

**EMBLEMS AND
POETRY
OF FLOWERS**

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Emblems and Poetry of Flowers by Various

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VARIOUS

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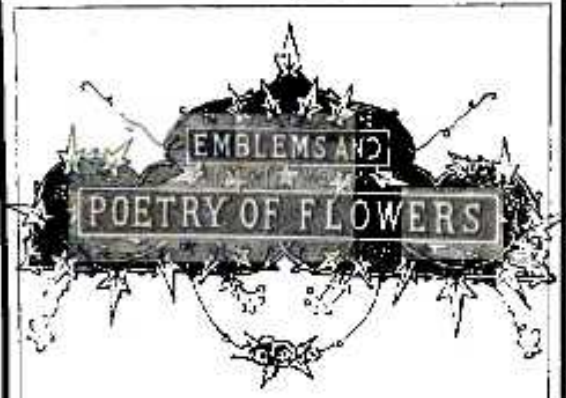
Emblems

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Blessed be God for Sowers!
For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
From out their odorous bosom, like a breath
Of sunshine on life's hours!

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—
"Flowers have a soul in every leaf."
—
MORSE.

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TO MRS. A. W.

Thy heart doth beat in unison with these
Bright gems of Flora's train, thine ear's attuned
To their sweet music, when the summer breeze
Shakes their light bells, ere yet the o'ershadowing
trees

Know of the soft accents: thy lips, the fond
Dreams of my childhood, taught me first to link
With Rose-buds, and the Violets, that shrink
So modestly aside, and the Blue-bell
And Thistle, emblems of my native land:
Then scorn not thou this offering at my hand—

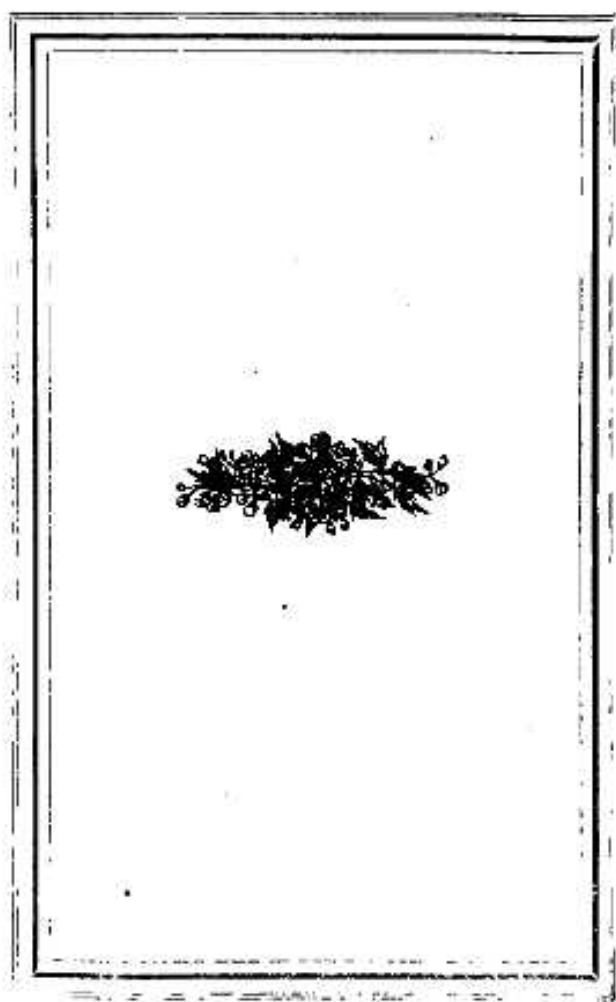
The meanest weed may serve love's end as well
As costliest gift, to tell of all he sweet;

So that it come fresh from a heart that glows
With filial warmth; therefore the gift approve,
For he, who on thy lap this tribute lays,
Knows that not fortune's lavish hoard repays
Th' unselfish ardour of a mother's love.

B.



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TO THE READER.

THE Language of Flowers is a tongue that finds access to every ear, and strikes a chord of sympathy in every heart. The same lovely blossoms are linked with childhood's recollections of sunshine and mirth, and mingle with the sacred memories of the dead, and the hallowed spot where they are laid. They speak to the dullest, in language that cannot be mistaken, of beauty and innocence, of Divine benevolence and love; and no less vividly do they emblem the frailty of man, who "cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down."

This volume, composed of original and select specimens of the Poetry of Flowers, is offered to the Reader as a humble commentary on the words of their Divine Author:—"Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

ENKURUGA, Dec. 1, 1844.

