



Yet not in pensive moods alone
 Thy heart-appalling name we own
 To love, to friendship dear;
 Were not that name with joy combin'd,
 Were not thy bright blue blossoms twin'd
 With hopes as bright—thou wouldst not find
 An honoured station here.

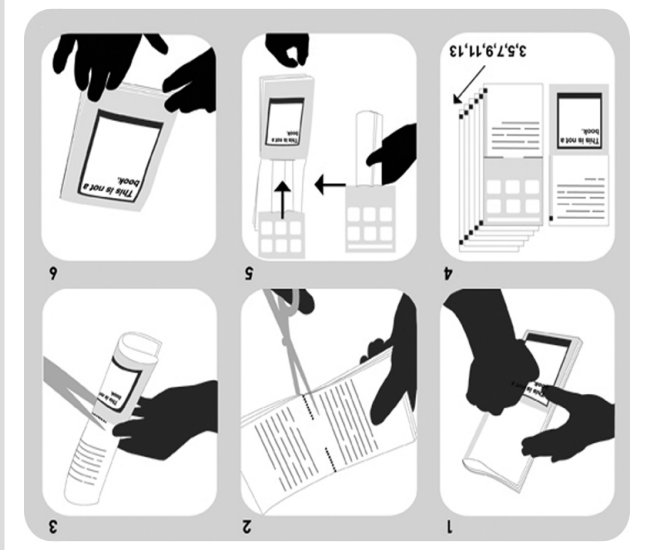
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Forget Me Not

Dundas Museum and Archives

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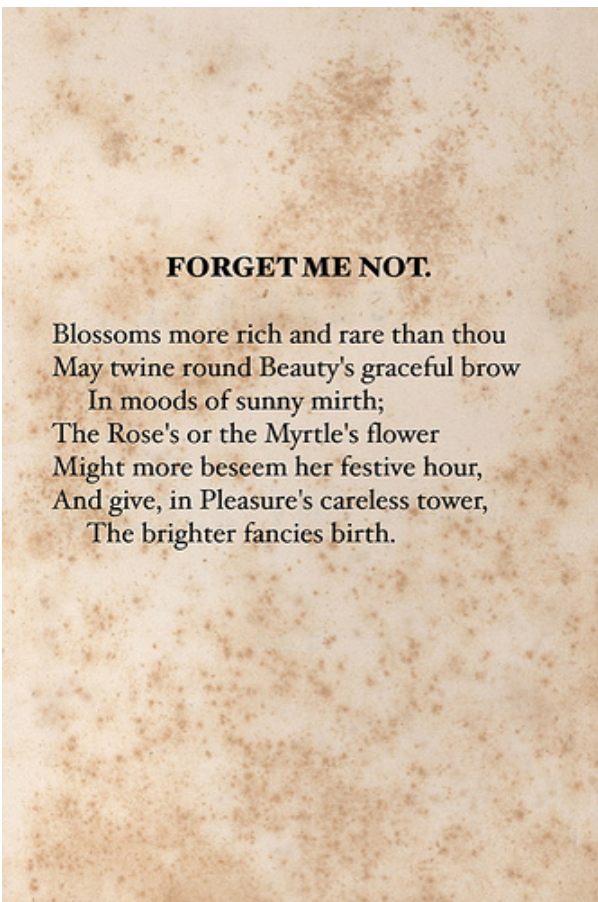


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Forget Me Not
 Dundas Museum and Archives
 created on: Mon Apr 14 14:38:38 2008

Here, then, 'mid pointed leaves of green,
 By thy cerulean blossoms seen,
 To grace our garden-plot;
 Nor would we prouder flowers entwine
 Round Friendship's or Affection's shine,
 Than one which can recall, like thine,
 The words "FORGET ME NOT!"

From *The Floral Forget Me Not*,
 by Henry F. Anners, 1853.
 Collection of the Dundas Museum and Archives



FORGET ME NOT.

Blossoms more rich and rare than thou
 May twine round Beauty's graceful brow
 In moods of sunny mirth;
 The Rose's or the Myrtle's flower
 Might more besem her festive hour,
 And give, in Pleasure's careless tower,
 The brighter fancies birth.





And therefore would we place thee here,
 Symbol of hopes the heart holds dear,
 In every clime and age;
 Thoughts lov'd in sunshine or in gloom,
 Priz'd from the cradle to the tomb,
 Prompt us to wreath thy azure bloom
 To deck our opening page.

But in the moments, sad, yet dear,
 When parting wakes Affection's tear,
 Thy stainless blossom's braid,
 Whose NAME *forbids us to forget*,
 Would be the chosen correct
 Love on the loveliest brow would set
 To crave fond Memory's aid.





Not in our volume's opening leaf
 Should flowers which only imagd grier
 A mournful emblem stand;
 For unforgetting Love; whose light
 Makes even sorrow's clouds look bright,
 In joy and hope, with magic night,
 The feeling can expand.

When "earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
 The lov'd, lamented, we entrust,
 What flower may grace the spot
 Where sleep the reliques of the dead,
 For whom the frequent tear is shed,
 Like thine -- which, from grave's cold bed,
 Repeats "Forget me not!"

