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WILD FLOWERS

BUTTERCUP

Are Buttercups of golden hue,
 The children gaze at them as though
 And gaze that seldom is with us though.

CLARE

Non all'forgetta le cose belle e fiori—
 Danze e Buttercup—the child's first love;
 Which best the song to our golden hours,
 Enquiries were known.

All'pays (and) through verdant meads to roam,
 With wild flowers strewn.

T. L. MERRITT

Why is it that I love the flowers,
 That grow in woods, and lanes and fields,
 Deeper than all the glowing ones,
 The richly colored garden "pinks"?

The cuckoo flower and hyacinth,
 The daisy blossoms of each woodland wild—
 The cowslip and anemone,
 O, I have prized these from a child.

And then I love the field flowers, too,
 Because they are a blessing given
 Even to the poorest folk here,
 That wander through the vast of heaven.

Then let me stray into the fields,
 Or seek the green wood's shady bowers,
 Marking the heathens and the woods,
 Of simple blossoms—sweet wild flowers.

JACK PLATT

RASTROPSIS SILVENSIS—YELLOW COWWORT OR BUTTERCUP

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