

Flowers of the Sea:

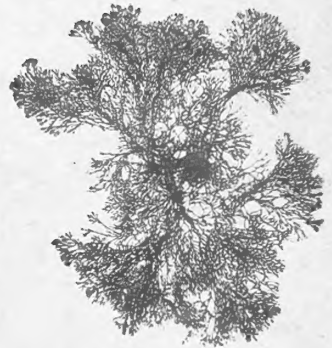
In Picture and Verse.

O, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of the bowers —
Then call us not weeds: we are Ocean's gay flowers.

Boston :

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1883.



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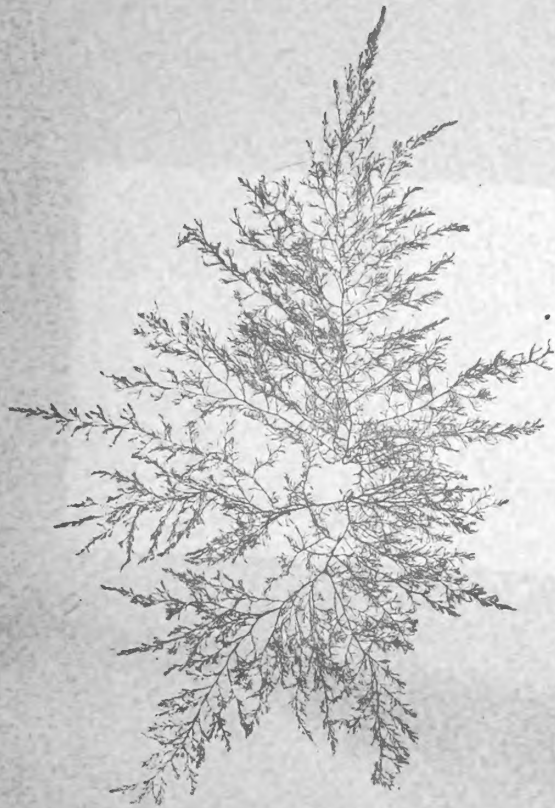
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Flowers of the Sea.

SEA WEED.

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm wind of the Equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea weed from the rocks.
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting,
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

Longfellow.



2-1-95 gift H. Buck

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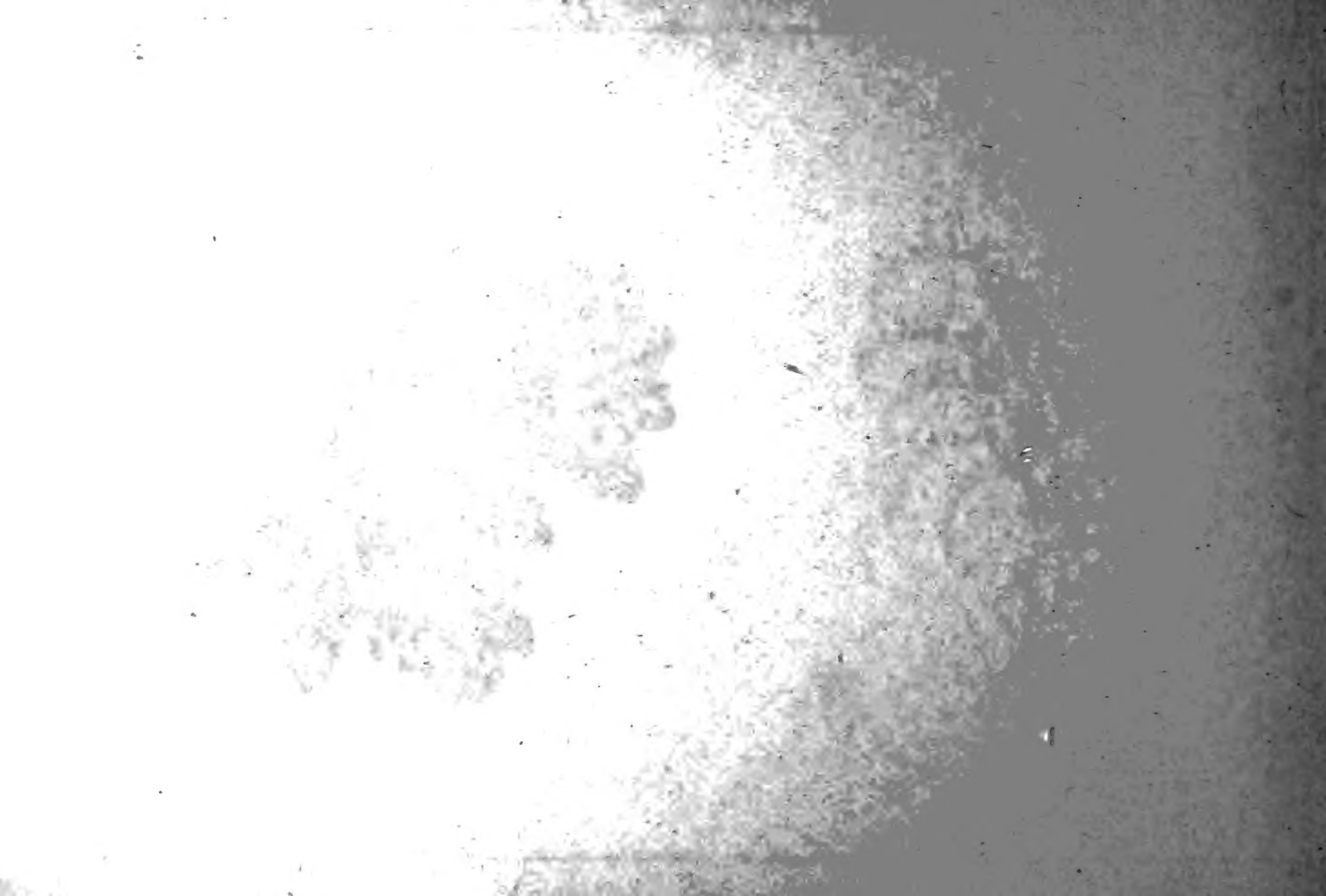




Far down in the green and glassy brine,
Where the floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
Where from coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.

J. G. Percival.

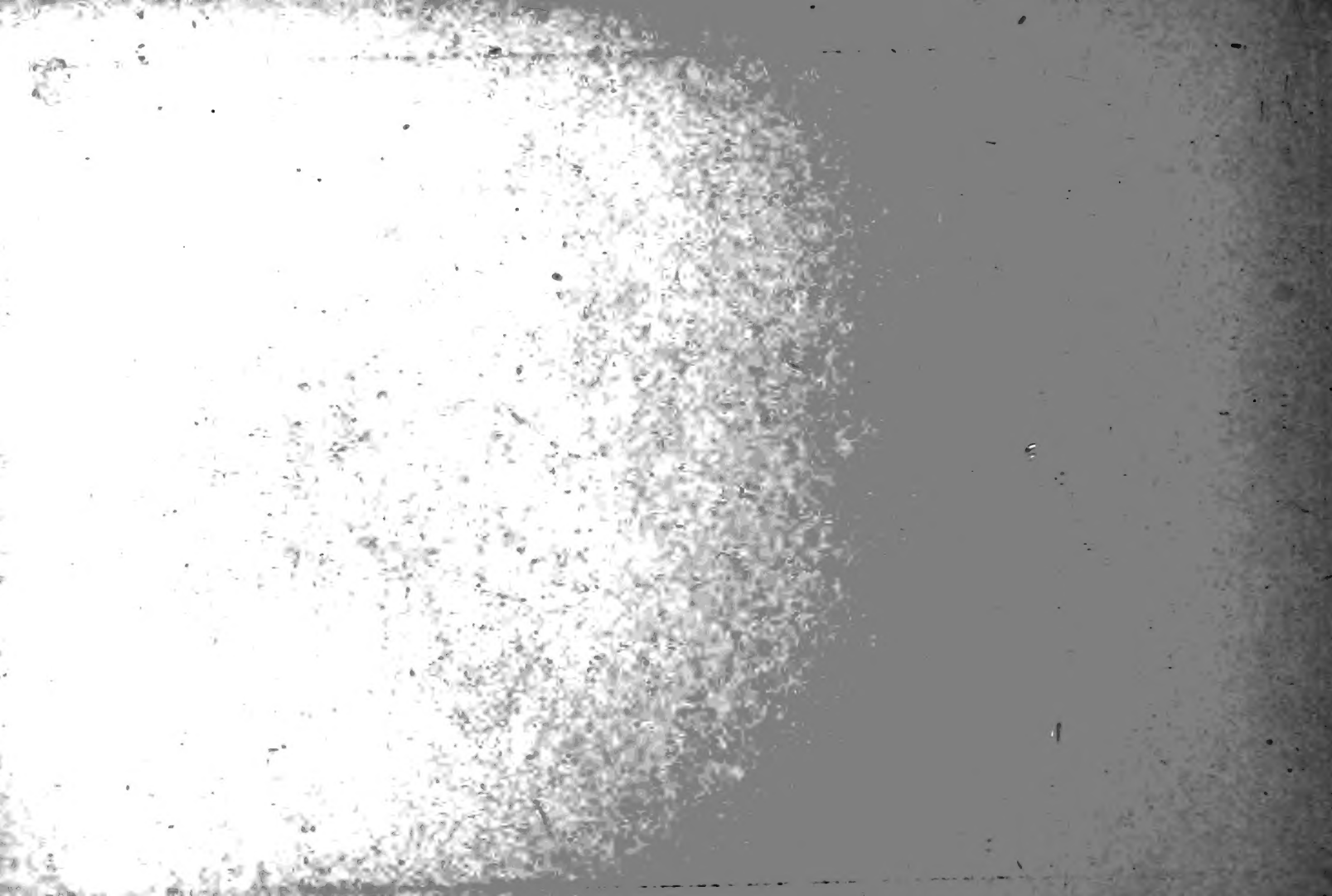




I climbed the sea-worn cliffs that edged the shore,
And looking downward watched the breakers curl
Around the rocks, and marked their mighty swirl
Quiver through swaying sea weed dark and hoar.
Eastward the white caps rose with far-off roar,
Against a sky like red and purple pearl,
Then hollowed greenly in, and rushed to hurl
Their weight of water at the cliffs before.
Only a sea-gull flying silently,
And one soft rosy sail were now in sight, —
A sail the sunset touched right tenderly,
And flushed with dreamy glory faintly bright.
Then fain would I have crossed the tossing sea.
Fain dared the storm to float within that light.

Alice Osborne.



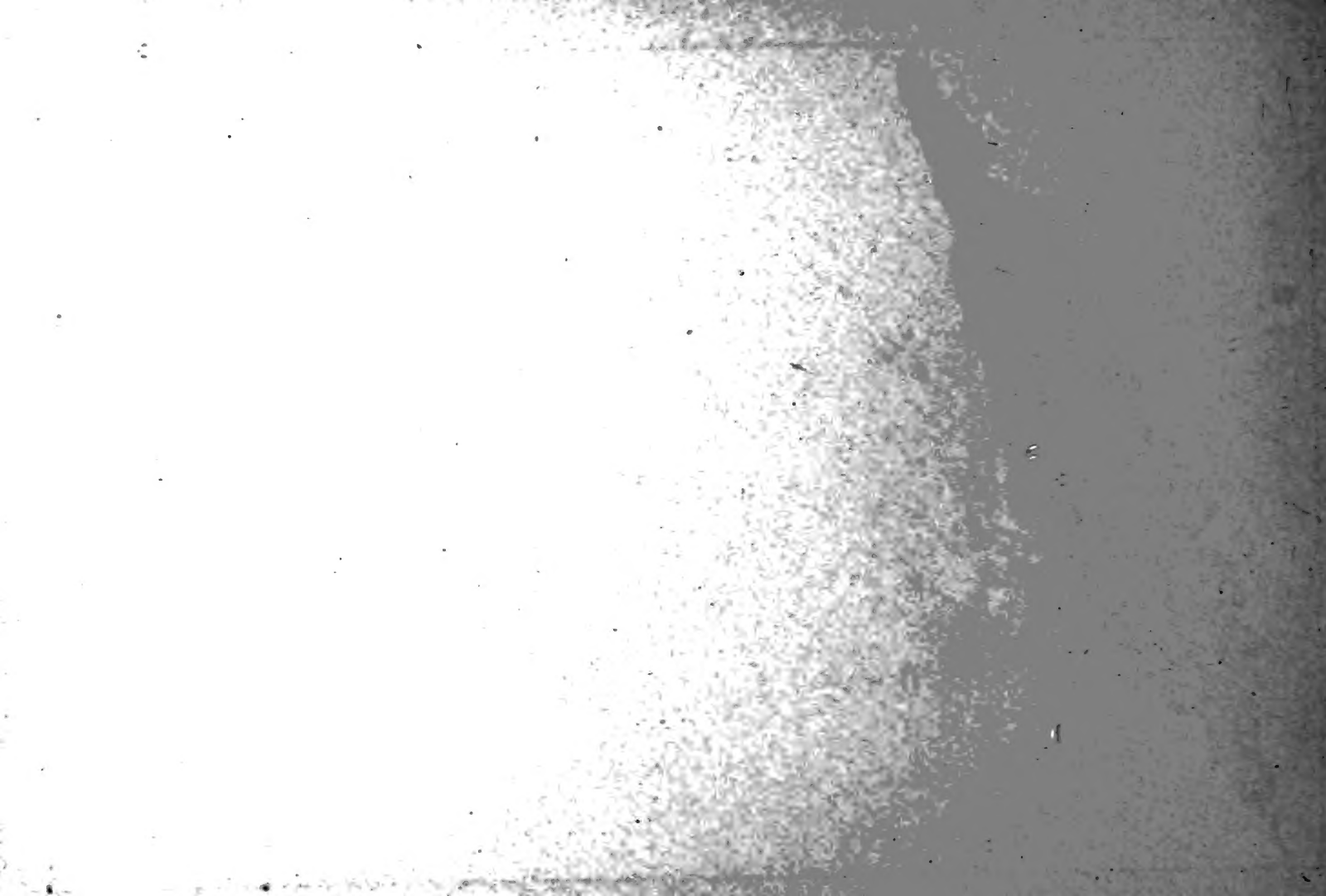





The night is calm and cloudless.
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather.
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen in breathless silence
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns.
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone ;
And anon from shelving beaches
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising,
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing,
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer,
Christe Eleison !



Longfellow.





O, call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea,
For lovely and bright and gay-tinted are we ;
Our blush is as deep as the rose of the bowers —
Then call us not weeds : we are Ocean's gay flowers.

Not nursed like the plants of a summer parterre,
Whose gales are but sighs of an evening air,
Our exquisite, fragile, and beautiful forms
Are nursed by the ocean and rocked by the storm.

Wordsworth.





SEA WEED.

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim:
Too closely clings the burden of the day,
And all the mint and anise that I pay
But swells my debt and deepens my self-blame.

Shall I less patience have, than Thou, who know
That Thou revisit'st all who wait for Thee,
Nor only fill'st the unsounded deeps below,
But dost refresh with punctual overflow
The rifts where unregarded mosses be?

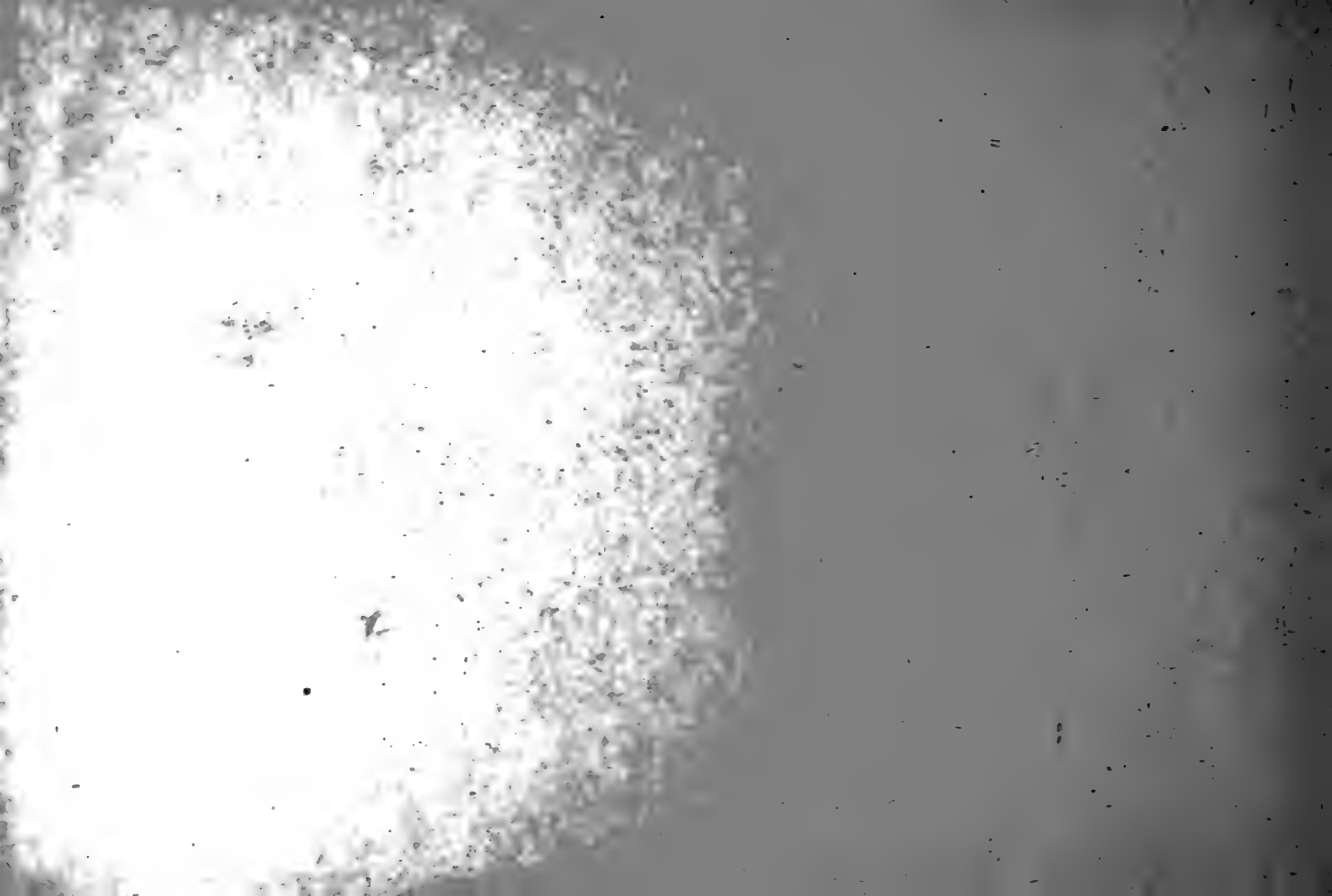
The drooping sea weed hears, in night abyssed,
Far and more far the wave's receding shocks,
Nor doubts, for all the darkness and the mist,
That the pale shepherdess will keep her tryst,
And shore-ward lead again her foam-fleeced flocks.

For the same wave that rims the Carib shore
With momentary brede of pearl and gold,
Goes hurrying thence to gladden with its roar
Lorn weeds bound fast on rocks of Labrador
By love divine on one sweet errand rolled.

And, though Thy healing waters far withdraw,
I, too, can wait and feed on hope of Thee
And of the dear recurrence of Thy law,
Sure that the parting grace that morning saw
Abides its time to come in search of me.

J. R. Lowell.

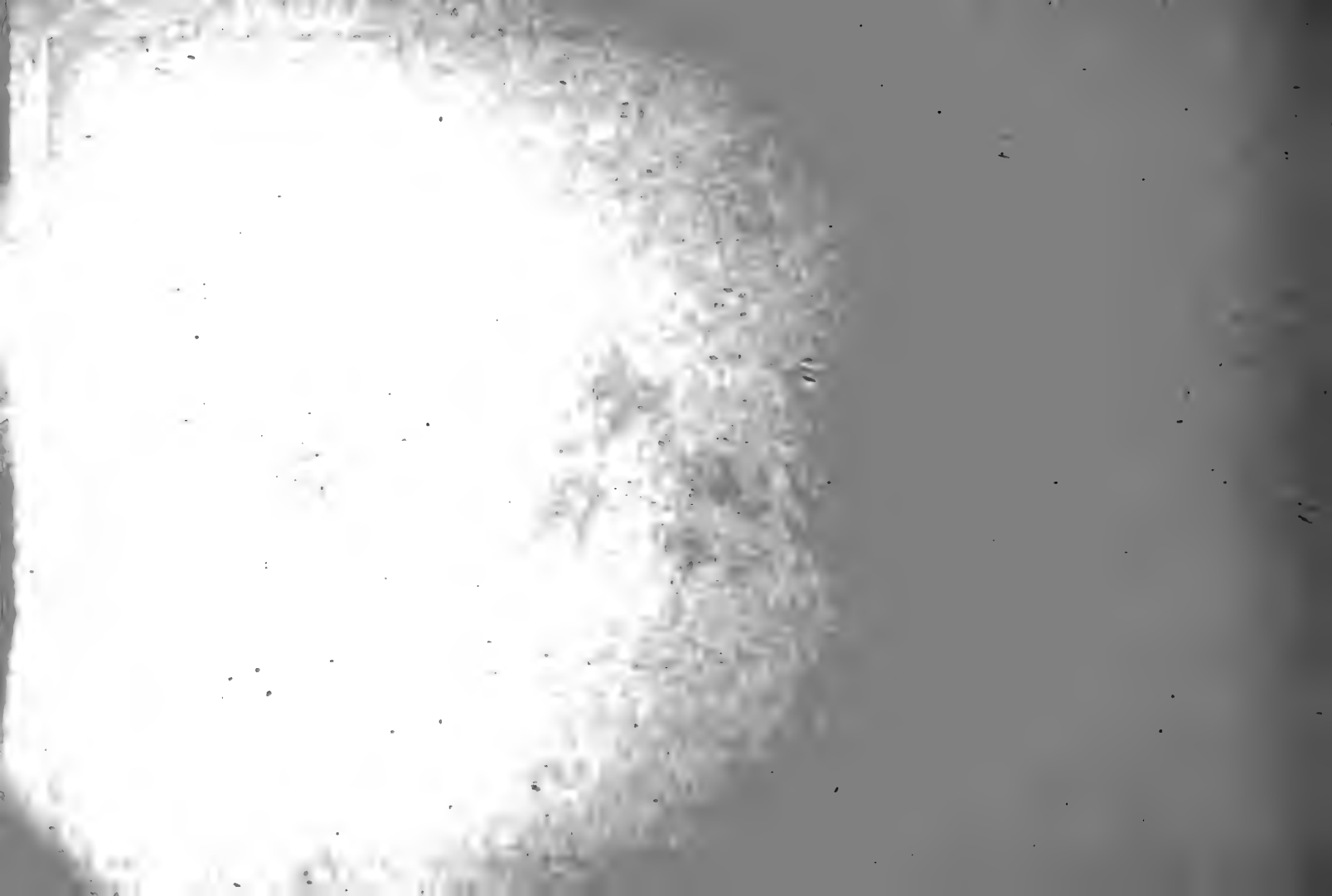






Down on the shore, on the sunny shore!
Where the salt smell cheers the land;
Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,
And the surge on the glittering strand;
Where the children wade in the shallow pools,
Or run from the path in play:
With the hushing waves on its golden floor,
To sing a tuneful roundelay.
Down on the shore, on the stormy shore!
Beset by growling sea,
Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep,
Like wolves up a traveler's tree;
Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
Blows the curlew off with a screech;
Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the roots,
Is flung out of fishers' reach;
Where the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,
And scatters her planks on the beach.

Wm. Allingham.



On the surface, foam and roar,
Restless heave and passionate dash;
Shingle rattle along the shore,
Gathering boom and thundering crash.



Under the surface, loveliest forms,
Feathery fronds with crimson curl,
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms,
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.



Frances Ridley Havergal.





SEA TANGLE.

"Go show to earth your power!" the East Wind cried,
Commanding; and the swift submissive seas,
In ordered files, like liquid mountains, glide,
Moving from sky to sky with godlike ease.

Below a cliff, where mused a little maid,
It struck. Its voice in thunder cried "Beware!"
But, to delight her, instantly displayed
A fount of showering diamonds in the air.

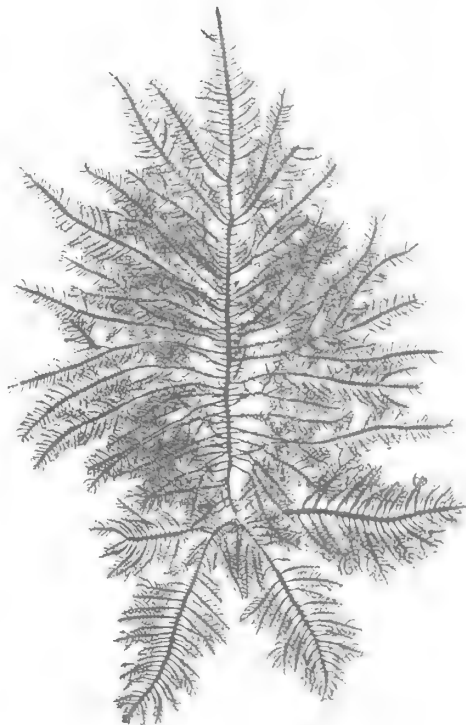
* * * * * The wave passed on:
Touching each shore with silver-saddled feet,
But tossed, in flying, in the sun which shone,
A handful, to her lap, of sea-blooms sweet.

More delicate than forms that frost doth weave
On window panes, are Ocean's filmy brood;
Remembering the awful homes they leave,
Their hues to that dim underworld subdued.

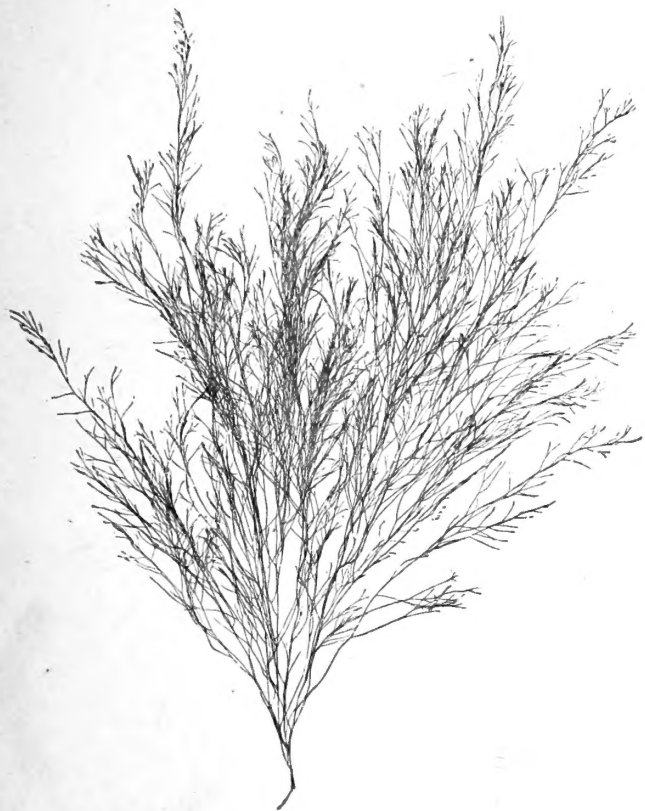
"So grand, so terrible, how could I know
He cared for these?" she faltered, — "darlings dear!
That his great heart could nurture them and glow
With such a love beneath such looks severe?"

Like God, the Ocean, too, the least can heed,
Yearn in a moon-led quest to farthest shores,
And fondle in delight its smallest weed,
Yet look to Him it mirrors and adores.

J. G. Appleton.







MY LIFE IS LIKE A STROLL UPON THE
BEACH.

My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
As near the ocean's edge as I can go;
My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
Sometimes I stay to let them overflow.

My sole employment 't is — and scrupulous care,
To place my gains beyond the reach of tides;
Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
Which ocean kindly to my hand confides.

I have but few companions on the shore:
They scorn the strand who sail upon the sea;
Yet oft I think the ocean they've sailed o'er
Is deeper known upon the strand to me.

The middle sea contains no crimson dulse,
Its deeper waves cast up no pearls to view;
Along the shore my hand is on its pulse,
And I converse with many a shipwrecked crew.

Henry D. Thorcau.



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