A FLORAL FANTASY
IN AN OLD ENGLISH
GARDEN

BY
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AND BROTHERS
Peter
from Mildred.
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A FLORAL FANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN
SET FORTH IN
VERSES & COLOURED DESIGNS
BY
WALTER CRANE
LONDON: AT THE HOUSE OF HARPER AND BROTHERS:
1899
In an old-world garden dreaming,
where the flowers had human names,
I thought, in fantastic seeming,
they dispored as squires and dames.
Of old in Rosamond's Bower,
With its peacock hedges of yew,
No one could ever find the flower
Unless one was given the clue;
So take the key of the wicker,
Who would follow my fancy free,
By formal knot and clasp thicker,
And smooth green sward 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.
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 unheeding.
Next, a knight with his flaming targe
See the bent 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
Greenwell
In the race
of the flowers
that's run
due,
As the hartstongue pants at the well
And the Houndstongue laps the Sunnew.
Here's Venus' combe
for maidenhair:
while kinggups
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 ROB,
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;
The've come out to see all the fun,
With sisters and aunts and cousins.
The Stitchwort 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, escaped from Wolfe's claw, rides off with a Ladies' laces.
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 Scotch thistle, turned pale:
He'd too many points of the law
For a dragon without a scale.
Little JENNY-CREEPER
lay low,
'til 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 Daisies
prim, keep order.
Narcissus bends over the brook,
Intent upon Daffa-dawn-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 Mant
Le flaunting
there
Is the banner
that leads
the fray.
Knight's Spur
to the
Ladies Bower
to seek for the
Ladies Slippur.
't was lost in the wood in a summer shower when the GROWN'S WORT tried to trip her.
Toad-Flax is spun for Butter-Anneggs
On a lady's 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's 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.
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,
We can talk over
Sops in wine,
And drink to our next
merry meeting.