

**AMONG THE  
FLOWERS AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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Among the flowers and other poems by Francis William Bourdillon

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**FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON**

**AMONG THE  
FLOWERS AND  
OTHER POEMS**



AMONG THE FLOWERS,

And Other Poems.

BY

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.



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1878

To the Name,

THAT FOR ME EMBRACES

ALL THE INFLUENCES, MEMORIES, AND AFFECTIONS

THAT FOR ALL MEN HAUNT THE NAME OF HOME,

TO

Woolbeding,

AND, THEREIN, TO ALL

THAT IMPRINTED INFLUENCE AND MEMORY,

AND INSPIRED AFFECTION,

I DEDICATE THEIR RESULT—

My Verses.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<b>AMONG THE FLOWERS:</b>		Gathered Roses . . . . .	50
Dedication . . . . .	9	Waiting . . . . .	50
Idle Days . . . . .	12	Forget-me-nots . . . . .	51
A Valentine's Day Greeting	14	Brimham Rocks . . . . .	52
The East Wind . . . . .	16	Under the Limes . . . . .	55
Spring is Coming . . . . .	18	Clematis . . . . .	56
Love-Flowers . . . . .	19	Autumn Teaching . . . . .	57
Wood-Sorrel . . . . .	20	Decay . . . . .	58
The Difference . . . . .	21	The Swallows' Farewell . . . . .	59
Primroses . . . . .	22	Only to Live . . . . .	61
Spring's Footsteps . . . . .	24	<b>GERTRUDE'S LOVE . . . . .</b>	<b>63</b>
An April Shower . . . . .	26	Light . . . . .	101
A Spring Evening . . . . .	27	Love the Weaver . . . . .	102
A Soiled Blossom . . . . .	28	In Storm . . . . .	103
Spring Longings . . . . .	30	A Moment . . . . .	104
A New Legend of the Forget- me-not . . . . .	31	Regions of Love . . . . .	104
Queen Lily . . . . .	33	The Fickle Sea . . . . .	105
To a Water-Lily at Evening	35	The Chestnut Tree . . . . .	107
The Legend of the Water- Lilies . . . . .	36	So Long Ago . . . . .	108
Voices of the Dead . . . . .	47	Omens . . . . .	109
The Shadow of Love . . . . .	48	"Annie" . . . . .	111
Farewell . . . . .	48	Cæli . . . . .	113
Angels' Tears . . . . .	49	Cleopatra's Mirror . . . . .	114
		"Alice, my Wife," . . . . .	115
		"Ella ; a Réverie" . . . . .	116

	PAGE		PAGE
Valentine Verses . . . . .	118	Eden . . . . .	150
The Home of my Heart . . . . .	119	"Ethereal" . . . . .	151
Sea-Weed . . . . .	121	River Deeps . . . . .	154
Hopes and Fears . . . . .	122	A Hero . . . . .	155
The Troubled Sea . . . . .	123	Port Meadow, Oxford . . . . .	156
What Do We? . . . . .	124	Una . . . . .	157
The Hill Pass . . . . .	127	The Higher Love . . . . .	158
To Meet Again . . . . .	130	One Deed of Good . . . . .	159
Seeds of Fire . . . . .	131	Two Robbers . . . . .	160
A Statue . . . . .	133	The Unknown Deity . . . . .	161
Ich Grolle Nicht . . . . .	135	In Fribourg Cathedral . . . . .	163
A Race with Love . . . . .	136	"Two that Sleep, and One that Watcheth" . . . . .	167
Love's Reward . . . . .	137	Easter Eve . . . . .	168
The Guerdon of Lost Labours . . . . .	138	Beckenham : Sept. 22, 1876 . . . . .	169
A Nun's Dream . . . . .	139	May 23rd, 1876 . . . . .	171
A Starry Night . . . . .	144	The Farewell of the Old Year . . . . .	172
One Flight . . . . .	145	A Vision . . . . .	174
The Saint and the Lark . . . . .	148		

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## AMONG THE FLOWERS.

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### DEDICATION.

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I BRING again thy gifts to thee,  
O home I held so dear!  
Of all thy thousand gifts to me  
The thin first-fruits are here,  
For, nestling in thy woodlands warm,  
Not one fair flower of Spring  
Owes more to thee its life and form,  
Than these pale blooms I bring.

I bring again thy gifts; but not  
As some sad lover brings  
The pledges of a love forgot,  
The ringlets and the rings.  
The lover has lost all; but I,  
Till I shall cease to be,  
Can never lose in earth and sky  
What I have learnt from thee.

I bring thy gifts, but not as given,  
Thy river-side along,  
In woodland flowers or winds of heaven,  
In ecstasies of song.  
Ah! could I give one hour's delight  
Of all that fled so swift,  
Clear as thy stream gives back the light,  
That were a worthier gift!

Yet deeper gifts, than deepening joy  
In all things sweet and fair,  
Grew with me, as I grew from boy  
To man more reasoning there.  
With love of thee was wov'n a love  
More tender yet, and true;  
And faith seemed simple, while above  
Spread such a heaven of blue.

And though, as life unfolded more,  
Experience, year by year,  
Grew larger than thy simple lore,  
This only grew more dear.  
For as strange languages may be  
In our own letters read,  
Were all new truths and joys to me  
By thine interpreted.