

FIELD FLOWERS

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Field Flowers by Julia M. Swift

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JULIA M. SWIFT

FIELD FLOWERS

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BY
JULIA M. SWIFT.

Second Edition.



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THIS LITTLE BOUQUET

OF

FIELD FLOWERS

IS

Respectfully Inscribed

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND

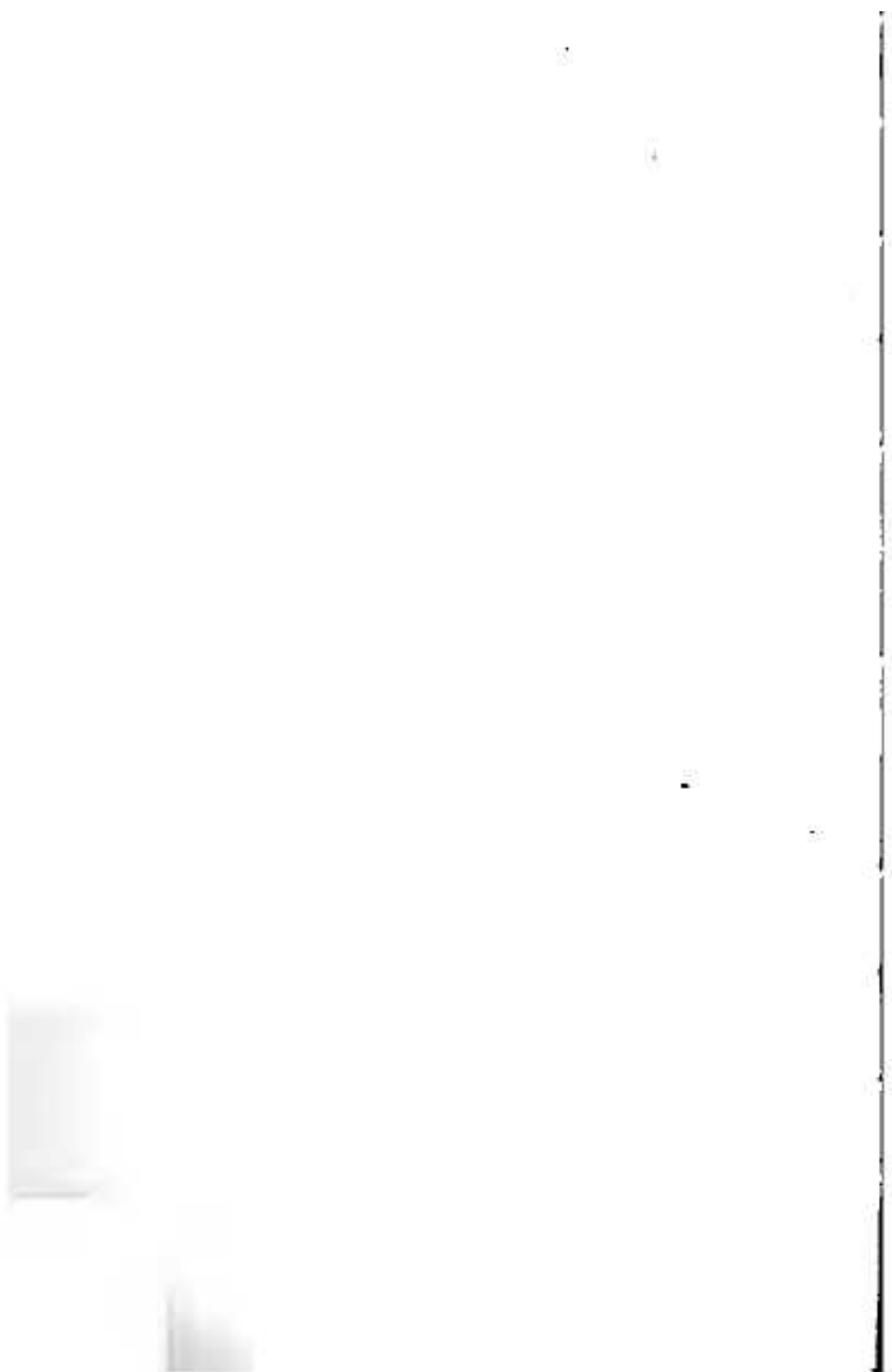
DR. ANDREW NEBINGER,

WITH THE REGARDS OF

THE AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB '36







Dedication.

THIS small bouquet of woodland flowers,
I've called for you in leisure hours,
From shady glen and sunny field,
I fondly hope may pleasure yield.
No brilliant flowers of culture rare,
The gardener's pride and joy, are there;
Nor bright exotics' rich perfume;
Nought but buds of humble bloom
Compose the little wreath I've twined
Fresh from the woodland of my mind.
Oh, do not, with a glance of pride,
The little garland cast aside,
As all unworthy of a place,
And quite unfit your bowers to grace ;

But with a gentle smile receive
The very little I can give.
Accept it, then, and may it prove
A messenger of peace and love;
A token, that through life you 'll meet,
Where'er you wander, flowers sweet;
Rejoicing with their lovely bloom,
Refreshing with their sweet perfume,
Until we meet in heaven's bowers,
And revel there 'mid fadeless flowers,





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