

A FLORAL FANTASY
IN AN OLD ENGLISH
GARDEN
BY
WALTER GRADE



NEW YORK &
GORDON HARPER
AND BROTHERS

A FLORAL FANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

BY WALTER CRANE



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NEW YORK & LONDON HARPER AND BROTHERS





·A·FLORAL·
·FANTASY·





SET FORTH IN
VERSES & COLOURED
DESIGNS
BY
WALTER CRANE

LONDON: AT THE
HOUSE OF HARPER
AND BROTHERS:
1899



THE OLD ENGLISH GARDEN
A FLORAL PHANTASY



THE OLD ENG:
LISH GARDEN
A FLORAL PHAN
TASY.

In an old world
garden dreaming,
Where the flowers
had human names,
Methought, in fan-
tastic seeming,
They disported as
squires
and dames.

In an old world garden dreaming,
Where the flowers had human names,
Methought, in fantastic seeming,
They disported as squires and dames.



Of old in Rosamond's Bower,
With it's peacock hedges of yew,
One could never find the flower
Unless one was given the clue;
So take the key of the wicket,
Who would follow my fancy free,
By formal knot and clipt thicket,
And smooth greensward so fair to see



And while Time his scythe is whetting,
Ere the dew from the grass has gone,



The Four Seasons' flight forgetting,
As they dance round the dial stone;



With a leaf
from an old
English book -
A Jonquil
will serve for
a pen -

With a leaf from an old English book,
A Jonquil will serve for a pen.



Let us note from the green arbour's nook,
Flowers masking like women and men.



FIRST in VENUS'S LOOKING GLASS,
You may see where LOVE LIES BLEEDING,



While
PRETTY
MAIDS
all of them pass
With careless
hearts quite un-
heeding.

While PRETTY MAIDS all of them pass
With careless hearts quite unheeding.

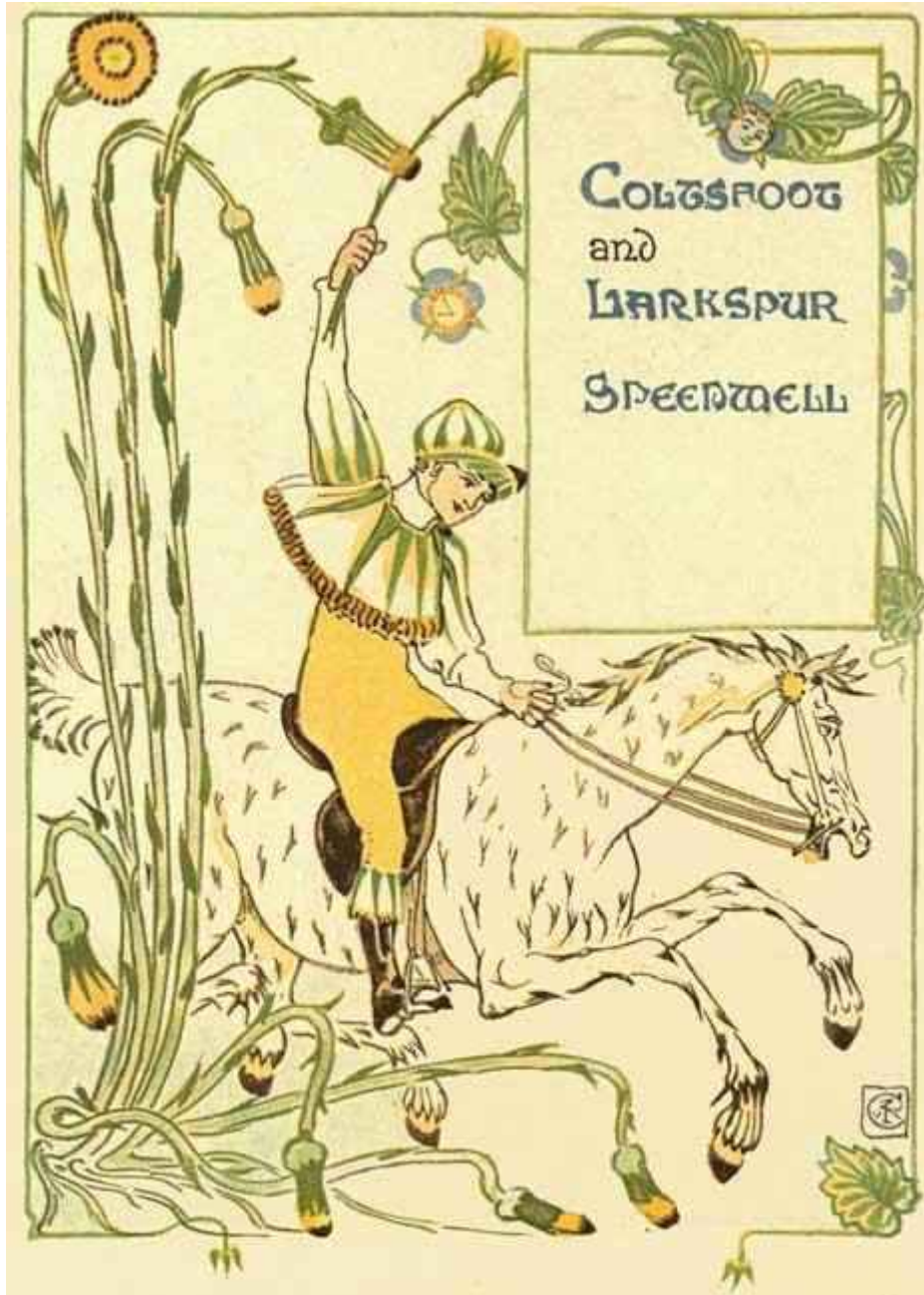


Next, a knight
 with his flam-
 ing targe
 See the
DENT-DE-LION
 so bold
With his feath-
 ery crest at large,
 On a field of the
 cloth of gold.

Next, a knight with his flaming targe
 See the DENT-DE-LION so bold
 With his feathery crest at large,
 On a field of the cloth of gold.



Simple honesty shows in vain
A fashion few seek to robe in,
While the poor SHEPHERD'S-PURSE is ta'en
By rascally RAGGED-ROBIN.

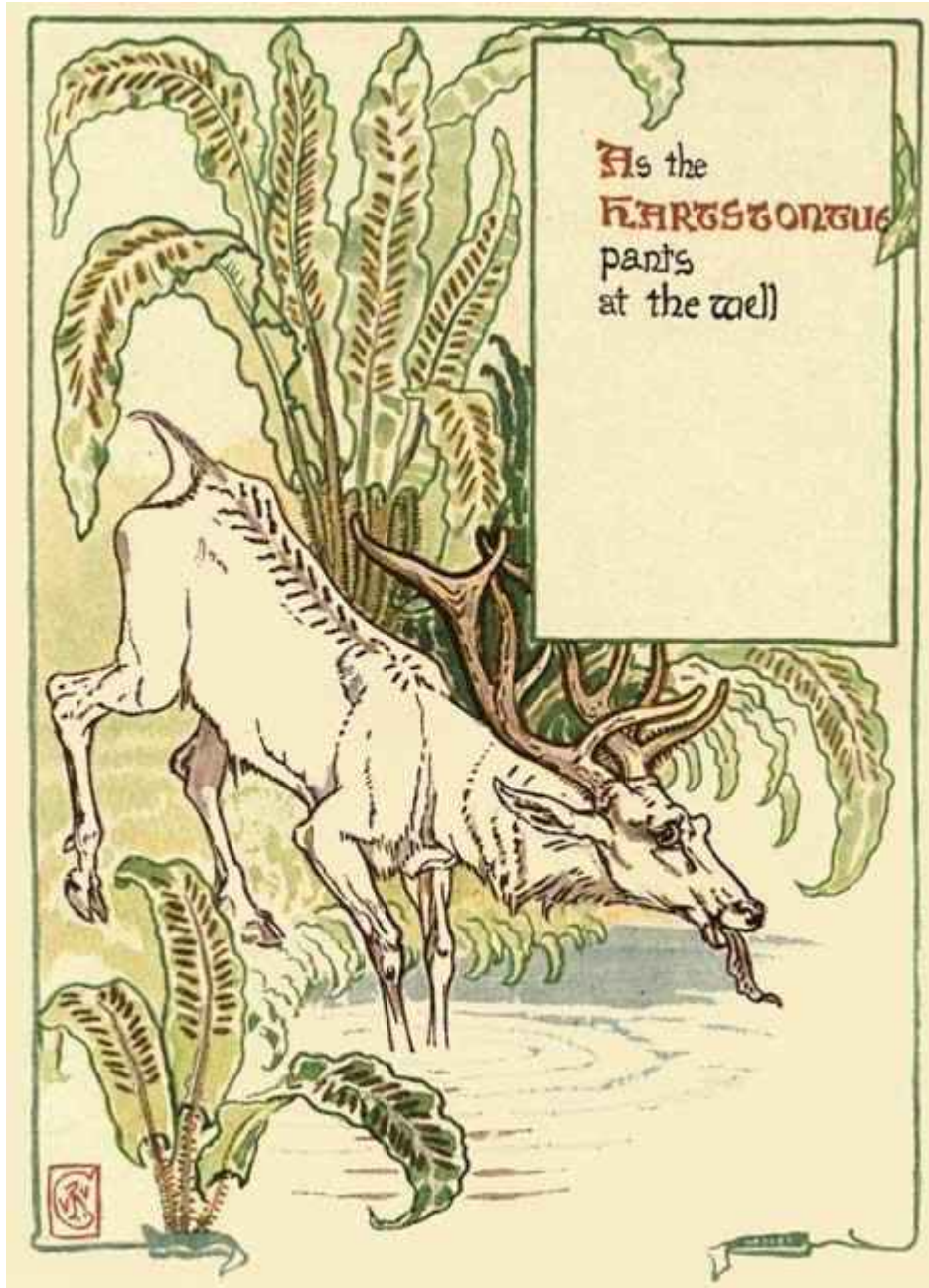


COLTSFOOT
and
LARKSPUR

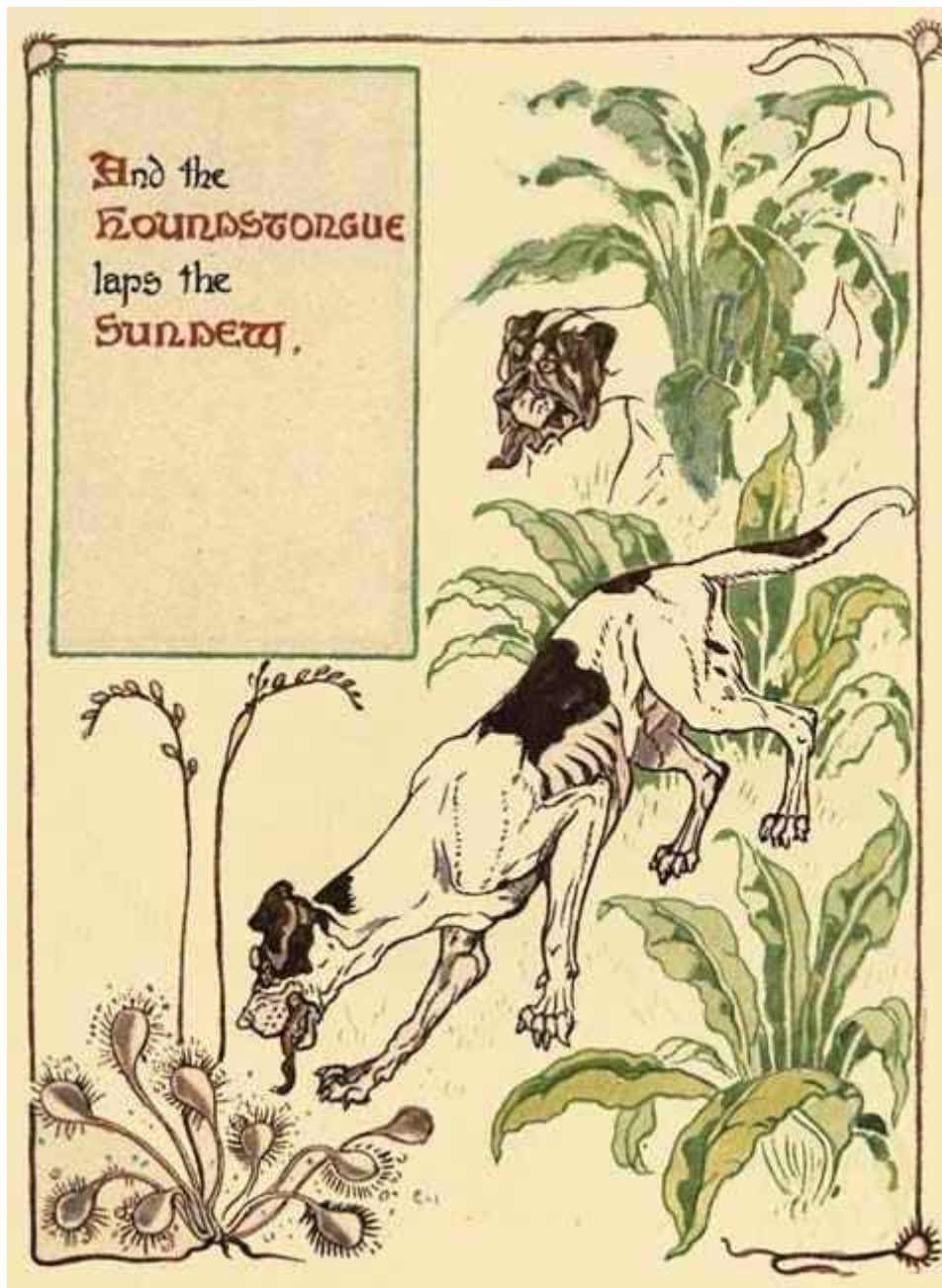
SPEEDWELL



In the race of the flowers that's run due,



As the HARTSTONGUE pants at the well



And the HOUNDSTONGUE laps the SUNDEW.



Here's
VENUS' COMBE
for
MAIDENHAIR:
While
KING CUPS
drink
BELLA DONNA,

Here's VENUS'-COMBE for MAIDENHAIR:
While KING-CUPS drink BELLA-DONNA,



Glad in purple and gold so fair,
Though the DEADLY NIGHTSHADE'S upon her.



Behold LONDON PRIDE robed & crowned,
 Ushered in by the GOLDEN ROD,
 While a floral crowd press around,
 Just to win from her crest a nod.



The FOXGLOVES
are already on.
Not only in pairs
but dozens;
They've come out
to see all the fun,
With sisters and
aunts
and cousins.



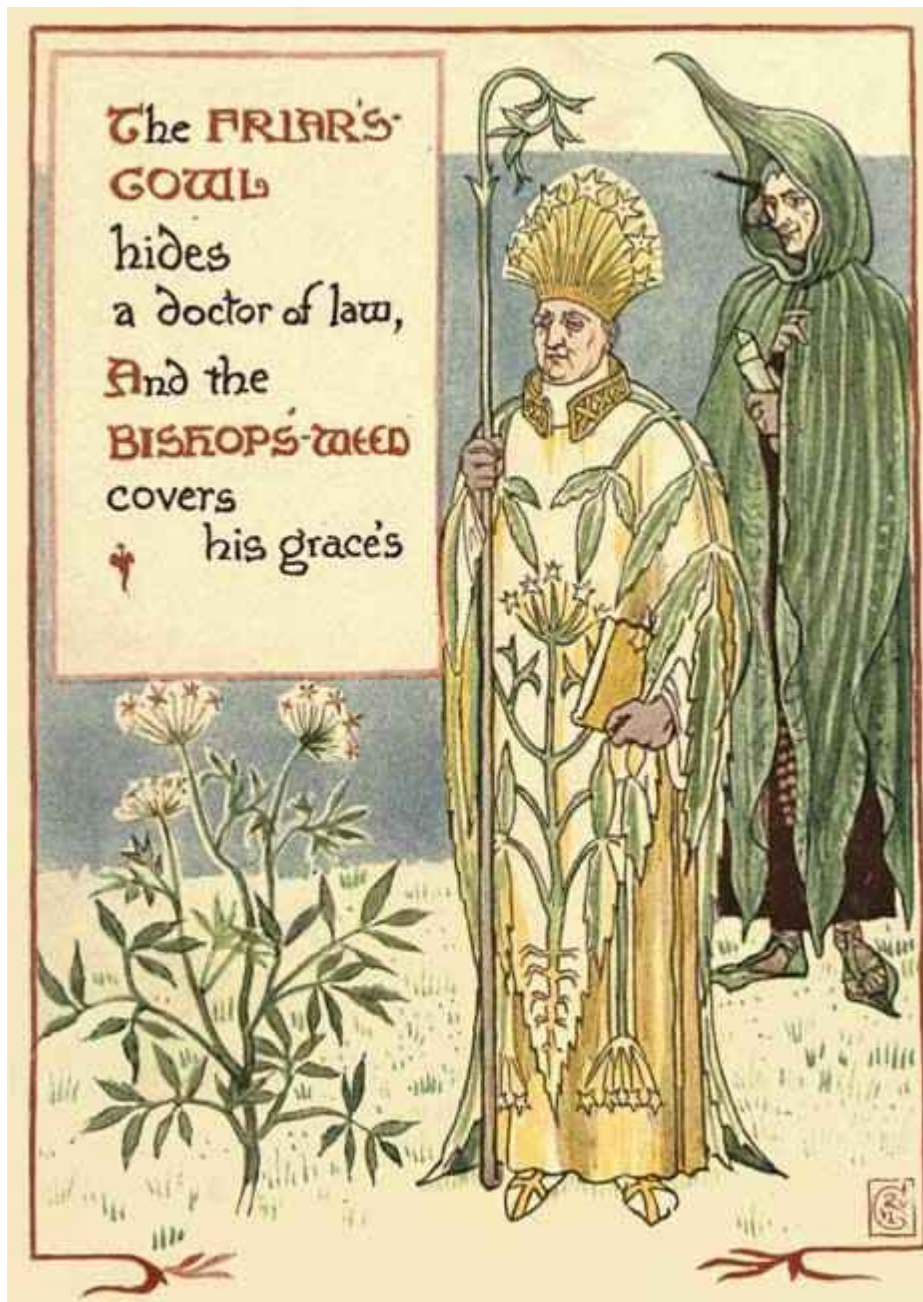
The STITCHWORK looked up with a sigh
At BATCHELOR'S BUTTONS unsewn:



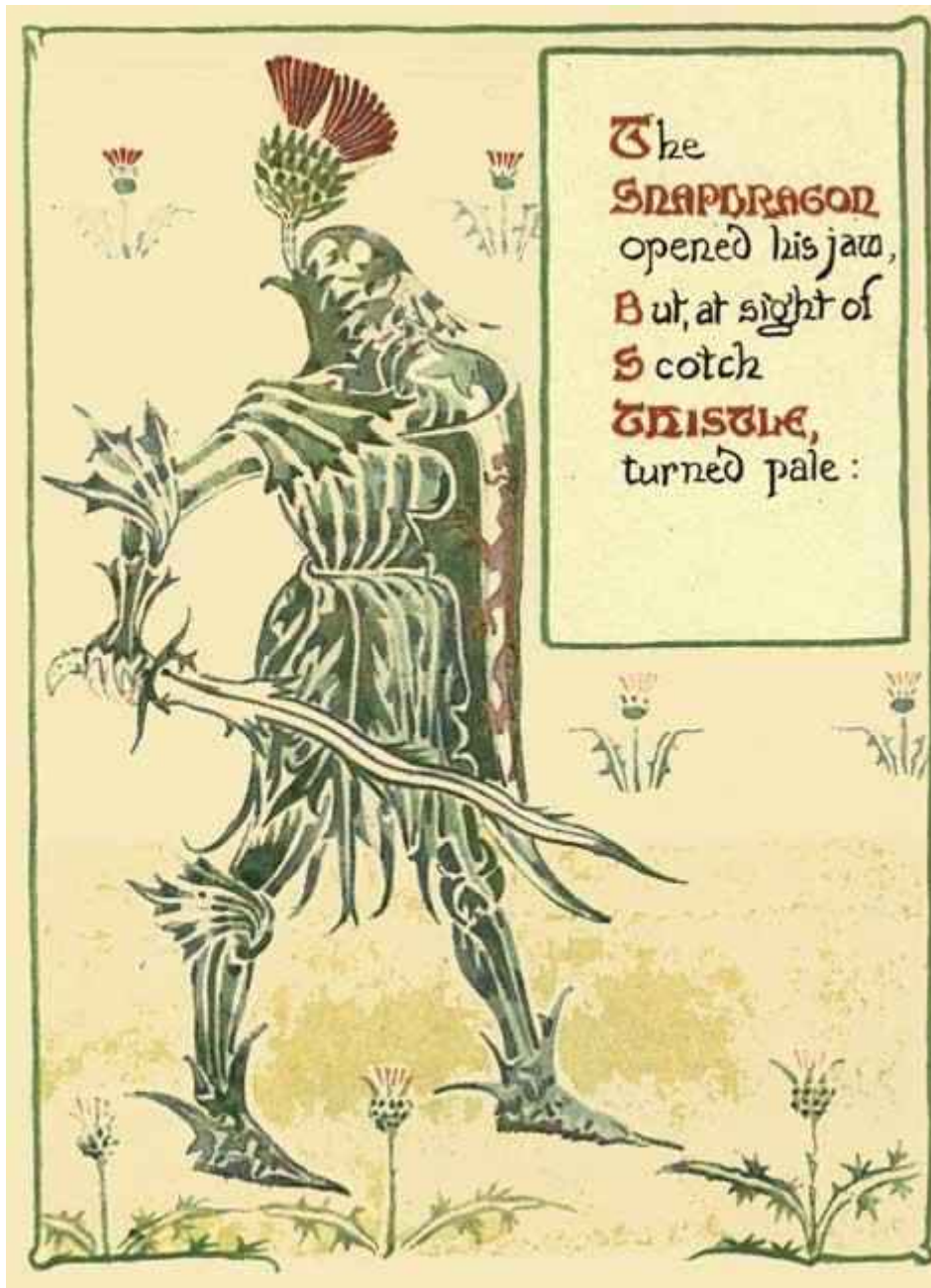
Single Daisies were not in her eye,
For the grass was just newly mown.



The HORSE-TAIL, 'scaped from WOLFE'S CLAW,
Rides off with a LADIES' LAGES.



The FRIAR'S-COWL hides a doctor of law,
And the BISHOP'S-WEED covers his grace's



The
SNAPDRAGON
opened his jaw,
But, at sight of
S cotch
THISTLE,
turned pale :

The SNAPDRAGON opened his jaw,
But, at sight of Scotch THISTLE, turned pale:



He'd too many points of the law
For a dragon without a scale.



Little JENNY-
GREEPER
lay low,
Till happy thoughts
made her gladder;
How to rise in the
world she'd know,
So she climbed up
JACOB'S LADDER
~~~~~

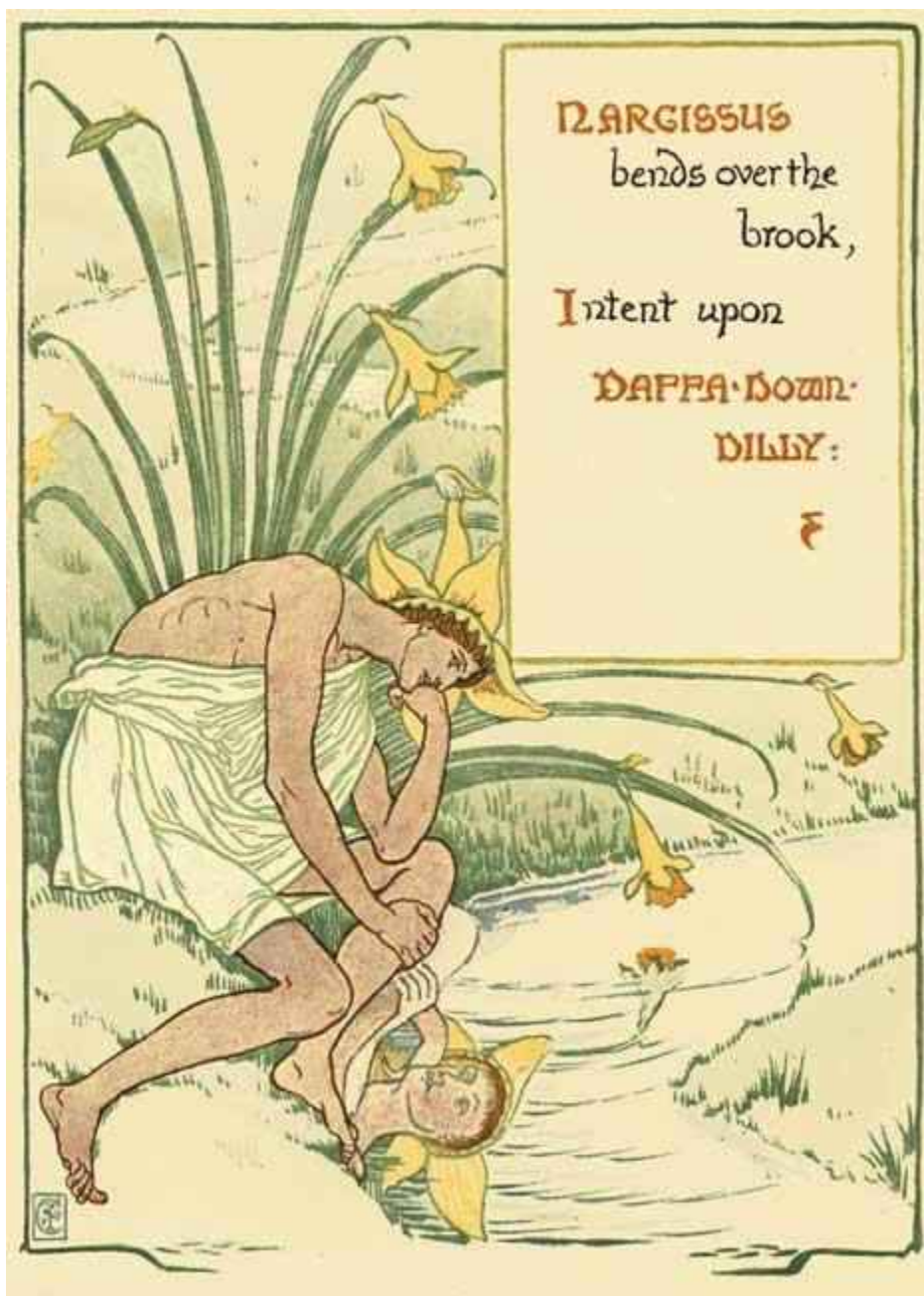
Little JENNY-CREEPER lay low,  
Till happy thoughts made her gladder;  
How to rise in the world she'd know,  
So she climbed up JACOB'S LADDER





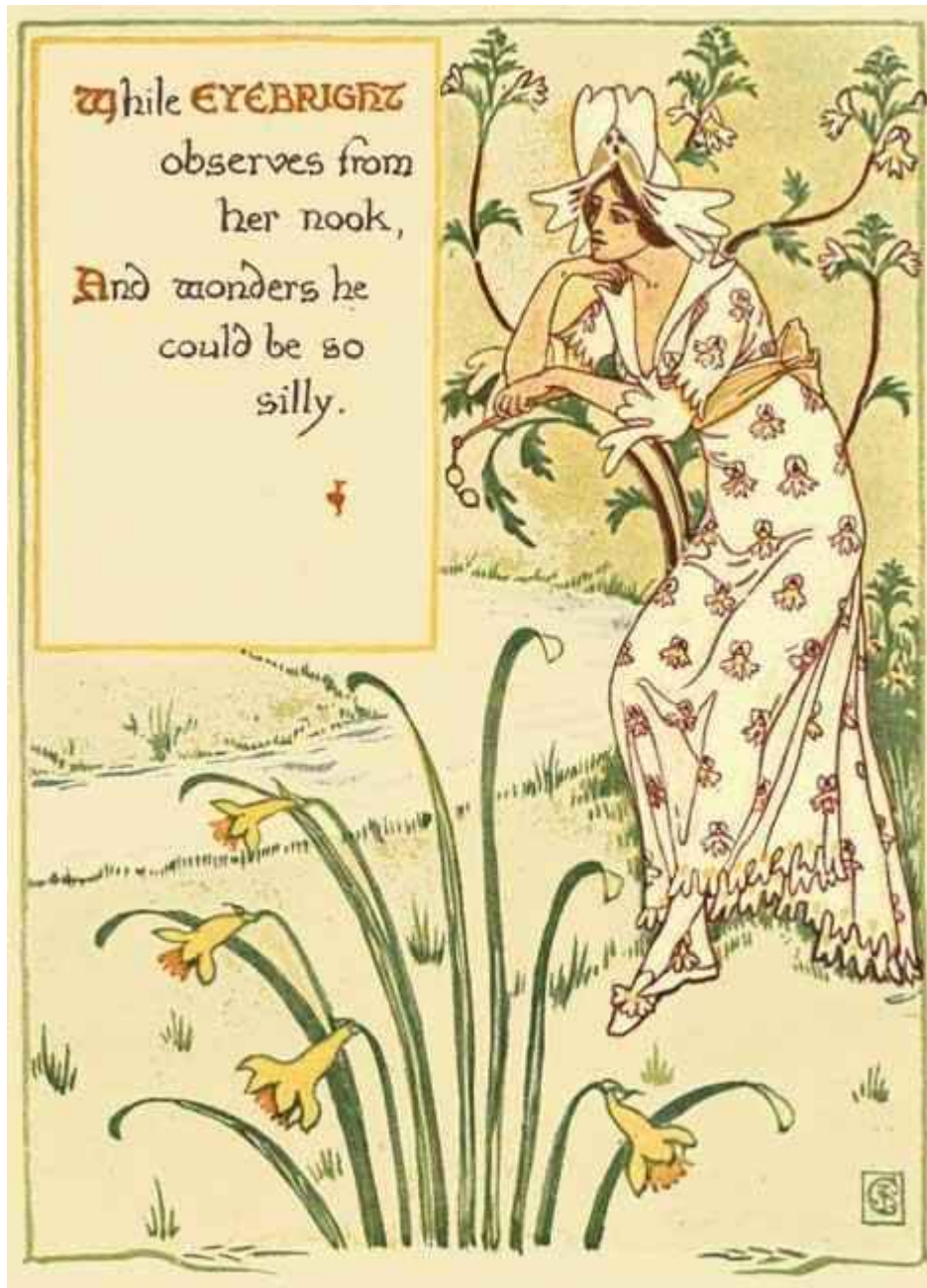
SWEET WILLIAM with MARYGOLD  
Seek HEARTSEASE in the close box-border.  
Where, starched in their ruff's stiff fold,  
DUTCH DAHLIAS prim, keep order.





NARCISSUS bends over the brook,  
Intent upon DAFFA-DOWN-DILLY:





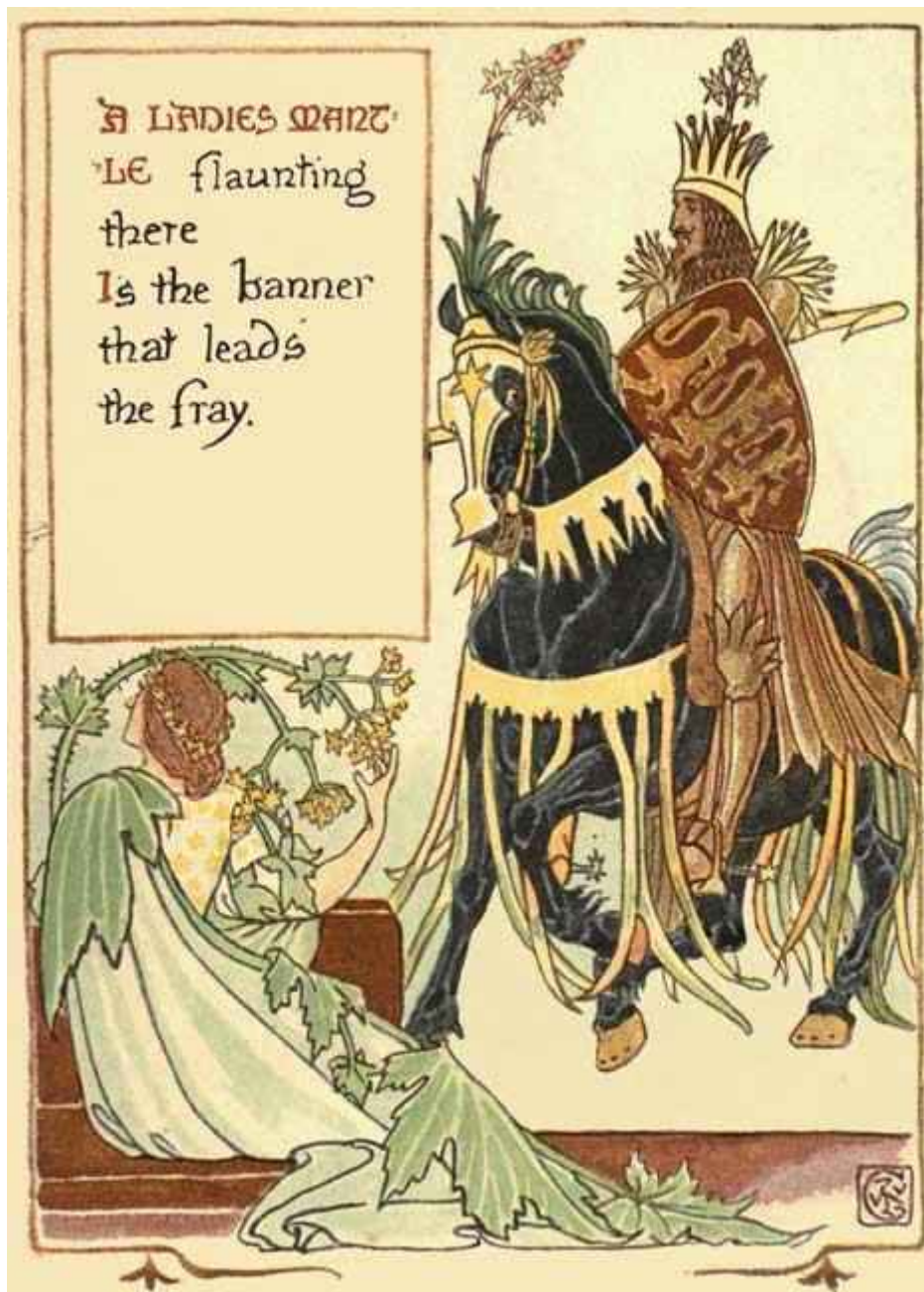
While EYEBRIGHT observes from her nook,  
And wonders he could be so silly.





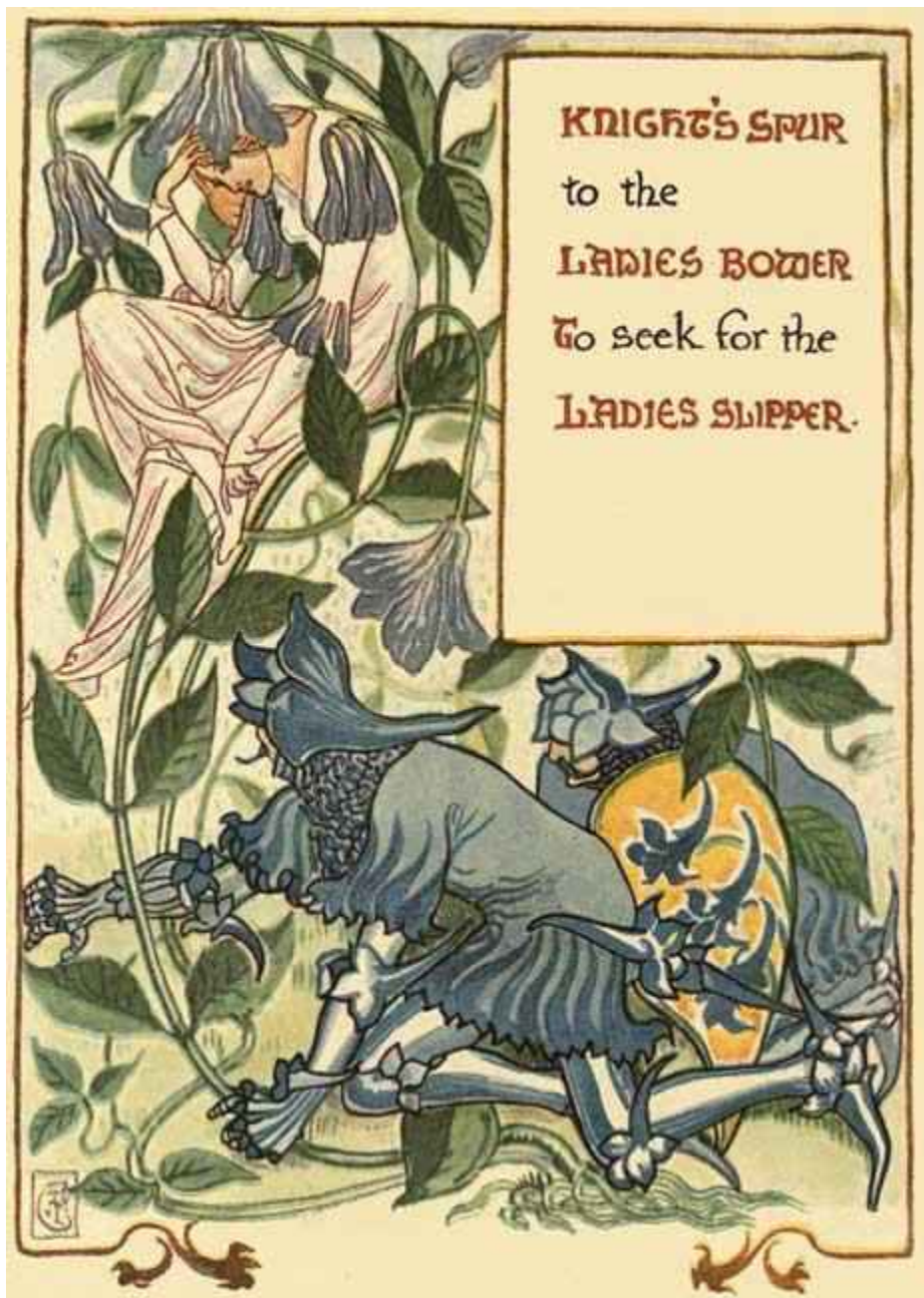
A LANCE FOR A LAD 'gainst KING'S SPEAR.  
When the BUGLE sounds for the play





A LADIES MANTLE flaunting there  
Is the banner that leads the fray.





KNIGHT'S SPUR to the LADIES BOWER  
To seek for the LADIES SLIPPER.





'Twas lost in the wood in a summer shower  
When the CLOWN'S WORT tried to trip her.





TOAD-FLAX is spun for BUTTER-AND-EGGS





On a LADIES' CUSHION sits THRIFT  
She never wastes, or steals, or begs,  
But she can't give poor RAGWORT a lift.





QUEEN OF THE MEADS is MEADOWSWEET,  
In the realm of grasses wide:





But not in all her court you meet  
The turbaned TURK'S HEAD in his pride.





Fair BETHLEHEM'  
STAR  
shineth bright,  
In a lowly  
place, as  
of old,

Fair BETHLEHEM' STAR shineth bright,  
In a lowly place, as of old,





And through the green gloom glows the light  
Of ST. JOHN'S-WORT—a nimbus of gold.



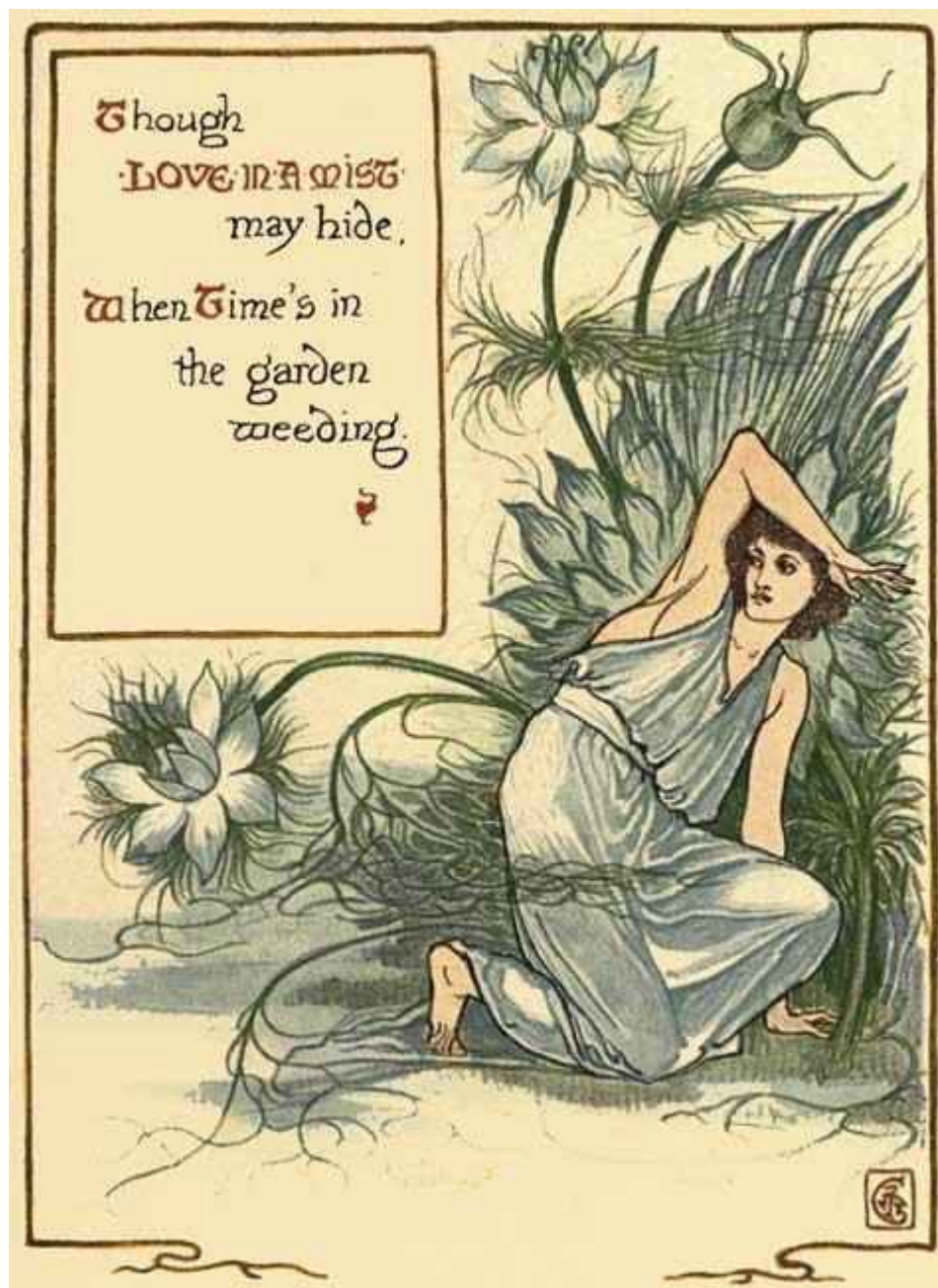


But the hours  
of the sun  
swift glide,

And the flowers  
with them are  
speeding.

But the hours of the sun swift glide,  
And the flowers with them are speeding.





Though LOVE-IN-A-MIST may hide,  
When Time's in the garden weeding.





There's  
TRAVELLER'S  
JOY  
To entwine,  
At our  
journey's end  
for greeting.

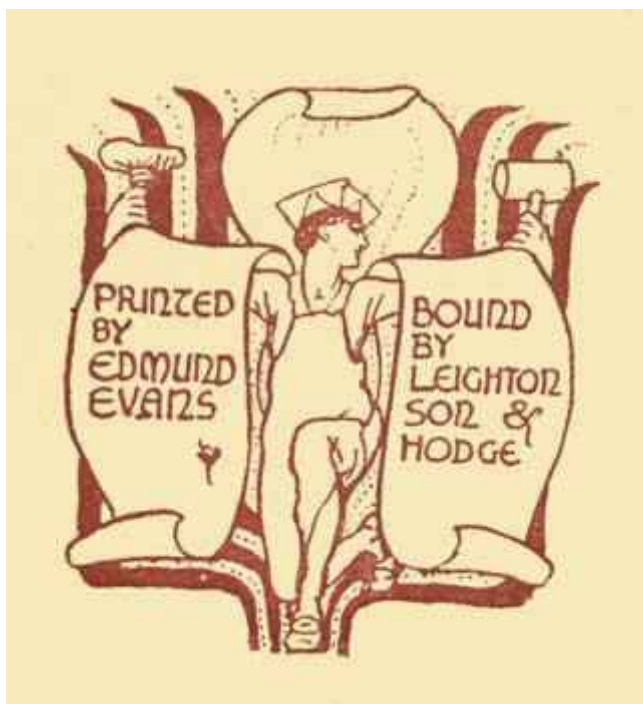
There's TRAVELLER'S JOY  
To entwine,  
At our journey's end for greeting,





We can talk over SOPS-IN-WINE,  
And drink to our next merry meeting.







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