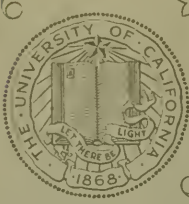


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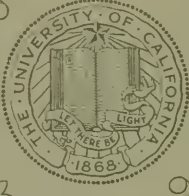


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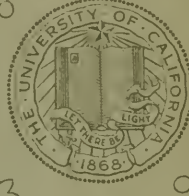
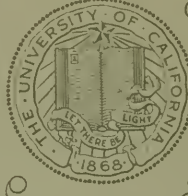
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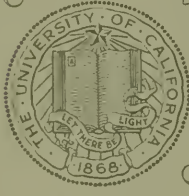
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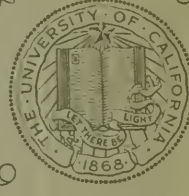
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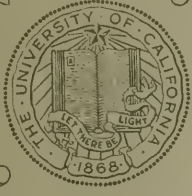
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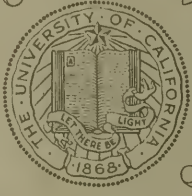
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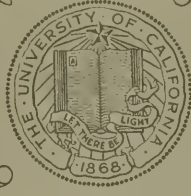
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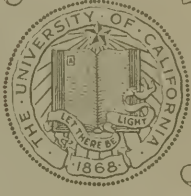
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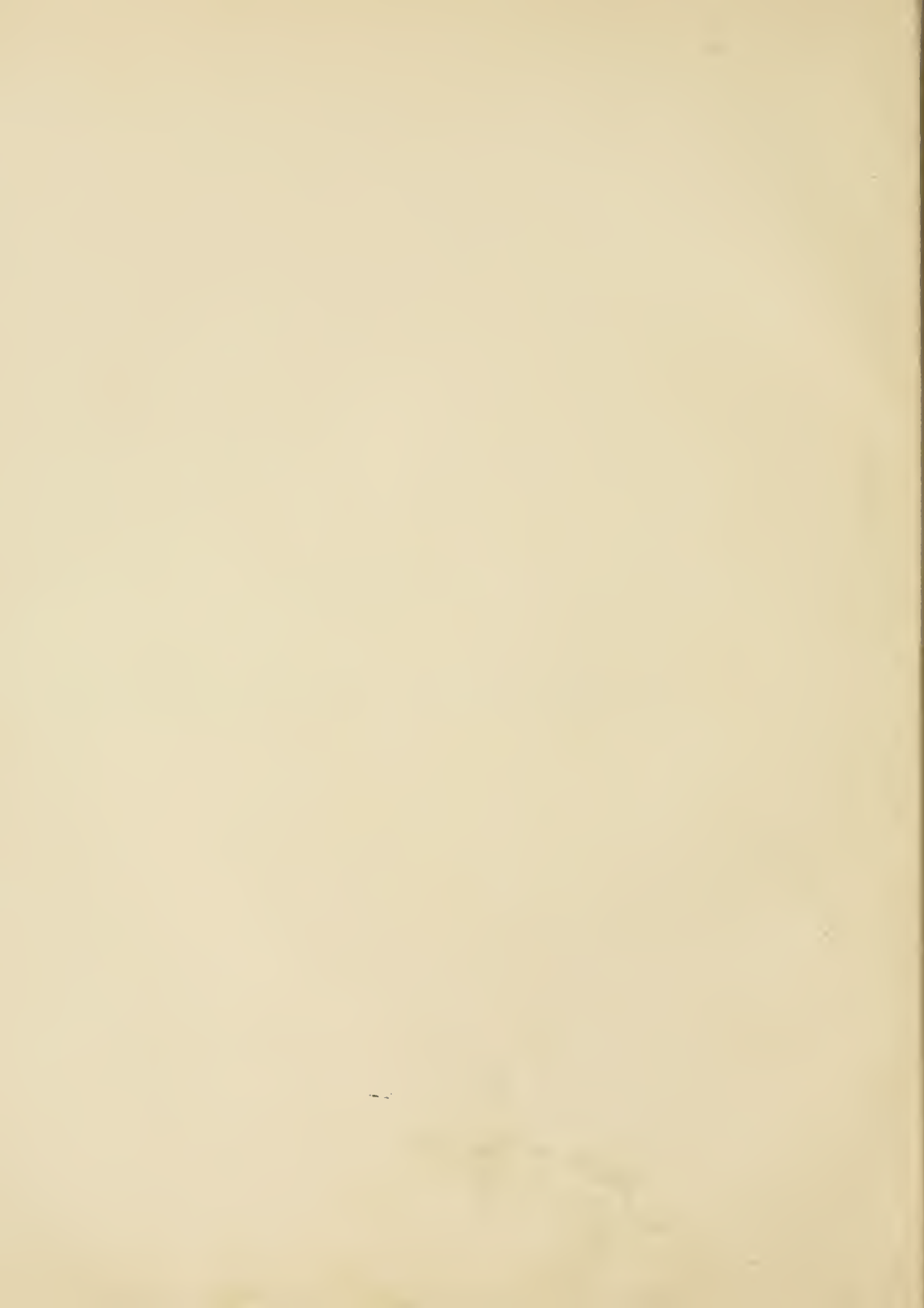
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FLOWERS
FROM
SUNLIGHT AND SHADE





FLOWERS
FROM
SUNLIGHT AND SHADE

POEMS ARRANGED AND ILLUSTRATED

BY

SUSIE BARSTOW SKELDING

AUTHOR OF

*"The Flower-Songs Series," "Flowers from Hill and Dale," "Flowers from
Glade and Garden," etc., etc.*



NEW YORK
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The editor acknowledges the courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., D. Appleton & Co., J. R. Osgood & Co., Roberts Brothers and Henry Holt & Co., in granting the use of their publications, for poems by prominent poetical writers.

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EGLANTINE.

SONG.

I PLUCKED for thee the wildling rose
And wore it on my breast,
And there, till daylight's dusky close,
Its silken cheek was pressed ;
Its desert breath was sweeter far
Than palace-rose could be,
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are,
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite
Of lips that failed my own,
And Love recalled that sacred night
His blushing flower was blown.
I vowed no rose should rival mine,
Though withered now, and pale,
Till those are plucked, whose white buds twine
Above thy bridal veil.

—*Bayard Taylor.*

SONG.

WE love in youth, and plight our vows
To love till life departs ;
Forgetful of the flight of time,
The change of loving hearts.

To-day departs, to-morrow comes,
Nor finds a need away ;
But no to-morrow finds a man
The man he was to-day.

Then weep no more when love decays,
For even hate is vain ;
Since every heart that hates to-day,
To-morrow loves again.

—*R. H. Stoddard.*

THE TOKEN.

It is a mere wild rosebud,
Quite sallow now, and dry,
Yet there's something wondrous in it,
Some gleams of days gone by,
Dear sights and sounds that are to me
The very moons of memory,
And stir my heart's blood far below
Its short-lived waves of joy and woe.

Lips must fade and roses wither,
All sweet times be o'er ;
They only smile, and, murmuring " Thither ! "
Stay with us no more :
And yet ofttimes a look or smile,
Forgotten in a kiss's while,
Years after from the dark will start,
And flash across the trembling heart.

THE TOKEN.

Thou hast given me many roses,
But never one, like this,
O'erfloods both sense and spirit
With such a deep, wild bliss ;
We must have instincts that glean up
Sparse drops of this life in the cup,
Whose taste shall give us all that we
Can prove of immortality.

Earth's stablest things are shadows,
And, in the life to come,
Haply some chance-saved trifle
May tell of this old home :
As now sometimes we seem to find,
In a dark crevice of the mind,
Some relic, which, long pondered o'er,
Hints faintly at a life before.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

A WILD ROSE IN SEPTEMBER.

O WILD red rose, what spell has stayed
Till now thy summer of delights?
Where hid the south wind when he laid
His heart on thine, these autumn nights?

O wild red rose! Two faces glow
At sight of thee, and two hearts share
All thou and thy south wind can know
Of sunshine in this autumn air.

O sweet wild rose! O strong south wind!
The sunny roadside asks no reasons
Why we such secret summer find,
Forgetting calendars and seasons!

Alas! red rose, thy petals wilt;
Our loving hands tend thee in vain:
Our thoughtless touch seems like a guilt;
Ah, could we make thee live again!

Yet joy, wild rose! Be glad, south wind!
Immortal wind! immortal rose!
Ye shall live on, in two hearts shrined,
With secrets which no words disclose.

—H. H.

ANEMONE.



THE SPRING IS LATE.

SHE stood alone amidst the April fields,—
Brown, sodden fields, all desolate and bare,—
“The Spring is late,” she said, “the faithless spring
That should have come to make the meadows fair.

“Their sweet south left too soon, among the trees
The birds, bewildered, flutter to and fro ;
For them no green boughs wait, their memories
Of last year’s April had deceived them so.

“From ’neath a sheltering pine some tender buds
Looked out and saw the hollows filled with snow ;
On such a frozen world they closed their eyes ;
When spring is cold, how can the blossoms blow ?”

She watched the homeless birds, the slow sad spring,
The barren fields, and shivering naked trees ;
“Thus God hath dealt with me, his child,” she said ;
“I wait my spring time, and am cold like these.

THE SPRING IS LATE.

“To them will come the fulness of their time ;
Their spring, though late, will make the meadows fair,
Shall I, who wait like them be blessed ?
I am his own,—doth not my Father care?”

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

FROM A FOREST HYMN.

That delicate forest flower,
WITH scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they feel the sun ; so violets blue,
So the soft star-like primrose drench'd in dew ;
The happiest of Spring's happy, fragrant birth.
To gentlest touches sweetest tones reply.
Still humbleness with her low-breathed voice
Can steal o'er man's proud heart, and win his choice
From earth to heaven, with mightier witchery
Than eloquence or wisdom e'er could own.
Bloom on then in your shade, contented bloom,
Sweet flowers, nor deem yourselves to all unknown.
Heaven knows you, by whose gales and dews ye thrive.
They know, who one day for their alter'd doom
Shall thank you, taught by you to abase themselves and
live.

—*The Rev. J. Keble.*

HYMN FOR EASTER.

LIFT your loud voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
 And short the dominion of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
 Resplendent in glory to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die!"

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!
The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

—*The Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.*

XLIII.

UPON thy cheeks doth summer
Its rosy flush impart,
While icy winter lieth
Within thy little heart.

But soon a change shall follow,
Thou own sweet love of mine !
Thy cheeks shall harbour winter,
In thy heart the summer shine.

--H. Heine.

XXVII.

THE purple violets of her eyes,
Her cheeks where roses strew their dyes,
Her hand that with the lily vies,
These ever bloom, and 'tis alone
The little heart that cold hath grown.

—H. Heine.

The Rose.

Fixes to her necklace, like another gem,

A rose she wore — the flower June made for her,
Fairer it seems than when upon the stem,

And must, indeed, have been much happier.

S. B. Alrich.

WHITE ROSES AND PANSIES.



CAPRICE.

I.

She hung the cage at the window ;
 “ If he goes by,” she said,
“ He will hear my robin singing,
 And when he lifts his head,
I shall be sitting here to sew,
And he will bow to me, I know.”

The robin sang a love-sweet song,
 The young man raised his head ;
The maiden turned away and blushed :
 “ I am a fool ! ” she said,
And went on broidering in silk
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

CAPRICE.

II.

The young man loitered slowly
By the house three times that day ;
She took her bird from the window :
“ He need not look this way.”
She sat at her piano long,
And sighed, and played a death-sad song.

But when the day was done, she said,
“ I wish that he would come !
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To-night—I'm not at home.”
So when he rang, she went—the elf!—
She went and let him in herself.

CAPRICE.

III.

They sang full long together
Their songs love-sweet, death-sad ;
The robin woke from his slumber,
And rang out, clear and glad.
“ Now go ! ” she coldly said ; “ ’t is late ; ”
And followed him—to latch the gate.

He took the rosebud from her hair,
While, “ You shall not ! ” she said ;
He closed her hand within his own,
And while her tongue forbade,
Her will was darkened in the eclipse
Of blinding love upon his lips.

—*W. D. Howells.*

UNDER THE ROSES.

OVER our doorway roses twine ;
'Tis a humble home, but half divine—
In a tangle of roses and eglantine !

Wee little windows cannily look,
From under the old roof, into a brook
Frolicking down from a rocky nook !

“ Welcome, darling ! ” they seem to say
To the musical streamlet tripping away
Gleefully down thro' the meadow hay !

Or, wistfully, sometimes—“ prithee stay ! ”
But never the laughing waves delay—
Tho' ever so softly echoing—“ ay ” !

To the lean-to roof gray lichens cling ;
Over it great elm branches fling
Drowsy shadows, and lazily swing !

Singing and swinging, to and fro,
In the odorous air their tassels flow,
Tenderly over the cot below !

And the sills are velveteed o'er with moss—
Soft as a lady's silken floss—
Thresholds a fairy queen might cross !

Hither and thither the robins flit,
Or saucily under the roses sit—
Asking liberty—never a bit !

Happy as ever the birds are we !
Happy as never the birds can be—
For the birds can't love as I love thee !

Under the roses we sit and dream,
Till sorrows only like rose-leaves seem—
Floating away on the rippling stream !

Grace Appleton.

GO, LOVELY 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
 That 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 !

—*E. Waller.*

FORGET-ME-NOTS AND FOUR-LEAVED
CLOVER.



A Four-Leafed Clover.

If it be true or no
That luck's in a four-leaved clover,
As the old stories go -
Now I mean to discover!

Ankle-deep in the dew,
With hopes too dear to be spoken,
I searched the grass-plot through
Till I found the fairy token.

Shyly hiding from sight
The nodding grasses under,
I drew it forth to the light, -
Here is my four-leaved wonder!

A small affair if you scan
Its outward presence merely,
To wake in the heart of a man
The hope that he holds most dearly.

But Love has its mystic lore -
You may call it superstition -
And Hope is the open door
Sometimes, to a sweet position.

Whatever this hour may show,
I'll prove before it is over,
Whether it's true or no
That luck is in a four-leaved clover!

Mary Bradley.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

IN vain I search'd the garden through,
In vain the meadow gay,
For some sweet flower which might to you
A kindly thought convey.
One spoke too much of hope and bloom,
For those who know of man the doom ;
Another, queen of the parterre,
Thorns on her graceful stem did bear ;
A third, alas ! seem'd all too frail
For ruder breath than Summer gale.

I turn'd me thence to where, beneath
The hedgerow's verdant shade,
The lowliest gems of Flora's wreath,
Their modest charms display'd ;
Lured by its name, one simple flower
From its meek sisterhood I bore,
And bade it hasten to impart
The breathings of a faithful heart,
And plead—"Whate'er your future lot,
In weal or woe—Forget-me-not."

—*Anonymous.*

MORNING GLORY.

EARTH'S awake, 'neath the laughing skies,
After the dewy and dreamy night,—
Riot of roses and babel of birds,
All the world in a whirl of delight.

Roses smile in their white content,
Roses blush in their crimson bliss,
As the vagrant breezes wooing them
Ruffle their petals with careless kiss.

Yellow butterflies flutter and float,
Jewelled humming-birds glitter and glow,
And, scorning the ways of such idle things,
Bees flit busily to and fro.

The mocking-bird swells his anxious throat,
Trying to be ten birds in one,
And the swallow twitters, and dives, and darts—
Into the azure to find the sun.

MORNING GLORY.

But robin red-breast builds his house
Singing a song of the joy to come,
And the oriole trims his golden vest,
Glad to be back in his last year's home.

Lilies that sway on their slender stalks,
Morning-glories that nod to the breeze,
Bloom of blossoms, and joy of birds,—
What in the world is better than these?

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

DAISIES, BUTTERCUPS, AND BACH-
ELOR'S BUTTONS.



THE SIGN OF THE DAISY.

ALL summer she scattered the daisy leaves ;
They only mocked her as they fell.
She said : " The daisy but deceives ;
There is no virtue in its spell.
' He loves me not,' ' he loves me well,'
One story no two daisies tell."
Ah, foolish heart, which waits and grieves
Under the daisy's mocking spell !

But summer departed, and came again.
The daisies whitened every hill ;
Her heart had lost its last year's pain,
Her heart of love had had its fill,
And held love's secrets at its will.
The daisies stood untouched and still,
No message in that snowy rain
To one whose heart had had its fill !

THE SIGN OF THE DAISY.

So never the daisy's sweet sign deceives,
 Though no two will one story tell ;
The glad heart sees the daisy leaves,
 But thinks not of their hidden spell,
 Heeds not which lingered and which fell.
 " He loves me ; yes, he loves me well."
Ah, happy heart which sees, believes !
 This is the daisy's secret spell !

—*H. H.*

LOVE'S RÉSUMÉ.

THE Sun, the Rose, the Lily, the Dove,—
I loved them all, in my early love.
I love them no longer, but her alone,
The Pure, the Tender, the Only, the One.
For she herself, my Queen of Love,
Is Rose, and Lily, and Sun, and Dove !

—*Heine.*

Translated by James Freeman Clarke.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I NEVER see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh,
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way ;
For soul and brain will travel back
 Through memory's chequered mazes
To days when I but trod life's track
 For buttercups and daisies

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,

Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age ;
Oh ! say, do ye not ye to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing those precious flowers about
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
 Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorusing the magic sound
 Of buttercups and daisies ?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love ? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these ?
No, no ! there's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.

Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies ?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell ;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simplest things ;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past.
And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

Eliza Cook.

WHITE PANSIES.



“FOR THOUGHTS.”

A PANSY on his breast she laid,
Splendid, and dark with Tyrian dyes ;
“ Take it, 'tis like your tender eyes,
Deep as the midnight heaven,” she said.

The rich rose mantling in her cheek,
Before him like the dawn she stood,
Pausing upon Life's height, subdued,
Yet triumphing, both proud and meek.

And white as winter stars, intense
With steadfast fire, his brilliant face
Bent toward her with an eager grace,
Pale with a rapture half suspense.

“ You give me then a thought, O Sweet ! ”
He cried, and kissed the purple flower,
And bowed by Love's resistless power,
Trembling he sank before her feet.

She crowned his beautiful bowed head
With one caress of her white hand ;
“ Rise up, my flower of all the land,
For all my thoughts are yours,” she said.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THE Summer comes and the Summer goes ;
Wild-flowers are fringing the dusty lanes,
The swallows go darting through fragrant rains,
Then, all of a sudden—it snows.

Dear Heart, our lives so happily flow,
So lightly we heed the flying hours,
We only know Winter is gone—by the flowers,
We only know Winter is come—by the snow.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

'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 colored vase might sleep the dew,
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd
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 gather'd their flocks of old
By the blue Acadian streams.

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

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
Mark'd 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.

Mrs. Hemans.

BRIDGES AND WINGS.

EACH song I send thee is a bridge,
Built by thy happy lover,—
A golden bridge, by which my love
To thee, sweet child, comes over.

And all my dreams have angel-wings,
Made up of smiles and sighing ;
Lighter than air, on which my love
To thee, dear heart, comes flying.

—From "*Exotics.*" Translated by

James Freeman Clarke.

FERNs.

WHAT though no gaudy hue attract the eye,
Endow'd with form of justest symmetry,
The breeze of spring no lov'lier thing hath fann'd,
Than the light foliage of the feathery band
Of ferns ; who crowd the heath, or deep recess
Of many a grove and tangled wilderness,
With their green vases ; form'd to vie with those
Which Grecian art, fond and exulting chose
To crown the graceful pillar ;—and to me,
Far-famed Acanthus, not less fair than thee
(Such as I know thee, sculptured with nice hand),
Rise the slight fern-plants of my native land.

Eleanor Henslow.

MOSS ROSES AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.



Some year ago, a dark-eyed girl
Was sitting in the shade,
There's something brings her to my mind
In that young dreaming maid, -
And in her hand she held a flower,
A flower, whose speaking hue
Said, in the language of the heart,
"Believe the giver true."

Oliver Wendell Holmes
Boston Oct. 24th 1883.

From an early Poem
by the old guest, W.H.



THE MOSS ROSE.

THE Angel of the flowers one day,
Beneath a rose-tree sleeping lay ;
That Spirit to whose charge 'tis given
To bathe young buds in dew's of heaven ;—
Awakening from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the Rose :

“ O fondest object of my care,
Still fairest found, where all are fair ;
For the sweet shade thou giv'st to me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee ! ”
Then said the Rose, with deepened glow,

“ On me another grace bestow.”
The Spirit paused in silent thought,—
What grace was there that 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 ?

—*From the German of Krummacker.*

WHEN I send thee a red, red rose,—
The sweetest flower on earth that grows !
Think, dear heart, how I love thee ;
Listen to what the sweet rose saith,
With her crimson leaf and her fragrant breath,—
Love, I am thine, in life and death !
O my love, dost thou love me ?

—From *Exotics*. Translated by L. C.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

BRING, bring me wild flowers from th' enamell'd fields,
Green woods and shady lanes, those pleasant places ;
Where many a gentle flower its perfume yields,
The sense delighting ;
With smiles like those of dear, familiar faces,
Fond looks requiting.
And oh! be sure, ye bring me this :—
The love-link 'tis of pure and precious thought,
Memento blest of love-engender'd bliss,
Balm of the soul :
Yes, bring the pale, blue-eyed Forget-me-not,
To bind the whole !

—*F. L. Merritt.*

And faith that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

--*Percival.*

SONG.

WHAT good gift can I bring thee, O thou dearest ?
 All joys to thee belong ;
Thy praise from loving lips all day thou hearest,
 Sweeter than any song.
For thee the sun shines and the earth rejoices
 In fragrance, music, light ;
The spring-time woos thee with a thousand voices,
 For thee her flowers are bright ;
Youth crowns thee, and Love waits upon thy splendor,
 Trembling beneath thine eyes ;
The morning sky is yet serene and tender,
 Thy life before thee lies.
What shall I bring thee, O thou dearest, fairest ?
 Thou holdest in thy hand
My heart as lightly as the rose thou wearest ;
 Nor wilt thou understand
Thou art my sun, my rose, my day, my morrow,
 My lady proud and sweet !
I bring the treasure of a priceless sorrow,
 To lay before thy feet.

—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE BLUE COLOR.

I LOVE you Heaven's divinest blue !
The light I cannot reach unto ;
With earthly joys and wishes, I
Remain heart-laden utterly.

I love the shadowy blue of waves,
That whisper in the sweet sea-caves ;
But earth so pleasant is to me,
I would not sail upon the sea.

I love the blue of yonder plots,
Where blow the sweet forget-me-nots ;
But dare not pluck them from their bed,
They would so soon be vanishèd.

The blue for me—and here it lies,
Sweet-shining in my true love's eyes,
Where flower's blue, heaven's blue, sea's blue shine,
Mingled, to make my bliss divine.

Translated by Robert Buchanan.

ROCOCO.

By studying my lady's eyes
I've grown so learned day by day,
So Machiavelian in this wise,
That when I send her flowers, I say

To each small flower (no matter what,
Geranium, pink, or tuberose,
Syringa, or forget-me-not,
Or violet) before it goes :

“ Be not triumphant, little flower,
When on her haughty heart you lie,
But modestly enjoy your hour :
She'll weary of you by and by.”

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

VIOLETS.



VIOLETS.

I KNOW a spot where woods are green,
And all the dim, delicious June
A brook flows fast the boughs between
And trills an eager, joyous tune.
In clear unbroken melody
The brook sings and the birds reply :
“ The violets—the violets ! ”

Upon the water's velvet edge
The purple blossoms breathe delight,
Close nestled to the grassy sedge
As sweet as dawn, as dark as night.
O brook and branches, far away,
My heart keeps time with you to-day !
“ The violets—the violets ! ”

I sometimes dream that when at last
My life is done with fading things,
Again will blossom forth the past
To which my memory fondest clings.
That some fair star has kept for me,
Fresh blooming still by brook and tree,
“ The violets—the violets ! ”

—*Frances L. Mace.*

XXXVII.

THOU seemest like a flower,
Pure, sweet, and fair to be,
And as I gaze a sadness
Steals o'er my heart for thee.

Methinks my hands should linger
Upon thy head in prayer,
That God may ever keep thee
Thus pure, and sweet, and fair.

—*H. Heine.*

XL.

MAIDEN with the mouth of roses,
And that eye so sweet and clear,
Thou, my darling little maiden,
In my thoughts art ever here.

—*Heine.*

READING.

ONE day in the bloom of a violet
I found a simple word ;
And my heart went softly humming it,
Till the violet must have heard.

And deep in the depth of a crimson rose
A writing showed so plain,
I scanned it over in veriest joy
To the patter of summer rain.

And then from the grateful mignonette
I read—ah, such a thing !
That the glad tears fell on it like dew,
And my soul was ready to sing.

A few little words ! Before that day
I never had taken heed ;
But oh, how I blessed the love that came—
The love that taught me to read !

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

UNDER THE LEAVES.

OFT have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

To-day the south-wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,
And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children pure and tender.

O prophet flowers! with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty!

“Walk life's dark ways,” ye seem to say,
“With love's divine foreknowing,
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing.”

—*Albert Leighton.*

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

FLOWERS! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's lush'd hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced!

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

DAFFODILS AND NARCISSUS.



TO DAFFODILS.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And, having pray'd 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 any thing.
 We die,
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away
 Like to the Summer's rain ;
 Or as the pearls of morning's dew
 Ne'er to be found again.

—*R. Herrick.*

THE DAFFODILS.

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. Wordsworth.

EASTER MORNING.

I.

OSTERA ! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep !
Arise ! and with hands that are glowing
Put off the white garments of sleep !
Make thyself fair, O goddess !
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly ;
While He slept, she was still with pain
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

EASTER MORNING.

Oh, hark ! in the budding woodlands
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelusive warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
Oh listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

II.

Radiant goddess Aurora !
Open the chambers of dawn ;
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Encircle the chariot of morn.
Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre ;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.

EASTER MORNING.

Come forth from the cloud-land of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it passed in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes ! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array ;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses
The first golden lilies of day.
On mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till the earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

III.

Open the gates of the Temple ;
Spread branches of palm and of bay ;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates.

EASTER MORNING.

He is here ! the long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away ;
“ We shall sleep ” was the sigh of the midnight ;
“ We shall rise ! ” is the song of to-day.
O Music ! no longer lamenting,
On pinions of tremulous flame,
Go soaring to meet the Belovéd,
And swell the new song of His fame !

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The font is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen ! with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
And crown Him with Lilies of Light !

YELLOW ROSES AND HELIOTROPE.



THE ROSE : A BALLAD.

I.

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 toileth for his kind."
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark

THE ROSE: A BALLAD

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 helpless blossom seaward,
 Through the breakers all alone.

II.

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 forevermore !”
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.

THE ROSE: A BALLAD.

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon the snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III.

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 the moon-lit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,

THE ROSE: A BALLAD.

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 forever liveth

Nearer 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.

—*James Russell Lowell*

UNDER THE ROSE.

SHE wears a rose in her hair,
At the twilight's dreamy close ;
Her face is fair, how fair !
Under the rose.

I steal like a shadow there,
As she sits in rapt repose,
And whisper my loving prayer
Under the rose.

She takes the rose from her hair,
And her color comes and goes,
And I—a lover will dare
Under the rose !

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

ROMANCE.

I have placed a golden
Ring upon the hand
Of the blithest little
Lady in the land!

When the early roses
Scent the sunny air,
She shall gather white ones
To tremble in her hair!

Hasten, happy roses,
Come to me by May—
In your folded petals
Lies my wedding-day.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

HEPATICA.





FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,
 For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
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 birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,
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 wildlings 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.

Even now what affections the violet awakes ;
What loved 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 vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless 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.

Thomas Campbells

THE GARLAND.

No cultivated garden did he own,
But found his bent by wayside and in forest:
He gathered flowers where seed was never sown,
Unless by Nature's Florist.

He lacked the cultured mind, so richly prized,
But the wastes of soul found endless choosings,
And culled a garland, not to be despised,
Of transient thoughts and musings.

Robert Leighton.

“CALL the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowrets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks ;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower.”

Milton.

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 the 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 house 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, o'er the bier to shed
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 wintry hours,
They break forth in glory; bring flowers, bright flowers.

—*Mrs. Hemans.*

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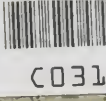
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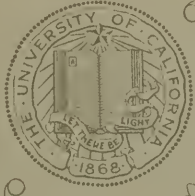
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