

# FLORAL FANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

*BY WALTER CRANE*

NEW YORK & LONDON HARPER AND BROTHERS







·A·FLORAL·  
·FANTASY·





***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



***THE OLD ENGLISH GARDEN***

**A FLORAL PHANTASY**





In an old world garden dreaming,  
Where the flowers had human names,  
Methought, in fantastic seeming,  
They disported as squires and dames.



**O**f old in Rosamond's  
Bower,  
**W**ith its peacock hedges  
of yew,  
**O**ne could never find  
the flower  
**U**nless one was given  
the clue;  
**S**o take the key of the  
wicket,  
**W**ho would follow my  
fancy free,  
**B**y formal knot and  
clipt thicket,  
**A**nd smooth green  
sward so fair to see

Of old in Rosamond's Bower,  
With its peacock hedges of yew,  
One could never find the flower  
Unless one was given the clue;  
So take the key of the wicket,  
Who would follow my fancy free,  
By formal knot and clipt thicket,  
And smooth greensward 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 un-  
heeding.

While PRETTY MAIDS all of them pass  
With careless hearts quite unheeding.





Next, a knight with his flaming targe  
 See the DENT-DE-LION so bold  
 With his feathery crest at large,  
 On a field of the cloth of gold.

**S**imple **H**onesty  
shows in vain  
**A** fashion few  
seek to robe in,  
**W**hile the poor  
**S**HEPHERD'S-PURSE  
is ta'en  
**B**y rascally  
**R**AGGED-ROBIN.



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  
SPEEDWELL





In the race of the flowers that's run due,



As the HARTSTONGUE pants at the well



And the HOUNDSTONGUE laps the SUNDEW.





Here's VENUS'-COMBE for MAIDENHAIR:  
While KING-CUPS 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 ROD,  
While a floral crowd press around,  
Just to win from her crest a nod.





The **F**oxgloves  
are already on,  
**N**ot only in pairs  
but dozens;  
They've come out  
to see all the fun,  
**W**ith sisters and  
aunts  
and cousins.

The FOXGLOVES are already on.  
Not only in pairs but dozens;  
They've come out to see all the fun,  
With sisters and aunts and cousins.



The STITCHWORK looked up with a sigh  
At BATCHELOR'S BUTTONS unsewn:



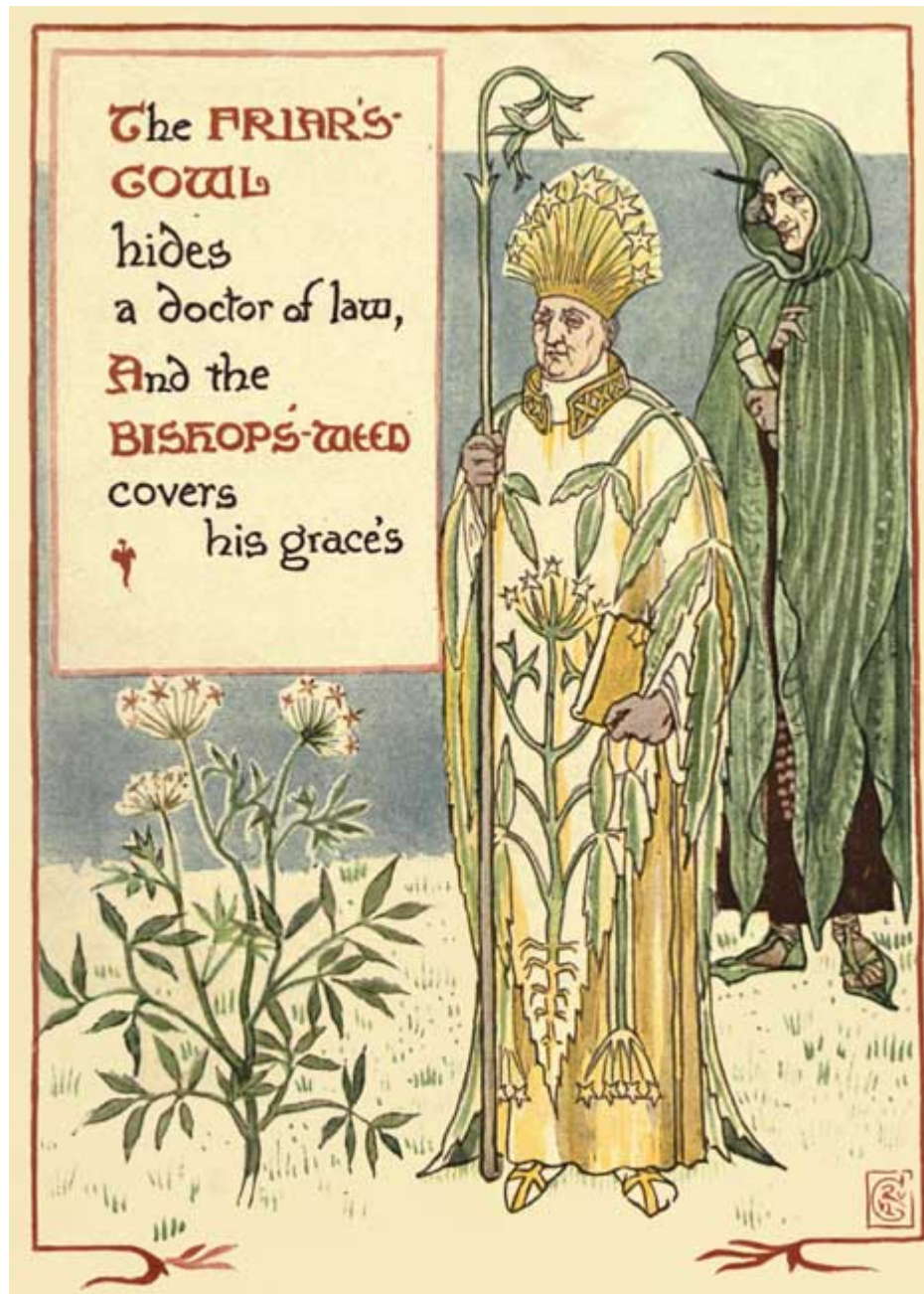


Single Daisies were not in her eye,  
For the grass was just newly mown.



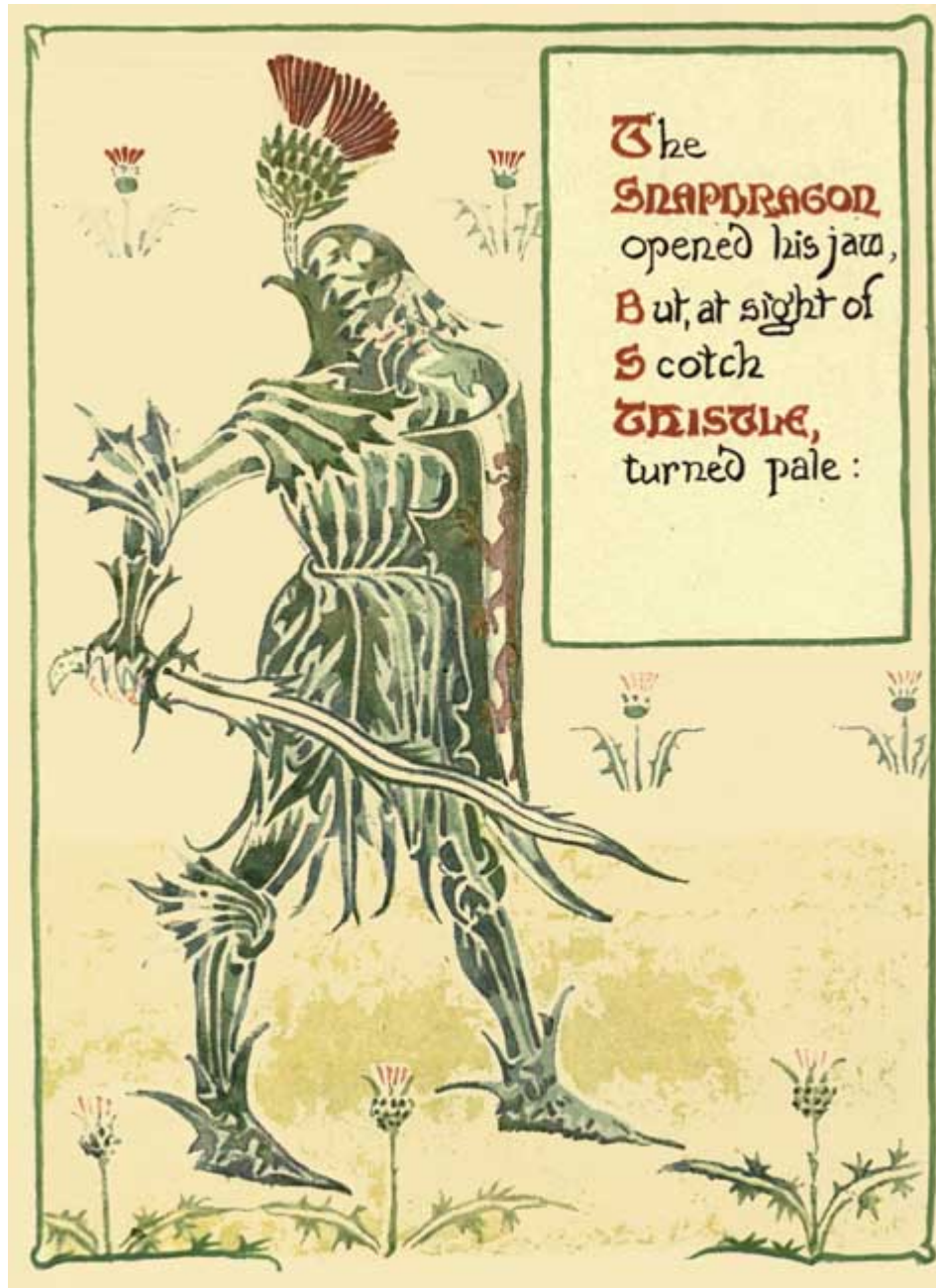


The HORSE-TAIL, 'scaped from WOLFE'S CLAW,  
Rides off with a LADIES' LAGES.



The FRIAR'S-COWL hides a doctor of law,  
And the BISHOP'S-WEED covers his grace's





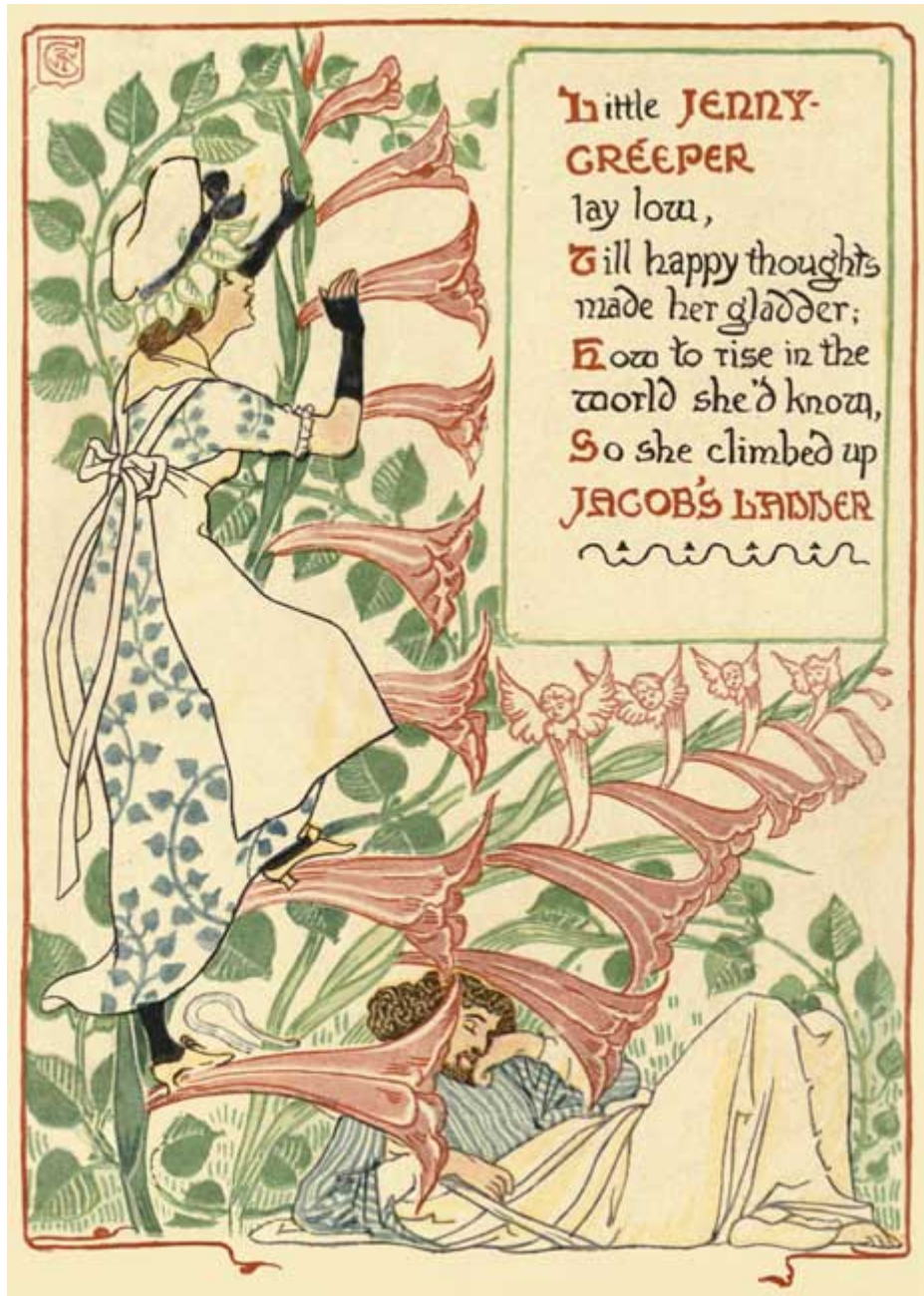
The SNAPDRAGON opened his jaw,  
But, at sight of Scotch THISTLE, turned pale:





**H**e'd  
too many points  
of the law  
**F**or a dragon  
without  
a scale.

He'd too many points of the law  
For a dragon without a scale.



Little JENNY-CREEPER lay low,  
Till happy thoughts made her gladder;  
How to rise in the world she'd know,  
So she climbed up JACOB'S LADDER



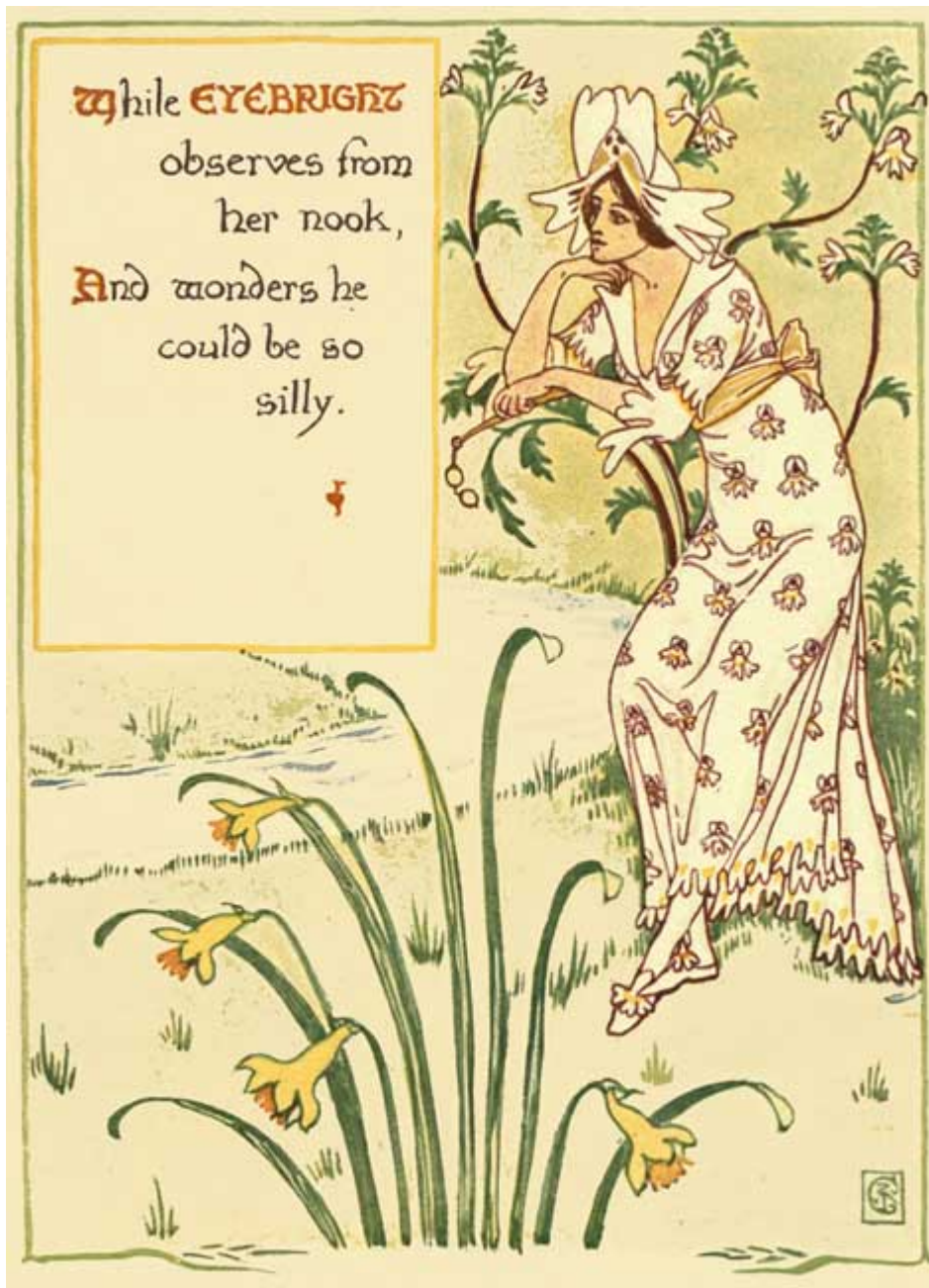


SWEET WILLIAM with MARYGOLD  
Seek HEARTSEASE in the close box-border.  
Where, starched in their ruff's stiff fold,  
DUTCH DAHLIAS prim, keep order.





NARCISSUS bends over the brook,  
Intent upon DAFFA-DOWN-DILLY:

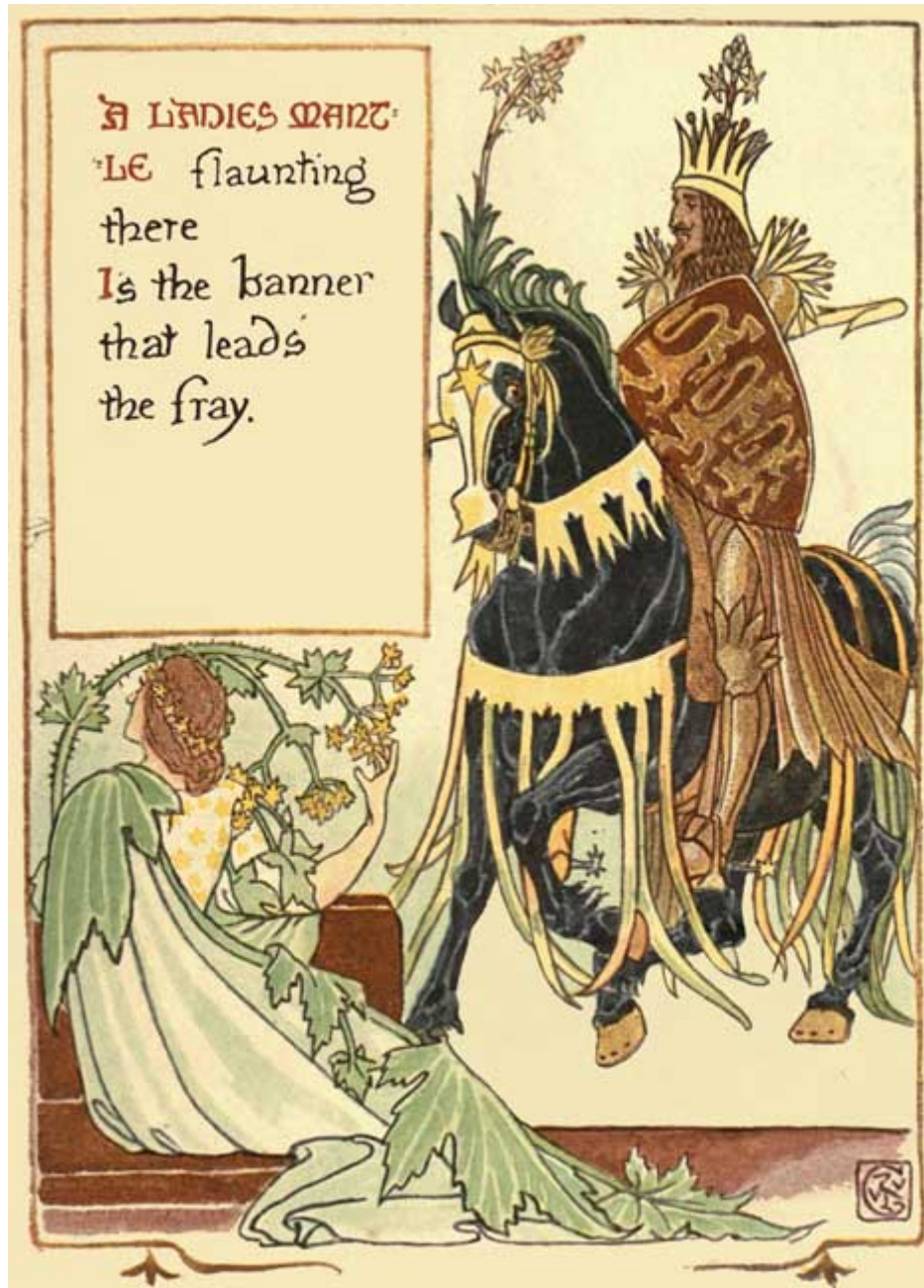


While EYEBRIGHT observes from her nook,  
And wonders he could be so silly.

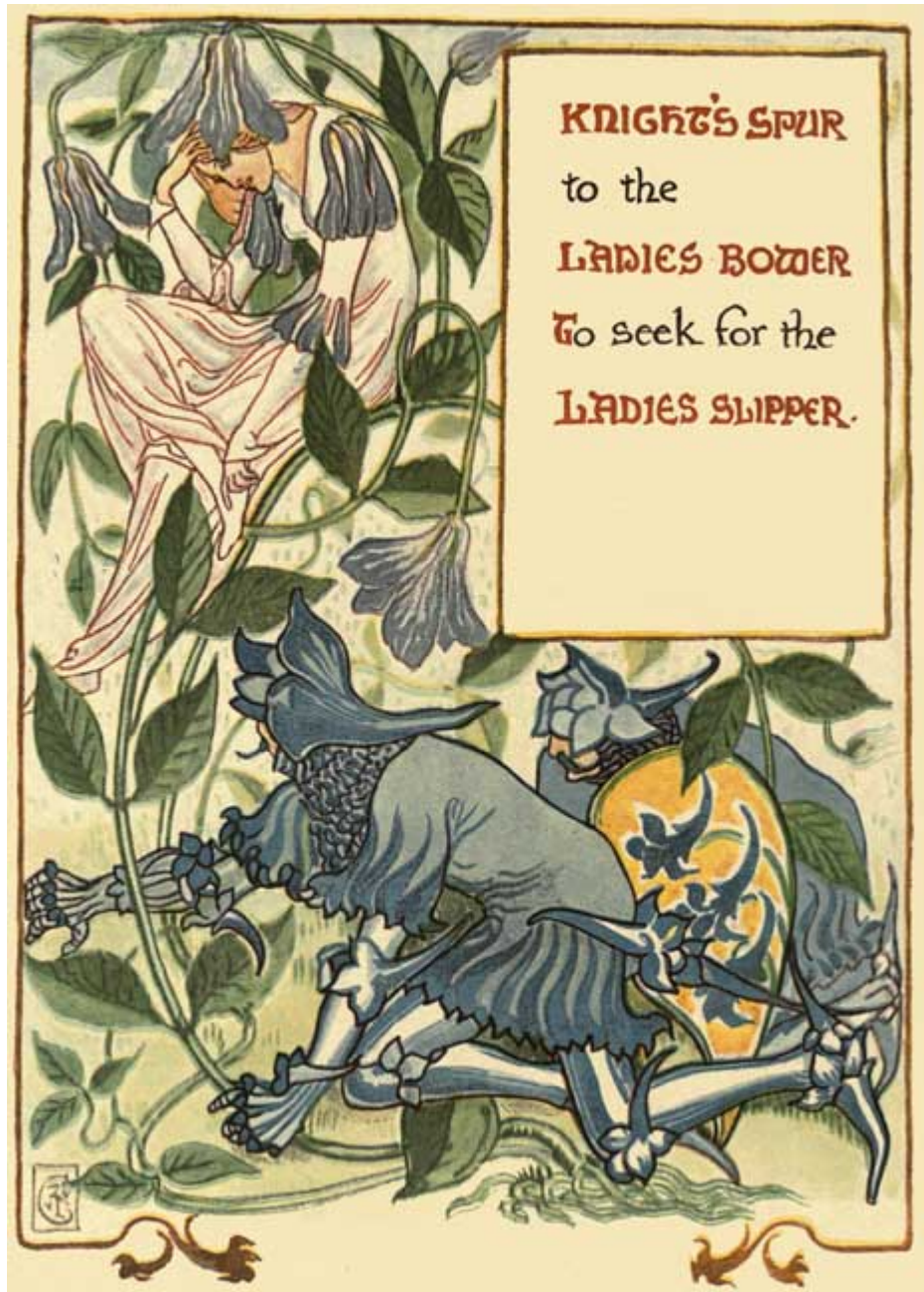


A LANCE FOR A LAD 'gainst KING'S SPEAR.  
When the BUGLE sounds for the play





A LADIES MANTLE flaunting there  
Is the banner that leads the fray.



KNIGHT'S SPUR to the LADIES BOWER  
To seek for the LADIES SLIPPER.





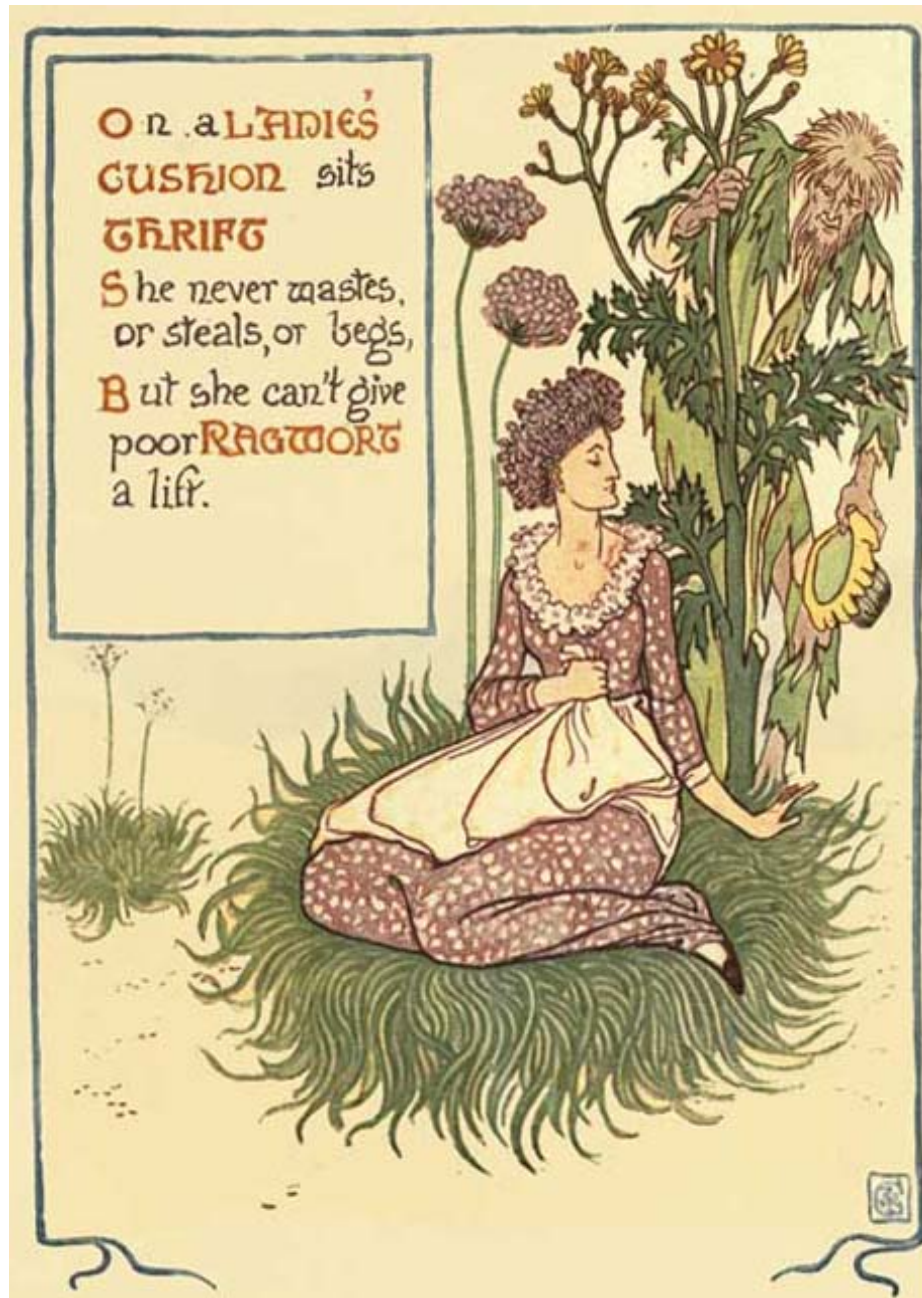
'Twas lost in  
the wood  
in a summer  
shower  
When the  
**CLOWN'S WORT**  
tried to trip her.

'Twas lost in the wood in a summer shower  
When the CLOWN'S WORT tried to trip her.





TOAD-FLAX is spun for BUTTER-AND-EGGS

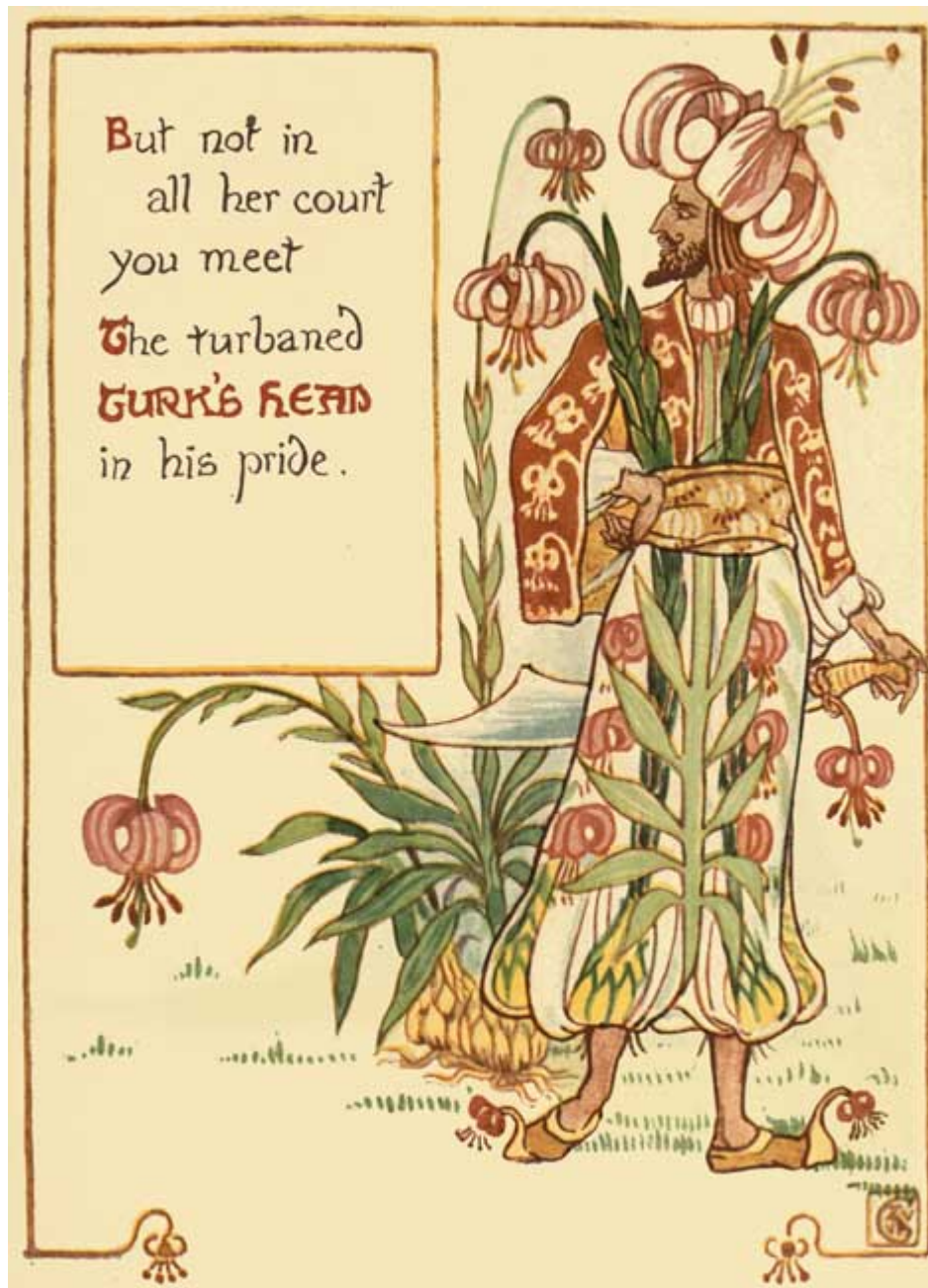


On a LADIES' CUSHION sits THRIFT  
She never wastes, or steals, or begs,  
But she can't give poor RAGWORT a lift.



QUEEN OF THE MEADS is MEADOWSWEET,  
In the realm of grasses wide:



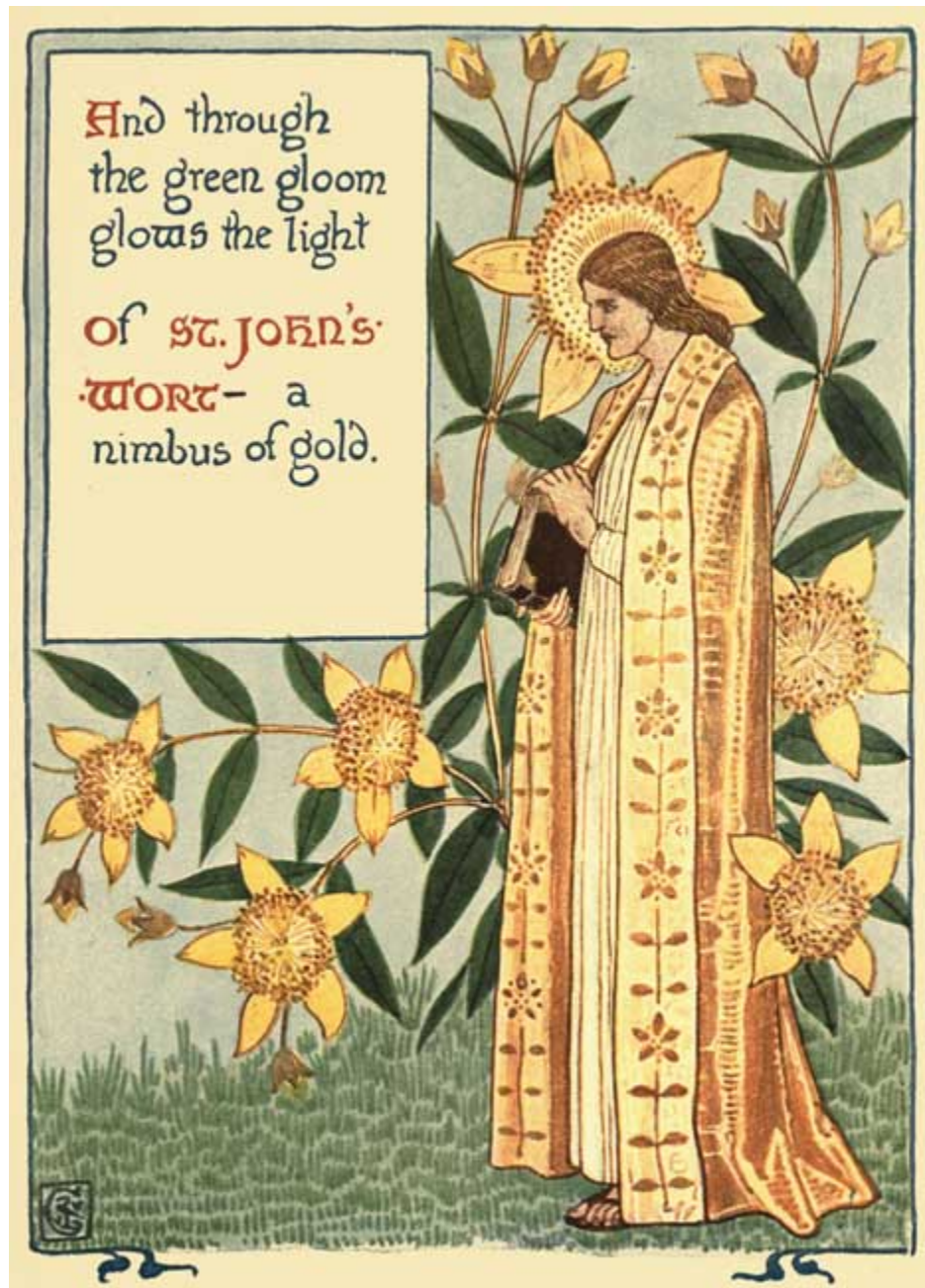


But not in all her court you meet  
The turbaned TURK'S HEAD in his pride.



Fair BETHLEHEM' 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.



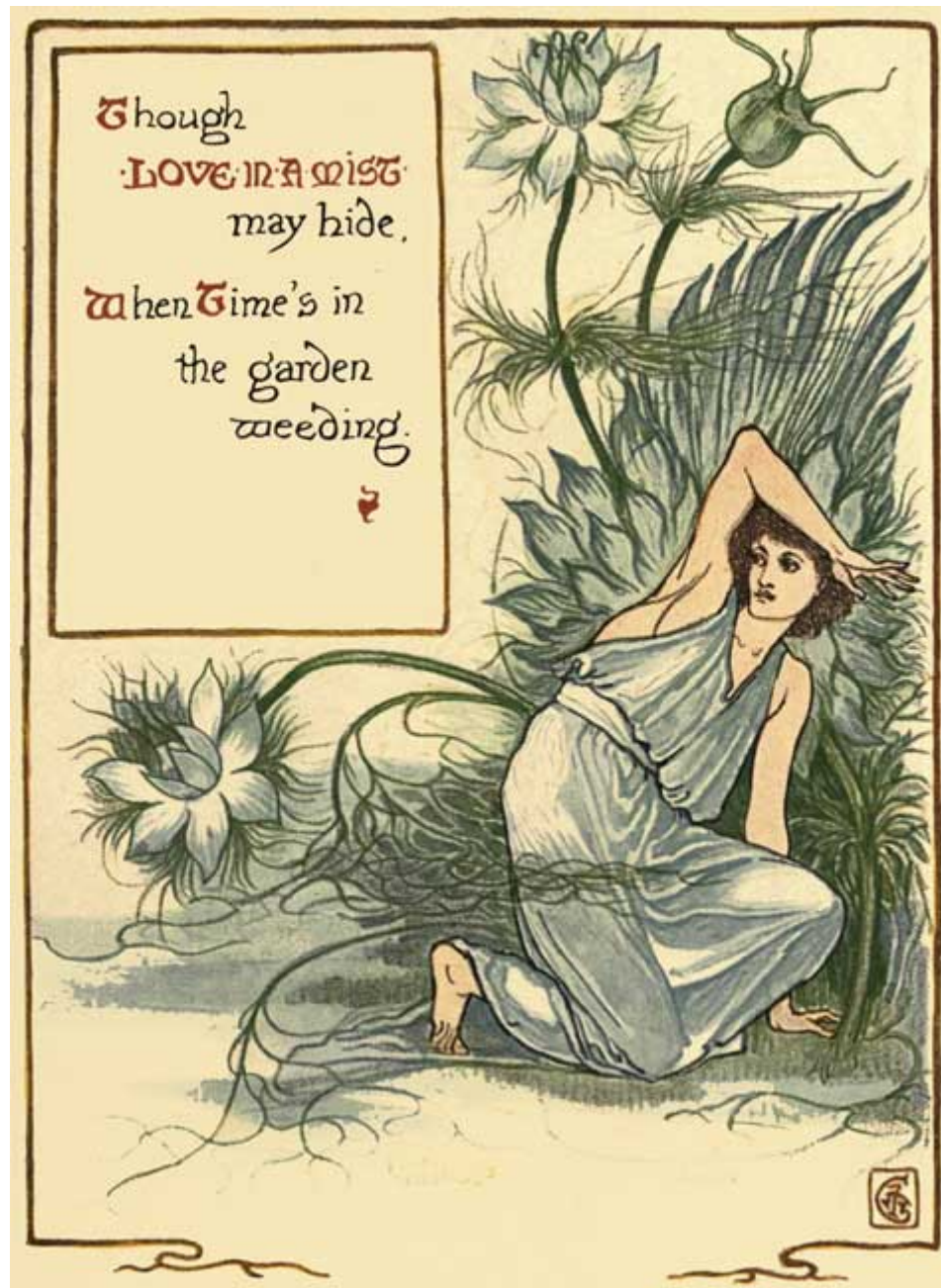


**B**ut the hours  
of the sun  
swift glide,

**A**nd the flowers  
with them are  
speeding.

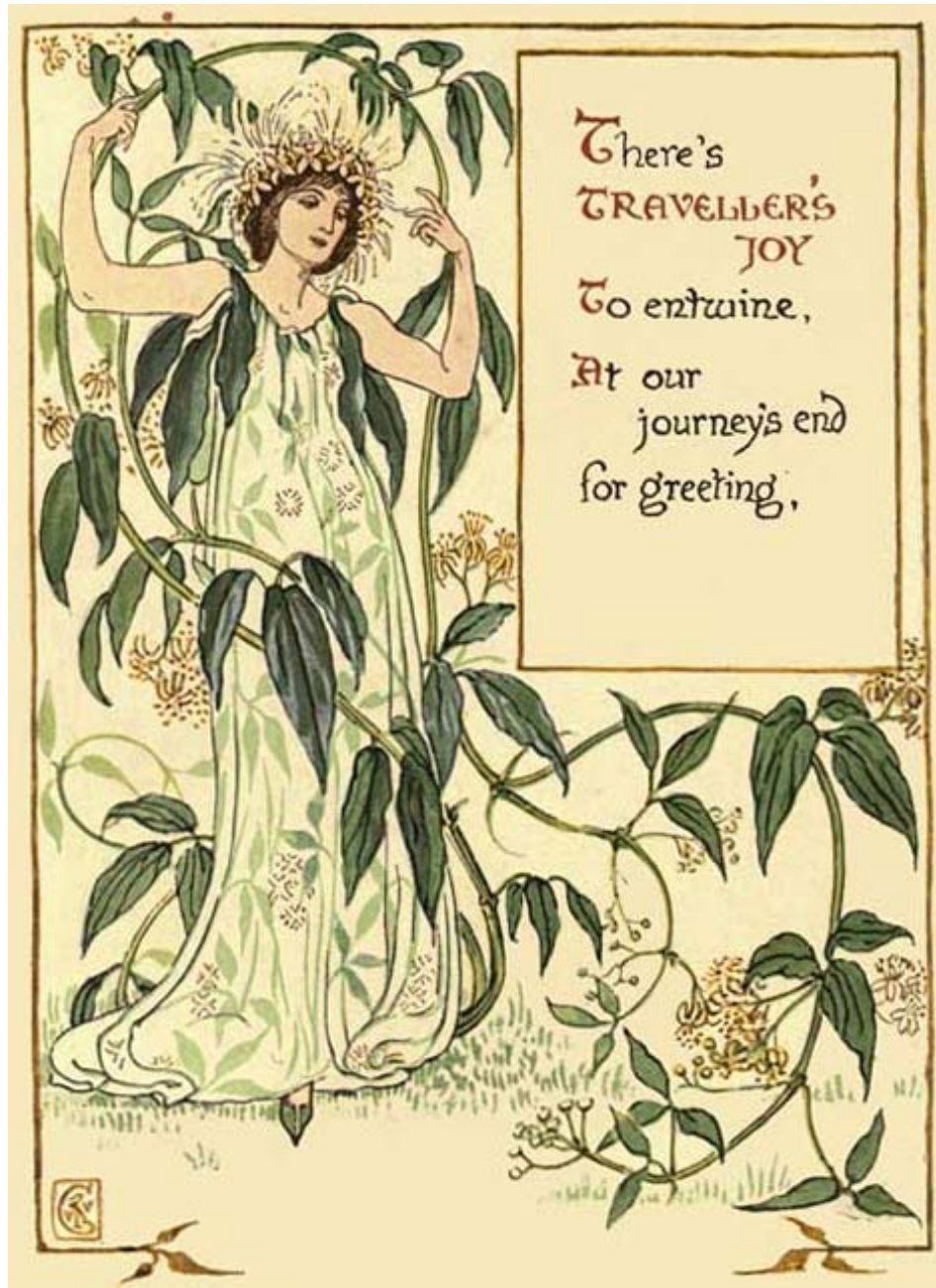


But the hours of the sun swift glide,  
And the flowers with them are speeding.



Though LOVE-IN-A-MIST may hide,  
When Time's in the garden weeding.



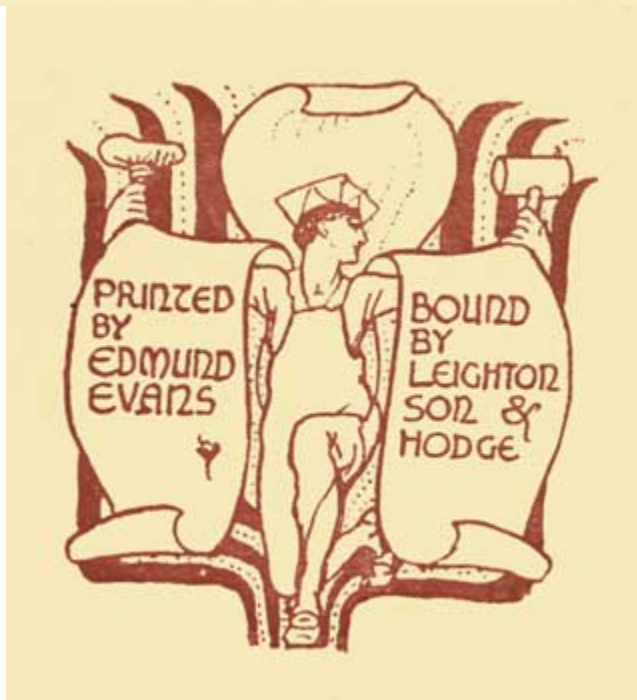


There's TRAVELLER'S JOY  
To entwine,  
At our journey's end for greeting,





We can talk over SOPS-IN-WINE,  
And drink to our next merry meeting.



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