

To the God of Flowers

For the god of such poems of beauty
Must be good and beautiful, too;
So to study them, then, is our duty,
Though bound in bright green and not
blue;

They are sonnets sublime,
Only wanting a rhyme,
That appear each Spring ever new.

If so lovely are earthly bowers,
And so sweet to scent and to sight,
Oh! how fair are immortal flowers
That are bathed in soft, golden light
As they tell a story
Of heavenly glory
In each of their pure petals white!