



WILD FLOWERS
FOR
CHILDREN:

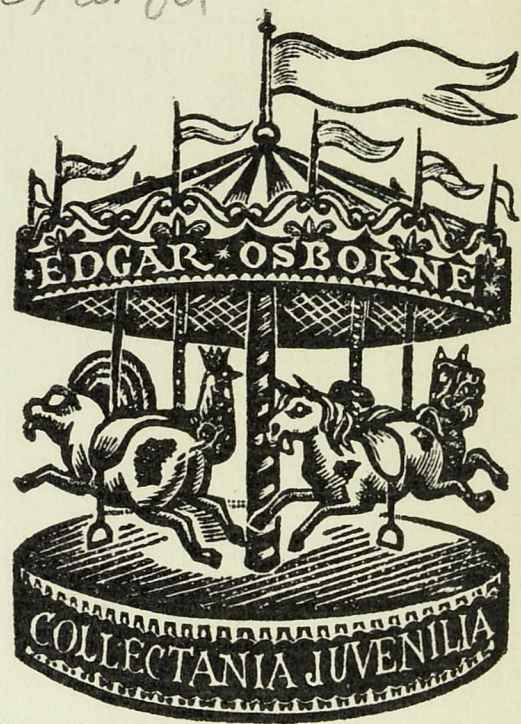
by
M^r. HONEYSUCKLE.

PART I.



C. HONEYSUCKLE, 85, HATTON GARDEN,
LONDON.

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PART I.



C. HONEYSUCKLE, 85, HATTON GARDEN,
LONDON.



‘I would I had some flowers o’ the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours ; and yours.’

‘Here’s flowers for you.’

WINTER’S TALE.



VIOLETS.

March to September.

Violet, or blue, or white,
Are our blossoms ; our delight
Fills the woods with fragrant breath,
Echoing what the sweet Spring saith.



BLACKTHORN.

April. 1847

Though the Whitethorn fragrant be,
Earlier blossoms honour me,—
On my bleaker branches seen
Before a single leaf is green.



HYACINTHS.

March to May.

Under every budding tree
Our blue bells ring merrily ;
Under every hedge and tree
Ever ring they cheerily.



COWSLIPS.

April to June.

To the dewy meadows go,—
Where the pale, sweet cowslips grow !
Buttercups may be more fine :
What is that to Cowslip wine ?



WILD GERANIUM.

May to October.

Under every hedge and tree,
Pheasant's-eye is a name for me ;
For my taper seed-pod you
May call me sometimes Crane's-bill too.



WATER RANUNCULUS.

May and June.

Float we o'er the water's face,
Forest-pools our dwelling-place :
Ours the cups the Fairies use
When they drink the evening dews.



BUTTERCUPS.

April to October.

See us lie in golden heaps,
When mid-noon in sunshine steeps
Meadows wide; the sunniest light
Overbrims our cups so bright.



STITCHWORT.

April to June.

Through the bramble and the brake,
I peep at you, while you take
Scarcely any heed of me ;
Yet my face is fair to see.



WILD ROSE.

June to August.

I am call'd the gentlest bloom,
For my blush and sweet perfume ;
And I ramble without pride
By wild wood or highway-side.



RAGGED-ROBIN.

June to August.

Ragged as some poor man's vest,
Ruddy as the Robin's breast,
In the damp and plashy ground,
Ragged-Robin may be found:



WILD IRIS.

June and July.

In the marsh beside the stream,
Where the sunset's golden gleam
Lights my forehead,—there am I,
With the bright blue Dragonfly.



FORGET-ME-NOT.

April to July.

In the long grass, by the brook,
For my gentle blue eyes look !
The swallow, as he left the spot,
Turn'd back to say—Forget me not !



C. 1849

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C. HONEYSUCKLE, 85, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.