

July 10. 1853. Purfleet. from E. J. Whitbread

WILD  
Spring Flowers.

BY ALICE GEORGINA,

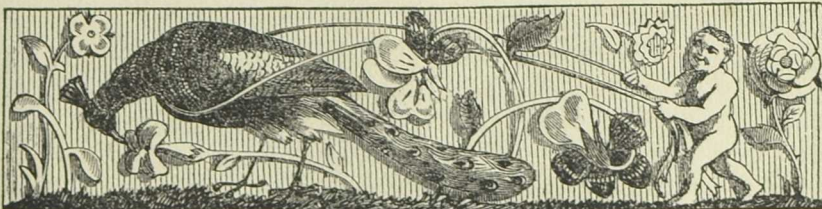
AGED EIGHT YEARS.



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1852.



WILD

Spring Flowers

THE

LONDON

# This Little Book

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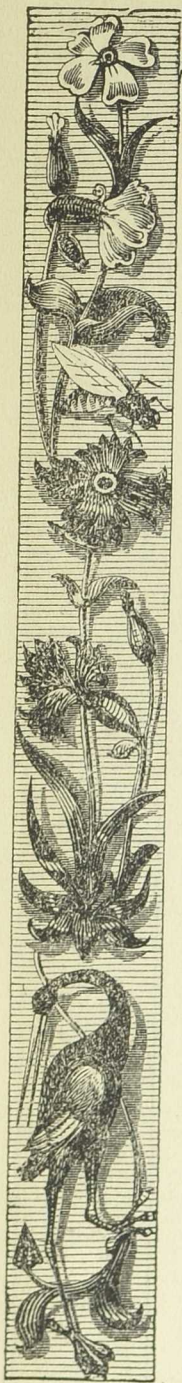
HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

IN GREAT ORMOND STREET,

QUEEN SQUARE.







**T**HESE verses and tales are the veritable productions of a little girl who came into the world so recently as February, 1844.

Those which are placed first in the book were composed when the little Authorefs was but six years old.

And it is necessary to state that the whole appear now as they were originally written.

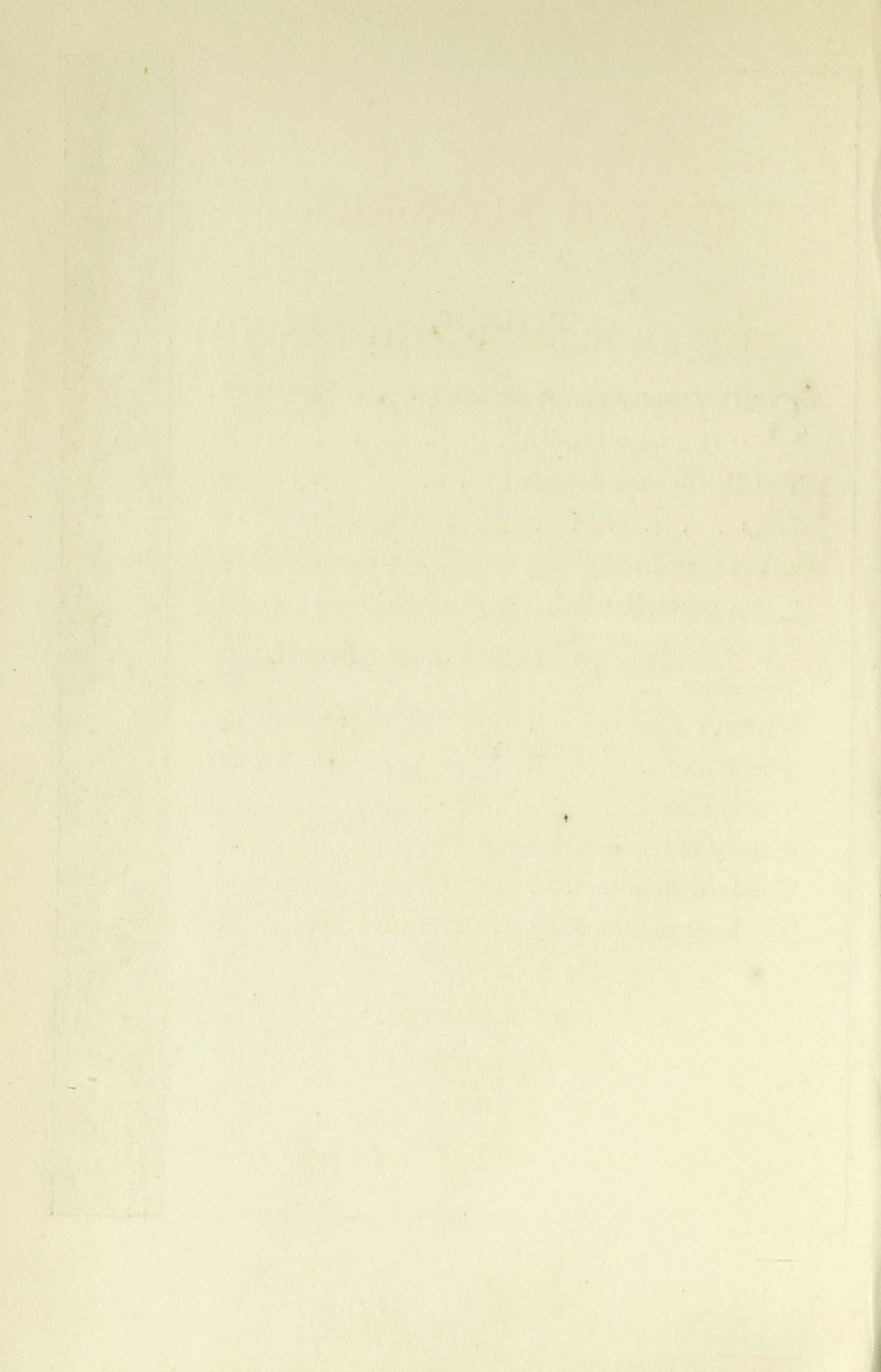
April, 1852.

J. C.

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# SPRING FLOWERS.

## THE SNOWDROP AND ROSE,


OR THE EMBRACE OF SUMMER AND WINTER.

**T** WAS beautiful night,  
The stars shone so bright,  
And the moon poured forth a silvery  
shower  
Over tree, over grass, over every flower.

In the stillness of night  
Something in white  
Approached the rose  
While hushed in repose,  
And threw its arms round her,  
The gentle Sister !  
The embrace was deep,  
While the others asleep  
Stilled their breath  
And lay in death.



## A POEM.



**I**N a large garden  
A bed of violets grew,  
They often asked the rose's pardon  
For taking all the dew.

The rose at last was cross indeed,—  
Neglected every flower,  
Went proudly away to ripen her seed,  
And sat alone in her bower.

How little the violets cared for that :—  
When one wandered forth at night  
She encountered the rose sleeping on her mat,  
Who quickly awoke and began to fight.

At last the violet fell dead on the ground,  
And the rose retired again to her sleep,  
Soon the other violets came around,  
And alas! lay dead their sister sweet!



## THE DISCONTENTED MAGPIE.

A FABLE.

**T**WO Magpies lived together in a wicker cage: one was discontented and the other contented. One day the mistress of the house was in a bustle, for one of the servants had fallen down stairs and broken her leg; as a servant passed by the room in which the Magpies were, they were heard to chatter, and so they were watched closely.

“Oh!” said the discontented Magpie to the other, “how I wish to be freed from this ugly wicker cage, and be able to fly about where I please!”

“Nay,” said the other, “I am sure our mistress is very kind; we have food, and every thing we want, we need nothing more.”



“Mag,” said a voice, “why are you so discontented, not contented with your lot?”

“Who’s that?” said the Magpie! There was no answer.

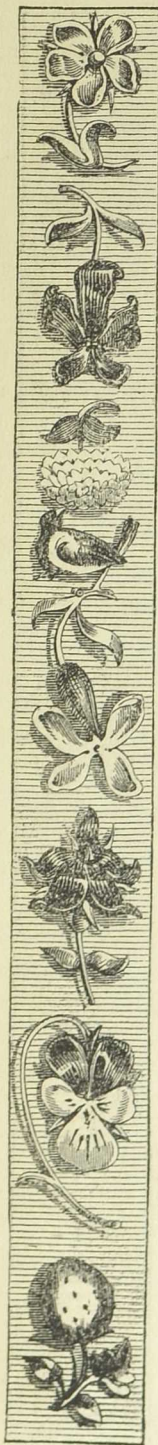
“Mag,” said a voice again, “why are you so discontented?”

At last the Magpie flew into a rage, when something flew into his eyes, and nearly blinded him, and it was a little time before he could open them again. But when he opened them, lo! he was not in the ugly wicker cage, but perched on a linden-tree, whose delicious fragrance was spread around. Opposite to him was his companion, laughing heartily. They lived very happily for a few weeks, when the Magpie said to his companion: “How dull it is here!”

“Nay,” said his companion, “we have every enjoyment here, really everything!”

“Little discontented Mag,” said a voice, “why are you so?”

“Who’s that?” said Mag; no answer, but a shrill whistle, and the cloud of dust flew





into Mag's eyes. It soon got out again, and oh! see! Birdy was not perched on the dull linden-tree, but on an apple-tree in a beautiful garden. His companion was perched on a cactus near him. "Ah!" he said, "Birdy, how did you come there?"

"I don't know," said Mag.

"I don't know," pertly echoed a blackbird near.


At this, Mag flew into a rage, and called him a fool and a wretch, at which the cloud of dust flew into his eyes, more violently than before, and when he opened them again, lo! he was in the ugly wicker cage, and there he is now, a little wiser than before.





## SONGS.

I.

 HAVE a darling joy,  
So very sweet and mild ;  
That is my little boy,  
My little darling child.

## II.

I'VE had a darling gift,  
A gift from Heaven above,  
A gift which I treasure up,  
That gift from Heaven is Love.

### III.


I LOVE the little, little bells,  
Which ring with such a deep tone,  
They ring sometimes from Stolzenfels  
When I am alone.

POEM.

**T**HE little lambs in the meadows frisk,  
Light, white, bright, and brisk.  
As soon as the church bells have  
pealed  
The lambs return again to the field.  
God has given to all their lot,  
The lambs their fold, and to us our cot.



## POEM.



**I**N a warm nest  
Some little nestlings laid to rest,  
Their mother watching by their side,  
Who in love and happiness did abide.

In the morning when I passed by,  
The little nestlings had begun to fly  
Amid the birds, the trees, the flowers,  
In which they spent most happy hours.

Returning home they met a bird,  
Who told them that he had heard  
That the cuckoo had taken their nest,  
And advised them what to do for the best.

They then went home and drove him away,  
And there they are to this present day.



THE GODDESS OF LIGHT.

**T** WAS evening damp,  
That one gentle lamp  
Lighted up a room.  
Its mellow light,  
Soft, yet bright,  
Lighted up the gloom.

Silent and thoughtful a maiden sat,  
Her hair formed one pretty plait ;  
She was the fairest of the fair.  
Her dress was of the whitest silk,  
So very white, as white as milk,  
And golden was her hair.



A veil was thrown around her face,  
Its material was the finest lace,  
And flowers adorned her brow.  
She was the Goddess of the light,  
Her lamp remains there ever bright,  
And she lives still now.



TO THE DAISY.

**T**HOU sweet little daisy,  
So yellow and white ;  
Thou art like the Sun,  
Which is golden and bright.

Thou art like the Moon,  
Because thou art white ;  
Thou art like an Angel,  
Clothed in heavenly light.

But, little daisy,  
Thou know'st not thy Lord ;  
Thou knowest no thoughts,  
Nor lov'st the green sward.

Thou knowest not the perfume  
Of the lovely rose ;





Thou knowest not poetry,  
Or beautiful prose.

But still, little daisy,  
Thou ought to happy be ;  
God has meant good  
To thee as well as me.



NATURE.

**T** WAS a sultry summer's day,  
That a redbreast a roundelay  
Did sing.  
And the church bells,  
Sounding through the little dells  
Did ring.

And the flowers did raise their heads  
From their little showery beds,  
And bathe themselves with dew.  
These flowers were so lonely where they grew  
That the storks all stopped to say "How do  
you do?"  
They did not stay long, but away they flew.




And the flowers waved their heads,  
And the redbreast did sing,  
When a stork said " Good bye !"  
And spread his broad wing,  
And was lost in the Heaven's dark blue.





THE WISH.

N a lovely garden  
A young maiden stayed,  
She wore a white loose robe,  
Her locks looped up with braid.

“ Oh ! ” cried she to the earth,  
“ Give me a snowdrop white !  
I’m dress’d befittingly for my state,  
Why am I not an angel bright ? ”

“ Sweet maiden,” said the earth,  
“ I have watch’d oft o’er thee,  
And is that the return  
That thou wouldest leave me ? ”



The maiden looked upwards, and behold !  
The heavens opened before her sight,  
A voice whispered “ Thy wish is heard,”  
“ Amen,” said the maiden, with all her might.

Her gentle spirit vanished that even,  
It took the form of a snowdrop white ;  
As she had hoped, it came to pass,  
She is now in Heaven, an angel bright.





THE SEASONS.

A RIDDLE.



AM warm, not cold,  
I am young, not old,  
I bring pretty flowers,

I bring green bowers,  
I bring sunshine,  
Flowers are mine.

Who am I?

I am cold, not warm,  
Snowdrops adorn  
My wrinkled brow ;  
Waters don't flow  
When I am here ;  
And the deer  
Do not bound  
On the ground ;



As with my friend  
They do attend  
To her !  
My sister !  
Who am I ?

I am hot !  
Not a spot  
Of rain doth appear  
When I am here !  
I bring roses,  
I bring poses,  
Who am I ?

When my hollow, hollow cough,  
Meets the trees,  
Their leaves fall off,  
In the chilling breeze—  
But the streams run on.

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GERMAN TRANSLATION OF THE  
FIRST STANZA.

RÄTHSEL.

CH bin warm, nicht kalt,  
Ich bin jung, nicht alt;  
Schöne Blumen bring'ich,  
Grüne Bäume trag'ich,  
Ich bring' Sonnenschein,  
Veilchen sind mein.  
Wer bin ich?



## A STORY OF IMPRISONED NATURE.



**I** WAS born in a bed of a solitary square. My mother was a snow-drop, who humbly held down her head, and nursed her little tender buds. In the middle of every side there was a gate with a post put up, with some not very clean (which had once been white) letters. I was the youngest of four little buds. My eldest sister assisted my mother as well as she could to cheer and amuse us in our lonely prison.

One day the sun shone very brightly, and my poor brother and sisters thirsted for water. All at once we had a great fright; from a large dirty house appeared a giant, carrying a large jug or pan of water. We soon got over



this fright, for he came up and fed us, and spake kindly to us; and a tree which towered above us looked down upon him and waved its branches, as much as to say "Thank you for your attention." A bird upon it began then to sing, which a little enlivened our spirits, and our mother began talking to a neighbouring hyacinth, who occasionally stroked our heads, saying; "Poor little creatures, but they will soon get used to it." This made me very proud, and I began talking with Mrs. Hyacinth's children, the dear little Hyacinths.

At last, after much gossiping, Mrs. Hyacinth and her children departed, and my sister felt so ill that it was necessary for her to be nursed; we played and laughed while mother was away, that we were startled when she came back, weeping: three little voices were then heard crying out anxiously, "Mother, pray tell us what is the matter!" But Mother answered not: at last we turned our heads towards our sister, and, oh! can it be true?



There she lay dead ! oh ! what anguish ! We laid almost unconscious, weeping over our dead sister.

So now, my readers, I will pause and rest myself, before I resume my tale.

#### SECOND PART.

A YEAR after, when we had recovered our sad loss, the giant (whom we had discovered to be a man) came to us, and took us away across many seas to China, and presented us to the Empress there. She was in the splendour of all royal robes ; she wore a rich white satin robe, with a cloak falling gracefully over her shoulder, consisting of the beautiful stuff which Louitsee had woven.

My mother and brother (now the eldest one) were taken, and nestled in the bosom of the Empress of China.






My sister and I were carried off to Mexico to do what we liked ; our surprise was great when we entered that country ! Its fruitful vines, its rich grapes, its juicy oranges ! When I was there, I made friends with another dear snowdrop ; we three found a bower of blue-bells, roses, and jasmine of the sweetest fragrance. We used to go and talk to the rose, and tell it our wonderful history ; how we escaped the giant, how our sister died, and all our troubles, and we loved each other. We married ; I have now children, and am living happily with my husband and sister in *Nature*, but not “Imprisoned Nature.”





## THE SNOWDROP.



**T**HERE is a little simple flower,  
As white as driven snow ;  
It is never, never plucked,  
And falls, when the wind doth blow.

Its form is of a bell,  
It has a tender stalk,  
Every day I see it  
In my chilly walk.

## THE SNAIL AND THE FROGS.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN  
OF ZACHARIÄ.



GREAT number of frogs sat  
Near a pond on a grass-plat,  
They made themselves merry with  
hopping and springing,  
With swimming and quacking, and screeching  
and singing.

A snail, of envy full, looked on,  
And said, "Yes, yes! indeed laugh on!  
You have four legs so fine and long,  
From hedge to hedge you skip along,  
While I, a wretched creature must  
Be always creeping in the dust;  
My house like a hunch upon my back doth ride,  
From place to place I slowly glide."





The stork meanwhile descended down,  
The frogs began to tremble and frown ;  
He poked, and ate away like a pig,  
And swallowed down both little and big.

“ Ah ! ” said the snail, courageous now,  
“ My hump is very good I trow,  
Of it no more will I complain,  
'Tis better far than death or pain.”

FINIS.

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