As the fairest and sweetest that blow
On the beautiful bosom of May.

See how they have safely survived
 The frowns of a sky so severe ;
 Such Mary's true love, that has lived
 Through many a turbulent year.
 The charms of the late blowing rose
 Seem graced with a livelier hue,
 And the winter of sorrow best shews
 The truth of a friend such as you.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away !
 Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they
 Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
 Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the
 tomb !

The gay and glorious creatures ! they neither
 "toil nor spin !"
 Yet, lo ! what goodly raiment they're all apparcl-
 led in ;
 No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems
 more bright
 Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed
 with light.

The young rejoicing creatures ! their pleasures
never pall :

Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to
all !—

The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy,
blessed air,

Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may
freely share.

The happy careless creatures ! of time they take
no heed ;

Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his
speed,

Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light
away ;

Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, “would God
that it were day !”

And when their lives are over, they drop away to
rest,

Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's
breast ;

No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from
decay—

Oh ! could we but return to earth as easily as
they !

AUTUMN FLOWERS.

FLOWERS of the closing year !
Ye bloom amidst decay ;
And come like friends sincere,
When wintry storms appear,
And all have pass'd away
That clothed gay spring's luxuriant bowers,
With garlands meet for sunny hours.

When rose and lily fade,
And later amaranths fail,
And leaves in grove and glade
Assume a russet shade,
And shiver in the gale,
Or withering strew the chilly plain
With blighted hopes of summer's reign.

'Tis then when sternly lours,
O'er nature's changing face,
Dark clouds and drifting showers,
Ye come, ye come, sweet flowers !
With meek and touching grace ;
And o'er the parting season's wing,
A wreath of lingering beauty fling.

The hare-bell, bright and blue,
That loves the dingle wild,

In whose cerulean hue,
Heaven's own blest tint we view,
 On days serene and mild ;
How beauteous like an azure gem,
She droopeth from her graceful stem !

The foxglove's purple bell,
 On bank and upland plain ;
The scarlet pimpernel,
And daisy in the dell,
 That kindly blooms again,
When all her sisters of the spring
On earth's cold lap are withering ;

The bind-weed pure and pale,
 That suds to all for aid,
And when rude storms assail
Her snowy virgin veil,
 Doth like some timid maid,
In conscious weakness most secure,
Unscathed its sternest shocks endure.

How fair her pendent wreath
 O'er bush and brake is twining !
While meekly there beneath,
'Mid fern and blossomed heath,
 Her lowlier sister's shining ;
Tinged with the blended hues that streak
A slumbering infant's tender cheek.

And there Vimiria waves
 Her light and feathery bowers,
 'Mid russet-shaded leaves,
 Where robin sits and grieves
 Your hasting death, sweet flowers !
 He sings your requiem all the day,
 And mourns because ye pass away.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

' WHY loves my flower, the sweetest flower
 That swells the golden breast of May,
 Thrown rudely o'er the ruin'd tower,
 To waste the solitary day ?

' Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
 The grove and genial garden call,
 Will she her fragrant scents exhale
 Unheeded on the lonely wall !

For never sure was beauty born,
 To live in death's deserted shade !
 Come lovely flower, my banks adorn,
 My banks for life and beauty made.'

Thus *pity* wak'd the tender thought ;
 And by her sweet persuasion led,
 To seize the hermit flower I sought,
 And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on my ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my ear with holy fear—
The Genius *of the ruin* spoke.

‘ From thee be far th’ ungentle deed,
The honours of the dead to spoil,
Or take the sole remaining meed,
The flower that crowns the former toil !

‘ Nor deem that flower the garden’s foe,
Or fond to grace this barren shade :
’Tis *nature* tells her to bestow
Her honours on the lonely dead.

‘ For this, obedient zephyrs bear
Her light seeds round yon turret’s mould,
And undispers’d by tempests there,
They rise in vegetable gold.

‘ Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
Such desert scenes distinction crave ;
Oft have they been, and oft shall be
Truth’s, honour’s, valour’s, beauty’s grave.

‘ Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
As weary of th’ insulting air ;
The poet’s thought, the warrior’s fire,
The lover’s sighs are sleeping there.

‘ When that, too, shades the trembling ground,
 Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
And many a slumbering cottage round
 Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

‘ Of them who, wrapp’d in earth so cold,
 No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told ;
 For many a tender thought is duo.

‘ Hast thou not seen the lover pale,
 When evening brought the pensive hour,
Step slowly o’er the shadowy vale,
 And stop to pluck the frequent flower ?

‘ Those flowers he surely meant to strew
 On lost *affection’s* lowly cell,
Tho’ there, as fond remembrance grew,—
 Forgotten from his hand they fell.

‘ Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
 Been taught her first rose to resign ?
With vain but pious fondness borne,
 To deck thy Nancy’s honoured shrine

‘ ’Tis *nature* pleading in the breast,
 Fair memory of her works to find ;
And when to fate she yields the rest,
 She claims the monumental mind.

‘ Why, else, the o’ergrown paths of time
 Would thus the letter’d sage explore,
 With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
 And on the doubtful sculpture pore ?

‘ Why seeks he with unwearied toil
 Through death’s dim walk to urge his way,
 Reclaim his long asserted spoil,
 And lead *Oblivion* into day ?’

THE HYACINTH.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,
 No longer in confinement lie,
 Arise to light, thy form discover,
 Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o’er,
 Winter retires to make thee way :
 Come, then, thou sweetly blooming flower,
 Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,
 To give thy beauty to the day :
 Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,
 To fan thy beauty as they play.

THE WOODRUFF.

AMID a thousand brighter flowers,
We scarcely note thy tender bloom
When Summer's heat and Spring-time's showers
Have called thee from thy winter tomb.

But should we find thee withered, reft
Even of the humble charms thou hast,
We feel a fragrant sweetness left—
A sweetness that no ill can blast.

Thus modest worth remains unknown,
While fairer beauty's flatter'd name,
On every zephyr's breath has blown,
A candidate for human fame.

Let sorrow come—mere beauty now
Has lost its advantitious power ;
While chill'd, or bruised, or broken thou,
Art fragrant in that trying hour.

TO THE MELANCHOLY GILLY-
FLOWER.

OH why, thou lone and lovely flower,
Deny the sweetness to the day ;
And over in night's hushiest hour,
Still sigh thy fragrant life away ?

The wild-bee murmurs round each spray,
And kisses every flower but thine ;
No scent allures the vagrant's way,
Or tempts him to thy golden mine.

The glowing breath of gorgeous noon
Is swelled by overy other sweet ;
Why dost thou only the pale moon
And chilly night-winds love to greet ?

When young Endymion earliest dream'd
On that wild hill's enchanted ground,
The faltering radiance fearful gleam'd,
And cast a quivering light around.

Still, in his dreams, did charmed sighs
Float trembling o'er his favoured head,
And strange mysterious music rise,
And hover round his mountain bed.

This was the conscious flower that threw
Its lovely fragrance on the night :
Thou only oped thy pallid hue
Beneath the silent flood of light.

Thy sisters veil their foreheads fair,
And fold their bells on heath and dale ;
Nor on the misty evening air
Their breath of sweetness dare exhale.

But thou dost long for holy eve,
To shroud thee from day's piercing eye ;
Night's chilly hours alone receive
Thy secret tear and perfumed sigh.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE flowers ! the lovely flowers !
They are springing forth again ;
Are opening their gentle eyes
In forest and in plain !
They cluster round the ancient stems,
And ivied roots of trees,
Like children playing gracefully
About a father's knees.

The flowers ! the lovely flowers !
Their pure and radiant eyes

Greet us where'er we turn our steps,
Like angels from the skies !
They say that nought exists on earth,
However poor or small,
Unseen by God ; the meanest things,
He careth for them all !

The flowers ! the lovely flowers !
The fairest type are they
Of the soul springing from its night
To sunshine and to day ;
For though they lie all dead and cold,
With winter's snow above,
The glorious spring doth call them forth
To happiness and love !

Ye flowers ! ye lovely flowers !
We greet ye well and long !
With light, and warmth, and sunny smile,
And harmony, and song !
All dull and sad would be our earth,
Were your bright beauties not ;
And thus, without Life's Flowers of Love,
Oh, what would be our lot !

THE THREE LITTLE ROSES.

I WENT to the forest-well :
—Drank not a drop there ;
I went to meet my heart's dearest love,
And saw her nowhere.

So I looked all around me
On every hand,
And I saw my heart's dearest love
With another man stand !

She standing with another man
Was sorry to see !
Now, Heav'n keep thee, heart's dearest love,
'Thou'lt ne'er belong to me.

I went and bought paper,
Ink bought I and pen,
And wrote to my heart's dearest love
That I'd ne'er see her again.

Then heart-sick I lay down
On the green moss and hay,
And three little roses
Fell just where I lay ;

And these three little roses
Were all bright and red,
—Thus know I not if my love
Be living or be dead!

LOOK FOR THE FLOWERS.

HERE, we earth wanderers
Timid and brave,
Hasten with onward step
Nearer the grave!
And in our pilgrimage
Should we not see,
All that is beautiful,
Lovesome and free?
Should we with mourning heart
Sit all forlorn?
Should we with sullen hand
Gather the thorn!
Should we in rambling
Over the meads,
Look but for pestilent,
Poisonous weeds?
Should we not, joyously,
Hand lock'd in hand,
A hopeful—a jubilant,
Brotherly band,
Look for the Flowers?

In the far nooks of life—
 In the deep shade—
 Where amidst evil things
 Good well might fade ;
 God sends the sunny beam,
 God sends the shower,
 Nursing humanity's
 Ever-bright Flower !
 Sin may be rife enough,
 But "the good part,"
 Lieth low hidden, in
 Every heart.
 God sent the stream at first,
 From his own fount—
 Christ, in diffusing it
 Died on the Mount ;
 And amongst stony ways
 Ripples are heard,
 Like the half-utter'd notes
 Of a lone bird !
 Dark tho' the fate of us,
 That matters not—
 In the glad soul of us
 Lies the bright spot—
 Look for the Flowers !

And there not sainted ones,
 Graciously given,
 Who in their gentle hands,
 Lead us to heaven ?

When they return to us
 In the dim night,
 Are they not angel-like,
 Holy and bright—
 Sanctified—purified
 Unto us now,
 With a heaven-garland,
 Encircling each brow ?
 Turn to the living ones
 There as they stand,
Touch the live hearts of them
 With thy love-wand—
 Seek not the weeds in them.
 And to thy sight
They will be angel-like,
 Holy, and bright,
 Look for the Flowers !

Look for the flowery way,
 Life has its clouds ;
 Treasured ones, suddenly
 Wrapp'd in their shrouds,—
 Hopes often dash'd aside—
 Hearts rudely torn,
 And o'er wreck'd promises
 Oft do we mourn ;—
 Hints, too, are given us,
 That our swift day,
 Rapidly—rapidly,
 Fleeteth away.

Up, then ! and cheerfully,
 Trust me, there lies,
 Much that is beautiful—
 'Neath the broad skies !
 Go on life's pilgrimage,
 Hand lock'd in hand,
 A hopeful—a jubilant,
 Brotherly band,
 Looking for flowers !

CRY OF THE SPRING FLOWER SELLER.

VIOLETS, violets—here, see, I bring ;
 Primroses, wet from the woods of the spring ;
 Lilies, the whitest that silver our vallies ;
 Come out from your courts, from the gloom of
 your alleys—
 Buy my flowers !

Here's pleasures a selling ! my blossoms come
 buy—
 Cheap enough for the low, choice enough for the
 high—
 Buy my flowers !

Come, make your eloso rooms and your dark win-
dows gay,
With thoughts of their dwellings on banks far
away ;
And the hours of work, long so sluggish for many
a day,
Through the thoughts that they bring, shall trip
lightly away—
Buy my flowers !

And into the heart of the eity they'll bring
The country, the meadows, the woodlands, and
Spring ;
Pleasant hours you spent in the green fields long
ago,
On stiles that you loved, and in lanes well you
know—
Come and buy !

The poorest may buy them, tho richest they'll
please—
There's ne'er a ono sells brighter blossoms than
these—
There's ne'er a one sells such sweet flowers as I—
Buy my flowers ?

PRIMROSE TIME.

BIRDS begin their sweet spring lays,
 Hedges grow in young bright green,
 Suns light showers up with their rays,
 Rainbows span the heavenly scene ;
 Every thing is sweet and young,
 Every thing is in its prime,
 Music voices every tongue
 In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time !

Gauzy wings flit in the beam,
 Daisies bud amid the grass,
 Butterflies of summer dream,
 And of May-day dreams the lass :
 Every thing is sweet and young,
 Every thing is in its prime,
 Music voices every tongue
 In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time ?

..
 Redder lips ! eyes, brighter far !
 Pulses warmer, fonder beat,
 Fairer shines the evening star,
 Lighter trip tho maiden's feet ;
 Every thing is sweet and young,
 Every thing is in its prime,
 Music voices every tongue
 In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time !

Patriots with the sunbeams shine ;
 Poets bud verse with the flowers !
 Love of country grows divine ;
 Poems chime in with the hours ;
 Every thing is sweet and young,
 Every thing is in its prime,
 Music voices every tongue
 In Primrose Time, in Primrose Time !

THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

WHEN earth was in its golden prime,
 Ere grief or gloom had marred its hue,
 And Paradise, unknown to crime,
 Beneath the love of angels grew,
 Each flower was then a spirit's home,
 Each tree a living shrine of song ;
 And oh ! that ever hearts could roam,—
 Could quit for sin that seraph throng !

But there the spirit lingers yet,
 Though dimness o'er our visions fall !
 And flowers that seem with dew-drops wet,
 Weep angel's tears for human thrall ;
 And sentiments and feelings move
 The soul, like oracles divine ;
 And hearts that ever bow'd to love,
 First found it by the flowers' sweet shrine.

A voiceless eloquence and power,
Language that hath in life no sound,
Still haunts, like Truth, the Spirit-flower,
And hallows even Sorrow's ground.
The wanderer gives it Memory's tear,
Whilst home seems pictured on its leaf ;
And hopes, and hearts, and voices dear,
Come o'er him—beautiful as brief.

'Tis not the bloom, though wild or rare,
It is the Spirit power within,
Which melts and moves our souls, to share
The Paradise we here might win.
For heaven itself around us lies,
Not far, not yet our reach beyond,
And we are watched by angel's eyes
With hope and faith still fond !

I well believe a spirit dwells,
Within the flower ! least changed of all
That of the passed Immortal tells—
The glorious meeds before man's fall ;
Yet, still, though I should never see
The mystic grace within it shine—
Its essence is sublimity,
Its feelings all divine.

THE MOSS ROSE.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That spirit to whom charge is given
To bathe young buds in dews of Heaven ;
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose ;—
“ Oh, fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found where all is fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv’st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, ’tis granted thee !”
“ Then,” said the rose, with deepen’d glow,
“ On me another grace bestow.”
The spirit paused in silent thought :—
What grace was there the flower had not?—
’Twas but a moment—o’er the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws ;
And robed in Nature’s simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed ?

TO THE DAISY.

SWEET simple flower, though lost to fame,
And scorn’d by every thoughtless wight ;
How proud the orb which gave thy name—
That splendid orb which yields us light !

Surely thou'rt nature's favoured flower !
 She form'd thy peerless virgin ray,
 Then bade thee grace young spring's new power,
 And, with him, hail the God of day.

The glowing god beheld thee fair
 As brightly glancing from the sky,
 And pleased at Nature's friendly care,
 He said, " Heneeforth be call'd mine eye."

Now each returning season brings
 Thy little silvery form to light,
 When Nature's fairy finger flings
 Her gifts, all teeming with delight !

Why valued less, because not rare
 Thy beauty meets the common eye ?
 The day's blest orb on each his share
 Of warmth bestows, on low or high !

Thy modest mien, thy lowly sphere,
 Shall to my footsteps sacred be :
 And as I view that orb so dear,
 Sweet flower ! I'll still remember thee.

TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.*

SWEET scented flower ! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume !
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow ;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song ;
And sweet the strain shall be and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower ! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom,
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder tree,
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude
So peaceful and so deep.

* The Rosemary buds in January. It is the flower commonly put into the coffins of the dead.

And hark ! the wind-god, as he flies,
 Moans hollow in the forest trees,
 And sailing on the gusty breeze,
 Mysterious music dies.
 Sweet flower ! that requiem wild is mine,
 It warns me to the lonely shrine,
 The cold turf altar of the dead ;
 My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
 Where as I lie, by all forgot,
 A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

THE ROSE.

IN his tower sat the poet
 Gazing on the roaring sea,
 "Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
 Where there's none that loveth me.
 On the rock the billow bursteth
 And sinks back into the seas,
 But in vain my spirit thirsteth
 So to burst and be at ease.
 Take, O, sea ! the tender blossom
 That hath lain against my breast ;
 On thy black and angry bosom
 It will find a surer rest.
 Life is vain, and love is hollow,
 Ugly death stands there behind,
 Hate and scorn and hunger follow
 Him that toilth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale with dreary moan,
Drifts the helploss blossom seaward,
Through the breakers all alone.
Stands a maiden on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand ;
" Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song ?
Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love for evermore !"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose, and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.
Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals, broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
" Love is thine, O heart ! and surely
Peace shall always be thine own.

For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim,
Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.
Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth,—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul for ever liveth
Near God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden uttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and
vale,
Their breath floats out in a sudden gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the
rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers, to strew in the conqueror's path—
He that hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoil of nations back,
The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track.
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers, to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers, to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;
Of the free blue streams and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth,—bring him flowers,
wild flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
They were born to blush in her shining hair,

She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, on the bier to she-l,
A crown for the brow of the early dead ;
For this, through its leaves, hath the white rose
burst ;
For this, in the woods, was the violet nursed ;
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale
flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in
prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is *there* !
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the winter hours,
The break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright
flowers !

TO A MOSS ROSE.

WHILST across the dewy bed
The playful graces lightly tread :

Whilst within thy mossy cell
 The sylph or fairy loves to dwell ;
 Whilst young zephyr sweetly sings
 And in thy odours dips his wings ;
 Remember, beauty quickly dies,
 And with it adulation flies.

Emblem of Mary's lovely face !
 Of Mary's beauty, Mary's grace !
 Go, teach her now this serious truth—
 That beauty fades, as fades our youth ;
 Howe'er her lovely features bloom,
 They only blossom o'er her tomb ;
 Bid her remember flattery dies—
 Bid her, whilst young, be good and wise.

FOLLY'S FLOWER,

THE COLUMBINE.

BRING lilies for a maiden's grave,
 Roses to deck the bride,
 Tulips for all who love through life
 In brave attire to ride :
 Bring each for each, in bower and hall,
 But cull the columbine for all.

“The Columbine? full many a flower
 Hath hues more clear and bright,
 Although she doth in purple go,
 In crimson, pink, and white.
 Why, when so many fairer shine,
 Why choose the homely columbine?”

Examine well each flowret's form,—
 Road ye not something more
 Than curl of petal—depth of tint?
 Saw ye ne'er aught before
 That claims a fancied semblance there,
 Amid those modelled leaves so fair?

Know ye the cap which Folly wears
 In ancient masques and plays?
 Does not the columbine recall
 That toy of olden days?
 And is not Folly reigning now
 O'er many a wisdom-written brow?

'Tis Folly's flower, that lonely one;
 That universal guest
 Makes every garden but a type
 Of every human breast;
 For, though ye tend both mind and bower,
 There's still a nook for Folly's flower.

Then gather roses for the bride,
 ' Twine them in her bright hair,

But, ere the wreath be done—oh ! let
The columbine be there,
For rest ye sure that follies dwell
In many a heart that loveth well.

Gather ye laurels for the brow
Of every prince of song !
For all to whom philosophy
And wisdom do belong ;
But ne'er forget to intertwine
A flower or two of columbine.

Forget it not ; for even they,
The oracles of earth,
'Mid all their wealth of golden thoughts,
Their wisdom and their worth,
Sometimes play pranks beneath the sky,
Would scarce become e'en such as I !

Weave ye an armful of that plant,
Choosing the darkest flowers,
With that red, blood-dipped wreath ye bring
The devastating powers
Of warrior, conqueror, or chief ;
Oh twine that full of Folly's leaf !

And do ye ask me why this flower
Is fit for every brow ?
Tell me but one where Folly ne'er
Hath dwelt, nor dwelleth now.

And I will then the laurel twine,
 Unmingled with the columbine.

THE EARLY SNOWDROP.

EMERGING from its wintry tomb,
 See the spotless snowdrop peep,—
 Burst the ice-bound earth and bloom,
 While more tender flowrets sleep.

Pledge of the genial coming year,
 Amid the gloom of winter gay,
 Smiling through the morning tear.—
 The tribute tear of early day.

Death awaits thy faultless form,—
 Less beauteous flowers safe may blossom ;
 Thus I snatch thee from the storm,
 To grace my lovely Anna's bosom.

THE NIGHT-BLOWING CEREUS.

FAIR flower, whose coy and diffident revealings
 Bloom to the gaze of pensive night alone ;
 Thou seem'st a record of my wayward feelings,—
 For when life's glittering sunbeams round me
 shone,

Closed was my heart, nor gave one bud of love
To glorify its bounteous Lord above.

But sorrow came, and summer friends departed,
Then at the throne of grace I learned to kneel,
And now, aroused from sloth, and fervent-hearted
The holy glow of gratitude I feel,
And those sweet leaves in darkness have unfurl'd
That shunned the gaudy splendour of the world.

A NOSEGAIE ALWAIES SWEET,

FOR LOVERS TO SEND FOR TOKENS OF LOVE, AT
NEW YERES TIDE, OR FOR FAIRINGS AS THEY
IN THEIR MINDS SHALL BE DISPOSED TO WRITE.
—1584.

A NOSEGAIE lacking flowers fresh,
To you now I do send,
Desiring you to look thereon,
When that you may intend :
For flowers fresh begin to fade,
And Boreas in the field,
Even with his hard congealed frost,
No better flowers doth yield.

But if that winter could have sprung
A sweeter flower than this,
I would have sent it presently
To you withouten misse.

Accept this, then, as time doth serve ;
Be thankful for the same ;
Despise it not, but keep it well,
And marke with flowers his name.

Lavander is for lovers true,
Which evermore be faine ;
Desiring always for to have
Some pleasure for their paine :
And when that they obtained have
The love that they require,
Then have they all their perfect joye,
And quenched is the fire.

Rosemarie is for remembrance
Between us day and night,
Wishing that I might always have
You present in my sight ;
And when I cannot have,
(As I have said before,)
Then Cupid, with his deadly dart,
Doth wound my heart full sore.

Sage is for sustenance,
That should man's life sustaino ;
For I do still lie languishing
Continually in paine ;
And shall do still, until I die,
Except thou favour show ;
My paine, and all my grievous smart,
Full well you do it know.

Fennel is for flatterers,
An evil thing 'tis sure :
But I have alwaies meant truly,
With constant heart most pure ;
And will continue in the same,
As long as life doth last ;
Still hoping for a joyful day
When all our paines be past.

Violet is for faithfulnessse,
Which in me shall abide ;
Hoping, likewise, that from your heart
You will not let it slide :
And will continue in the same,
As you have now begunne ;
And there for ever to abide,
When you my heart have wonne.

Time is to try me,
As each be tried must ;
Trusting, you know, while life doth last,
I will not be unjust ;
And if I should, I would to God
To hell my soule should beare,
And eke, also, that Belzebub
With teeth he should mo toaro.

Roses is to rule me,
With reason, as you will,
For to be still obedient
Your mind for to fulfil ;

And thereto will not disagree
In nothing that you say ;
But will content your mind truly
In all things that I may.

Jeliflowers is for gentleness,
Which in me shall remaine,
Hoping that no sedition shall
Depart our hearts in twaine.
As soone the sunne shall lose his course,
The moone, against her kinde,
Shall have no light, if that I do
Once put you from my minde.

Carnations is for graciousnesse ;
(Mark that, now, by the way ;)
Have no regard to flatterers,
Nor passe not what they say :
For they will come with lying tales,
Your eares for to fulfill ;
In any case, do you consent
Nothing unto their will.

Marigolds is for marriage,
That would our minds suffise,
Least that suspicion of us twaine
By any means should rise :
As for my part, I do not care ;
Myself I will still use,
That all the women in the world
For you I will refuse.

Pennyroyal is to print your love
So deep within my heart,
That when you look this nosegay on,
My pain you may impart :
And when that you have read the same,
Consider well my wo ;
Think ye, then, how to recompence
Even him that loves you so.

Cowslips is for counsell,
For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone,
Should know the thing we meane ;
And if you will thus wisely do,
As I think to be the best,
Then have you surely wonne the field,
And set my heart at rest.

I pray you, keep this nosegay well,
And set by it some store ;
(And thus, farewell ! the gods theo guide
Both now and evermore !)
Not as the common sort do use,
To set it in your breast ;
That, when the smell is gone away,
On the ground he takes his rest.

THE WITHERED FLOWER.

THE flowers o' the simmer-time,
 A' in brown-leaf shrouds are lying ;
 The nor' wind is swirling the driven snaw,
 An' tossing the white flakes or c'er they fa',
 To hide where a' lay a dying :—
 But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom !

The birks in the erie glen
 Their leafless bows a' wide are tossing ;
 The sough frae the upland forest seems
 As in wild faem a thousand mountain streams
 Frae rock to den were crossing ;—
 An' my flower is withered and winna re-bloom.

The spring maun return again,
 Opening the fresh buds o' ilka flower,
 Drappin' the gowans o'er strath an' lea ;
 Buskin' wi' blossom ilk buss an' tree,
 Blessing a' nature wi' walth o' dower ;—
 But my flower is withered an' winna re-bloom.

Till anee this waefu' world
 Its last flowers a' withered, its wny a toom ;
 An nought for a lap to the lanesome dying,
 But the graves whar death's latest plenish is lying,

Steerin' to wake at the trump o' doom :—
 Then my flower though withered shall again re-
 bloom !

FLOWERS.

OH ! they look upward in every place,
 Through this beautiful world of ours,
 And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
 Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers !
 They tell us of wand'rings by woods and by
 streams :
 They tell us of lanes and trees ;
 But the children of showers and sunny beams
 Have lovelier tales than these—
 The bright, bright flowers !

They tell of a season when men were not ;
 When earth was by angels trod,
 And leaves and flowers in every spot
 Burst forth at the call of God.
 When spirits singing their hymns at even',
 Wandered by wood and glade,
 And the Lord looked down from the highest hea-
 ven,
 And bless'd what he had made—
 The bright, bright flower !

That blessing remaineth upon them still,
 Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
 And frequent tempests may soil and chill
 The gayest of earth's flowers.

When sin and Death, with their sister Grief,
 Made a home of the hearts of men,
 The blessing of God on each tender leaf
 Preserved in their beauty then
 The bright, bright flowers !

The Lily is lovely as when it slept
 On the waters of Eden's lake,
 The Woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
 In Eden from brake to brake.
 They were left as proof of the loveliness
 Of Adam and Eve's first home :
 They are here as a type of the joys that bless
 The first in the world to come—
 The bright, bright flowers !

THE IVY.

DOST thou not love, in the season of spring,
 To twine thee a flowery wreath,
 And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
 Its shade on the grass beneath ?
 Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem ;
 Oh ! dost thou not love to look on them ?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glistening waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream ?

And, oh ! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not Nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays ?

It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
And it has been thus with me ;
When the freshness of feeling and heart weremine,
As they never more can be ;
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead but sinking in slow decay
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own ?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I at thy years might do.

Passed carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught ;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought !
Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead ?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, and upbraideth not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot ;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee !

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

THY fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake !
Go put thou forth thy small white rose :
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,

Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are !
How delicate thy gaudy frill !
How rich thy branchy stem !
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them !
While silent flowers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush !
The primrose to the grave is gone ;
The hawthorn flower is dead ;
The violet by the mossed grey stone
Hath laid her weary head !
But thou, wild bramble ! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossoming hour,
Scorned bramble of the brake ! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

ROUSSEAU AND THE WILD FLOWER.

WHEN known to fame, but not to peace,
Alone, unfriended, worn with care,
Th' enthusiast bade his wanderings cease,
And breath'd once more his native air,
And hail'd again the tranquil scene
Where once he roved with heart serene.

The plant that bloom'd along the shore,
Where there in happier hours he stray'd,
Still flourished gaily as before,
In all its azure charms array'd ;
There still it shone in modest pride,
While all his flowers of joy had died.

It seem'd to say, "Hadst thou, like me,
Contented bloom'd within the bed
That's Nature's hand had form'd for thee,
When first her dews were on thee shed,
Then had thy blossoms never known
The blast that o'er their buds have blown."

It seem'd to say, "The loveliest flower,
That keeps unmoved its native sphere,
May brave the season's changeful power,
And live through many a stormy year ;

For mercy guides the fiercest gale,
And halcyon skies again prevail."

Happy are those alone who aim
In duty's quiet path to shine,
And, careless of the meed of fame,
Unseen their fairest garlands twine;
Whilst He, whose eye in secret sees,
To them the Amaranth crown decrees.

SONNET.

FROM "THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS."

WELCOME, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of Summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that looked down on your folded bells;
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume
Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
Far more; ye whisper of all-fostering love,
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-
like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fevered breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.

COWSLIPS.

OH ! fragrant dwellers of the lea,
When first the wild woods rings
With each sound of vernal minstrelsy,
When fresh and green grass springs !

What can the blessed spring restore
More gladdening than your charms ?
Bringing the memory once more
Of lovely fields and farms !

Of thickets, breezes, birds, and flowers ;
Of life's unfolding prime ;
Of thoughts as cloudless as the hours ;
Of souls without a crime.

Oh ! blessed, blessed do ye seem,
For, even now, I turned,
With soul athirst for wood and stream,
From streets that glared and burned.

From the hot town, where mortal care
His crowded fold doth pen ;
Where stagnates the polluted air
In many a sultry den.

And are ye here? and are ye here?
Drinking the dew-like wine,
Midst living gales and waters clear,
And heaven's unstinted shine?

I care not that your little life
Will quickly have run through,
And the sward, with summer children rife,
Keep not a trace of you.

For again, again, on dewy plain,
I trust to see you rise,
When spring renews the wild wood strain,
And bluer gleam the skies.

Again, again, when many springs
Upon my grave shall shine,
Here shall you speak of vanished things,
To living hearts of mine.



