

The  
Flower  
Girl.

Mary - with love -  
July, 1891 -  
H.H.


*An*  
*Flower*  
*Girl*  
by  
Helen J Wood.

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The  
FLOWER  
GIRL.



Only a little  
flower-girl,  
With her burden  
of blossoms fair,  
Eyes like the mist  
of the morning,  
And the sun on  
her golden  
hair.





i'lets'!

she cries

"sweet Vi'lets'!

Blue as the

summer sky,

Primroses fresh

from the meadows,

Come buy my

flowers,

come buy."







Sweet little,  
shy little  
maiden,  
I will buy all  
your store;  
Go, with your  
brimming basket,  
There to my  
dear one's  
door.



"Violets, O,  
Sweet Violets!"

(Under the  
cagement cry,)  
"The frost and the  
snow are over—  
Summer is  
drawing  
nigh!"





Summer  
is coming,  
coming,

The lilac nods  
outside



And the birds are  
singing, singing,-  
Open the  
lattice  
wide!"







Primroses sweet  
and Violets!

Fresh from the  
meadowside,

Coming to give  
you greeting;

Open the

lattice

wide! -"






Blossoms  
of hope  
and promise,  
Never a spray  
of rue,  
Beareth my little  
flower-girl,  
Bringing her  
flowers to  
you.



Only a little  
flower-girl,  
Coming when  
sweet buds wake;  
Give her a  
loving welcome,  
Dear, for the  
senders  
sake!





And 'tis  
my faith  
that every  
flower  
Enjoys the  
air it  
breathes.

*Wordsworth.*







know the  
way she went

Home with her

maiden posy,

For her feet

have touched

the meadows

And left the

daisies rosy.

Tennyson.



