

**FLOWER PIECES
AND OTHER POEMS**

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Flower pieces and other poems by William Allingham & Dante Gabriel Rossetti

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WILLIAM ALLINGHAM & DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

**FLOWER PIECES
AND OTHER POEMS**

FLOWER PIECES.

FLOWERS AND MONTHS.

I.

DAISY.

O DAISY—'Day's Eye'—on this New Year's Day
Opening thy circlet on our grassy mount
To greet the low-arch'd Sun far south-away,
As mystically perfect each small ray
As the vast billow of light and life whose fount,
Glorious beyond conception, yet doth count
Only as one flow'r in God's garden,—yea,
Face, little Bloom, our King-Orb, front to front.

Ye both are creatures of one substance wrought
In deeps beyond our subtlest exploration,
Thence into living form and due relation
Lifted by power that works in beauty: nought
So made but with its home too in Man's thought,
Microcosm of the whole divine creation.

II.

SNOWDROP.

(In Time of War.)

FAIR Maid of February—drop of snow
Enchanted to a flow'r, and therewithin
A dream of April's green—who without sin
Conceived wast, but how no man may know :
I would thou mightest, being of heavenly kin,
Pray for us all (thy lips are pure, altho'
The soil be soak'd with tears and blood), to win
Some ruth for human folly, guilt and woe.

A fitting phantasy and fond conceit !
Yet mark this little white-green bell, three-cleft,
Nor say of miracles the Earth's bereft.
Lo, for our comfort, here is one complete :
And after this the whole new spring-time left,
And all the roses that make summer sweet.

III.

DAFFODIL.

GOLD tassel upon March's bugle-horn,
Whose blithe reveille blows from hill to hill
And every valley rings—O Daffodil !
What promise for the season newly born ?
Shall wave on wave of flow'rs, full tide of corn,
O'erflow the world, then fruited Autumn fill
Hedgerow and garth ? Shall tempest, blight, or chill
Turn all felicity to scathe and scorn ?

Tantarrara ! the joyous Book of Spring
Lies open, writ in blossoms ; not a bird
Of evil augury is seen or heard :
Come now, like Pan's old crew we'll dance and sing,
Or Oberon's ; for hill and valley ring
To March's bugle-horn,—Earth's blood is stirr'd.

IV.

PRIMROSE.

THE rancour of the East Wind quell'd, a thrush
Joyfully talking on through glittering rain,
O see the yellow tufts along the lane,
Crowding the copse round every budded bush,
Dotting the dingle by its brooklet's gush,
And elm-path's mossy border,—who not fain
To drink their tender sweetness, cool and fresh,
The very breath of Spring, return'd again ?

The Child's Flow'r, in the childhood of the year :
Our slopes and woods but yesterday were drear ;
Now all the country breaks into a smile
Of Primroses, and Youth is full of cheer ;
This fragrant vernal breeze in some, the while,
Waking old thoughts, unutterably dear.

V.

HAWTHORN.

A GREEN world, pranked with flow'rs, and fill'd with
songs ;

And if our woodlands have their own May-Queen,
Surely to thee, fair May, this crown belongs,

With cluster'd pearls upon thy robe of green,

And broideries of white bloom ; or all one sheen
Thou and thy maidens, worshipp'd by the throngs

In various verdure—tho' sad Yew is seen
Still with the black cloak round his ancient wrongs.

Soft winds o'er sunlit grass bear news of thee.

Blue, darkening, feels the moonrise. Then, elate

Thy coaxing Nightingales whose love is great
For thee, sweet Thorn, not sharp as feign'd to be,

Call hearts and lips—how loth to separate !—
Into the shadow of the trysting-tree.

VI.

WILD ROSE.

SOME innocent girlish Kisses by a charm
 Changed to a flight of small pink Butterflies,
 To waver under June's delicious skies
Across gold-sprinkled meads—the merry swarm
A smiling powerful word did next transform
 To little Roses mesh'd in green, allies
 Of earth and air, and everything we prize
For mirthful, gentle, delicate, and warm.

See, Rosie! sure thy sister-flow'r it is
 (*Rosa Sylvestris* one hath named thee well);
Methinks I could imagine gloomy Dis
 Whirling you, with a wildrose wreath, to—dwell
In Hades. Only one thing sweet as this,
 One thing—come closer—nay, I'll never tell!

VII.

HONEYSUCKLE.

First a cloud of fragrance. Then one sees
Coronets of ivory, coral, and gold,
Full of luscious treasure for the bees,
In their hedgerow-wreathage manifold
Clustering, or outswinging at their ease,
Watching in the hayfield those who hold
Scythe and rake, or overpeering bold
Dusty wayfarers 'twixt roadside trees.

Honeysuckle-scented Summer Night !
Leaves above and dewy woods around,
Save the purring nightjar not a sound,
Save the tender glowing stars no light,—
Thou hast hid thy lovers out of sight,
Bower'd, or wandering through enchanted ground.