



88

WILD FLOWERS

BUTTERCUP

Are Buttercups of golden hue,
 The children gaze at them as sought,
 And gaze that glides so soon as thought.

CLARK

Non all'forgetti le fiore humble flower—
 Daisies and Buttercups—the child's first love;
 Which best the taught to our golden hours,
 Enquiries were known.

All'pays (not) through verdant meads to rise,
 With wild flowers strewn.

T. L. MERRITT

Why is it that I love the flowers,
 That grow in woods, and lanes and fields,
 Brighter 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
 For to the peasant folk are,
 That wander forth 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 BULBOSA—YELLOW BUTTERCUP
 BUTTERCUP

Illustration of a buttercup plant with several flowers and buds, enclosed in an ornate decorative border.