1. Water Lilies:

Here on this gently sloping bank
Of mossy flowers, I love to lie;
While round, the vernal grass so rank,
Of green, reflects he richest dye.
The placid lake of silver sheen,
Fans with soft breath my burning cheek,
While from its bosom all serene,
Fresh odours rise from blossoms meek.

Sweet, modest plants, condemned to
dwell
In solitude and lonely shade;
Oh, do you not sometimes rebel,
That thus obscure your lot is made?
But come with me to fairy bowers,
Deck’d by the tasteful hand of art;
And ye shall know of brighter hours,
And share the pleasures of my heart.

Nymphaea* hears my earnest plea,
Meek, white-rob’d lily of the lake;
And wafting forth a sigh to me,
The unambitious flowret spake.
Mortal, forbear! Thou knowest not,
How idle is thy foolish dream;
Nor is our lowly, humble lot,
Sad as thy erring heart may deem.

Round us the silver trout do glide,
Blithe zephyrs dance amidst our bowers,
And with us insects gay abide,
Who call us sweetest of the flowers.
We make these solitudes rejoice,
Adorn and bless our parent wave;
And should it be her children’s choice,
To leave her, but -- to find a grave?

We should not be in bowers of art,
Blooming and fresh, as we are here –

Soon would our loveliness depart
And wither’d things we should appear
See yellow Naphar* now so gay,
Blue Pontederia,+ fresh and fair,
Oh, they would droop the very day,
Should take them from their natal air!

And I, she said in accents sweet,
Whose robe of plain and simple white
Is for those shades a garment meet;
I could not bide the glaring light,
White gaudy tulips love so well –
Oh grant me, Heav’n my little day
Untouch’d by pride may pass away!

* The White water-lily
* The Yellow water-lily.
+ A beautiful aquatic flower, with
blossoms thickly crowded upon a spike;
this flower, inter-mixed with the White
and Yellow lilies, produced a fine effect.
2. Strawberry:

The Strawberry blooms upon its lowly bed,
Plant of my native soil! The Lime may fling,
More poetent fragrance on the zephyr’s wing:
The milky Cocoa richer juices shed,
And white Guava lovelier blossoms spread;
But not, like thee, to fond remembrance bring,
The vanish’d hours of life’s enchanting spring.
Short calendar of joys forever fled!
Thou bidst the scenes of childhood rise to view,
The wild wood path which fancy loves to trace,
Where, veiled in leaves, they fruit of rosy hue,
Lurked on its pliant stem with modest grace.
But, ah! When thought would later years renew,
Alas! Successive sorrows crowd the space!
3. The Succession of Flowers:

“Fair rising from her icy couch,
Wan herald of the floral year,
The Snowdrop marks the spring’s approach,
E’re yet the Primrose groups appear,
Or peers the Arum* from its spotted veil,
Or odorous Violets scent the cold, capricious gale.

Then, thickly strewn in woodland bowers,
Anemonies their stars unfold;
Then spring the Sorrel’s veined flowers,
And rich in vegetable gold.
From calyx pale the freckled Cowslip born,
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn.

Lo! The green Thorn her silver buds,
Expands to May’s enlivening beam,
Hottonia* blushed on the floods;
And where the slowly tickling stream,
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers, fair
Menyanthes* hides.

In the lone copse, or shadowy dale,
Wild Clustered knots of Harebells blow,
And droops the Lily of the Vale.
O’er Vinca’s* matted leaves below,
The Orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, or fly’s aerial form.

Wound in the hedge-row’s oaken boughs,
The Woodbine’s tassels float in air,
And blushing, the uncultured Rose, Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there;
Her fillets there the purple Night-shade weaves,
And the Brionia winds her pale and scalloped leaves.

To later summer’s fragrant breath,
Clematis* feathery garlands dance;
The hollow foxglove nod's beneath,
While the tall Mullein’s yellow lance,
Dear to the greedy tribe of insects, towers,
And the weak Galium* weaves its myriad fairy flowers.

Sheltering the Coot’s and Wild duck’s nest,
And where the timid Halcyon hides,
The Willow-herb in crimson drest,
Waves with Arundo o’er the tides;
And there the bright Nymphaea* loves to lave,
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimpling wave.

And thou, by pain, and sorry blest,
Papaver!* That an opiate dew
Conceal’st beaneath thy scarlet vest,
Contrasting with the Cornflower blue,
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves,
Bend in the rustling gale, amid the tawny sheaves.

* Arum = Wild Turnip  * Hottonia = Water Violet  * Menyanthes = Buckbean
* Vinca’s = Periwinkle  * Clematis = Virgin’s Bower  * Galium = Bedstraw
* Nymphaea = White Pond Lily  * Papaver = Common Poppy