



A FLORAL FANTASY  
IN AN OLD ENGLISH  
GARDEN  
BY  
WALTER CRANE

NEW YORK &  
GORDON HARPER  
AND BROTHERS

# A FLORAL FANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

BY WALTER CRANE



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·A·FLORAL·  
·FANTASY·





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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



THE OLD ENG:  
LISH GARDEN  
A FLORAL PHAN  
TASY · ✦ · ✦ · ✦

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

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,

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 -

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 unheeding.



Next, a knight  
with his flam:  
ing targe  
See the  
**DENT-DE-LION**  
so bold  
With his feath:  
ery crest at large,  
On a field of the  
cloth of gold.

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.



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.

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.

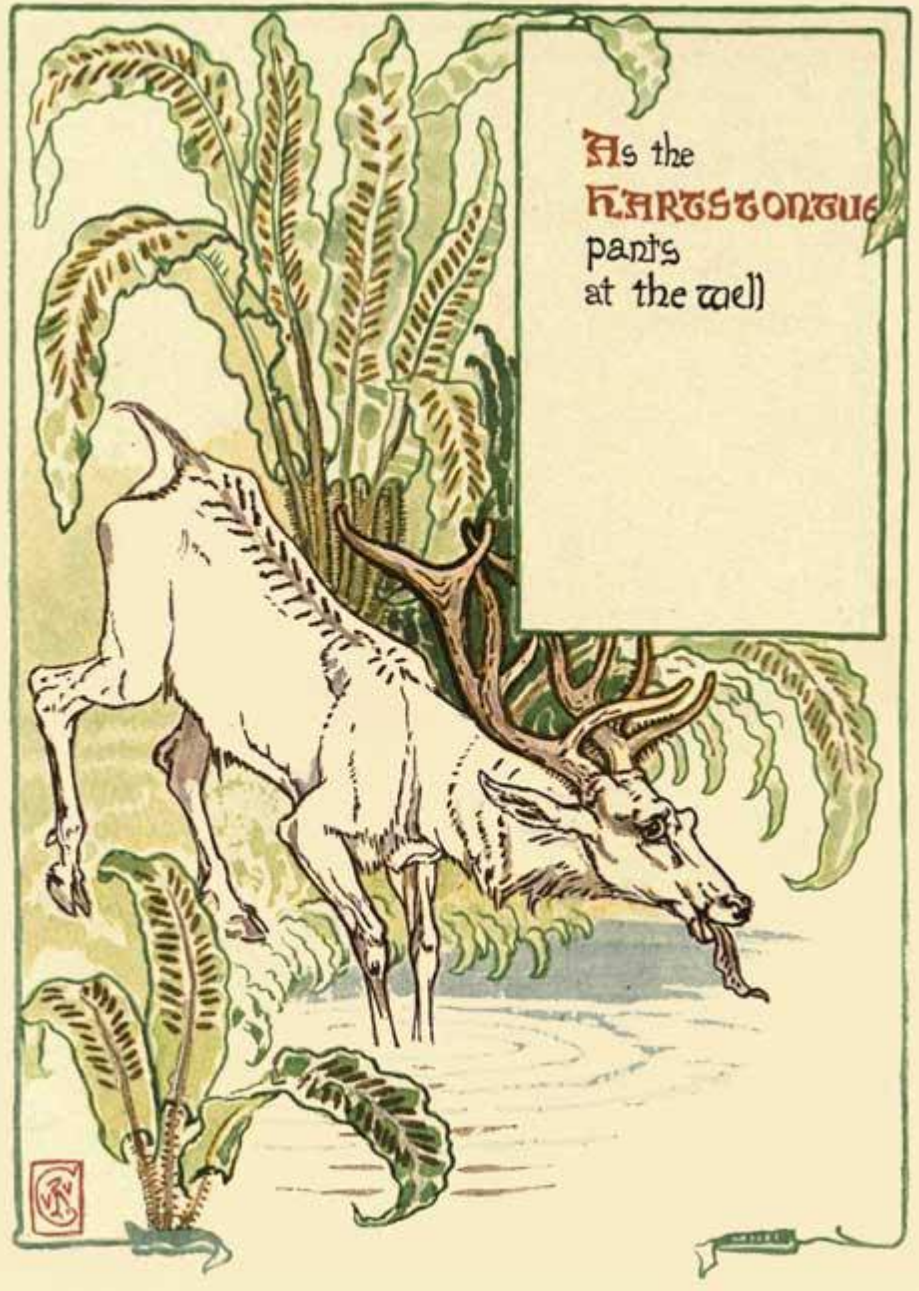


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COLTSFOOT  
and  
LARKSPUR  
  
SPEEDWELL

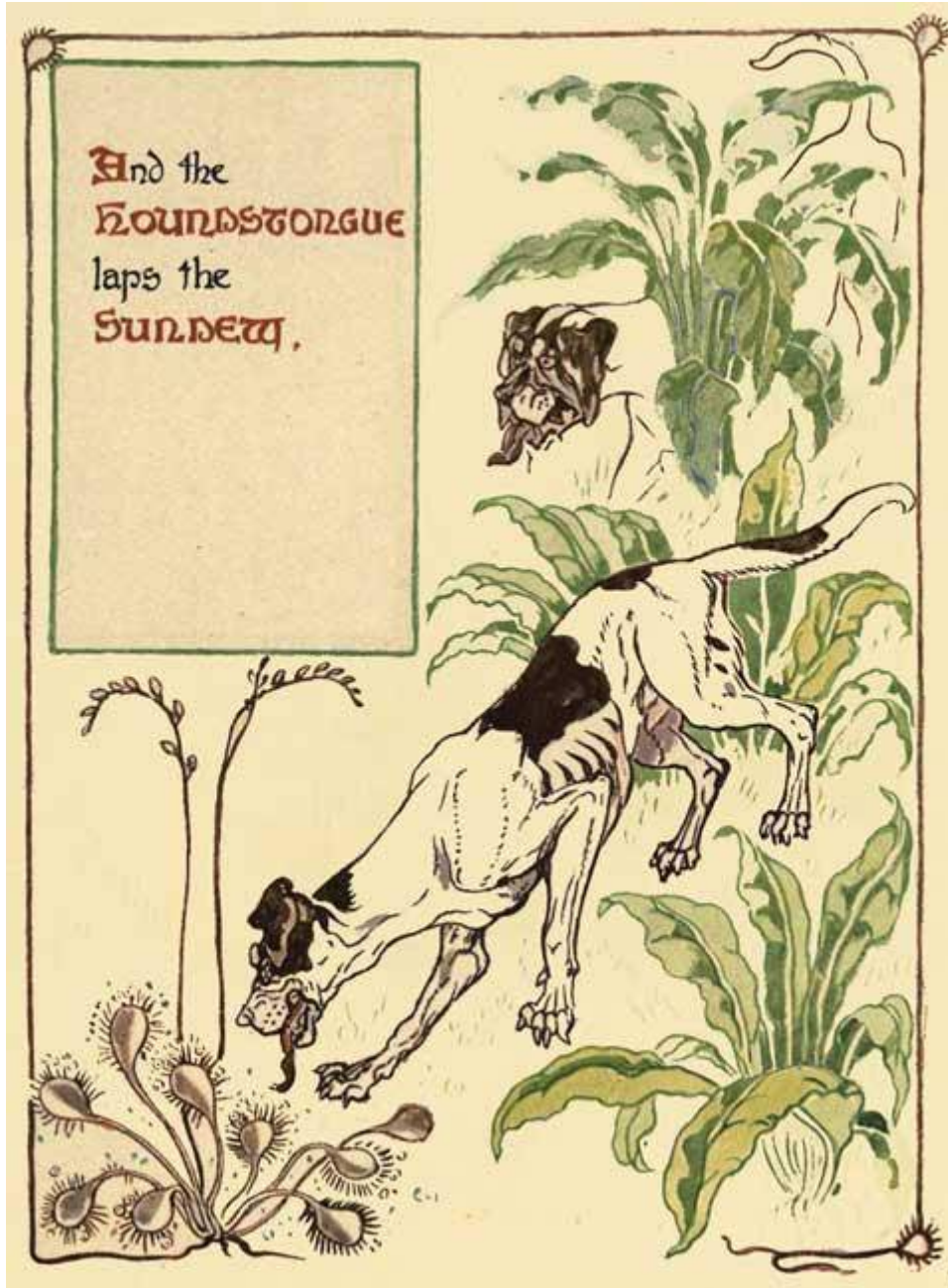


In the race of the flowers that's run due,

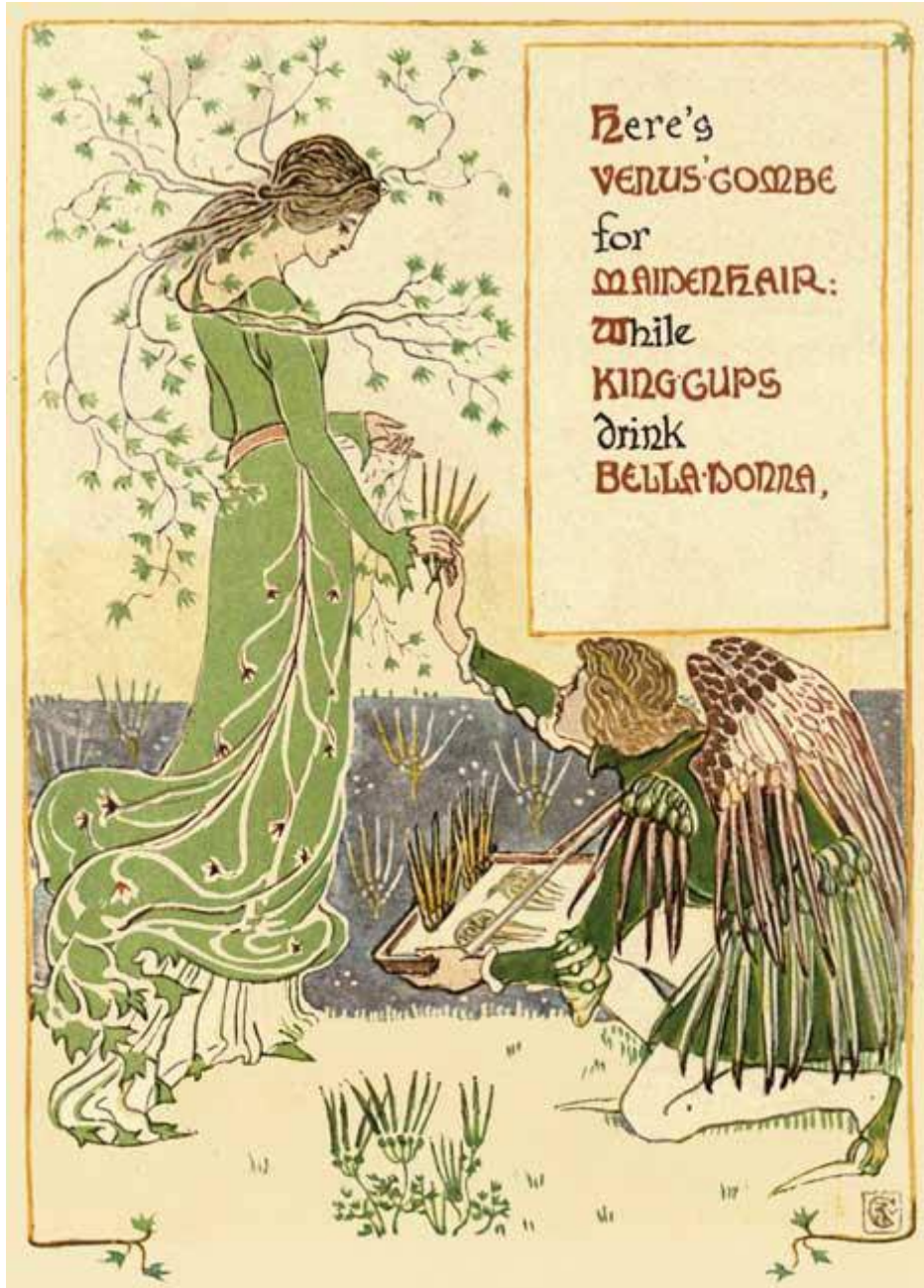


As the  
**HARTSTONGUE**  
pants  
at the well

As the HARTSTONGUE pants at the well

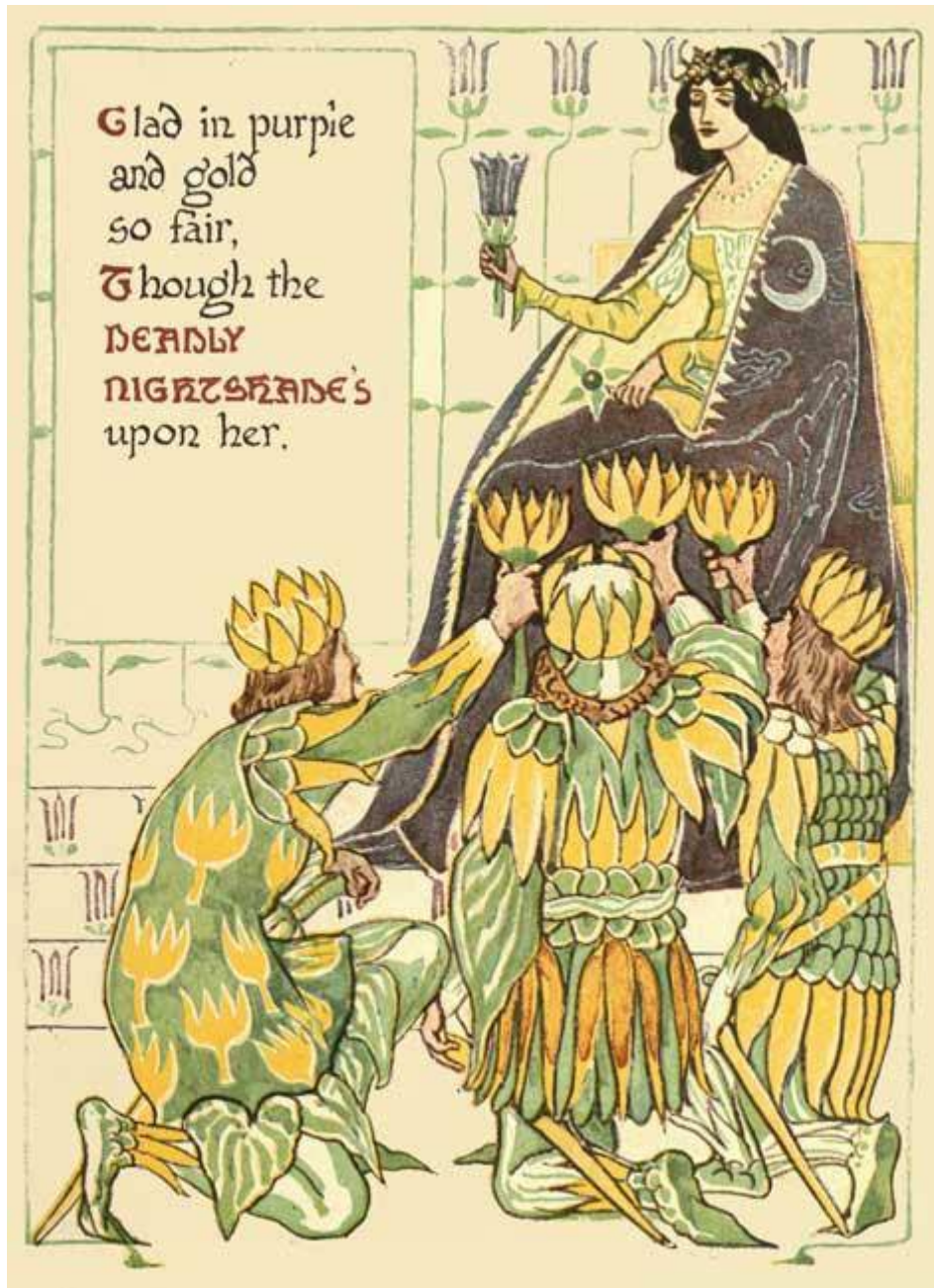


And the HOUNDSTONGUE laps the SUNDEW.



Here's  
VENUS' COMBE  
for  
MAIDENHAIR:  
While  
KING-CUPS  
drink  
BELLA-DONNA,

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.

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 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,

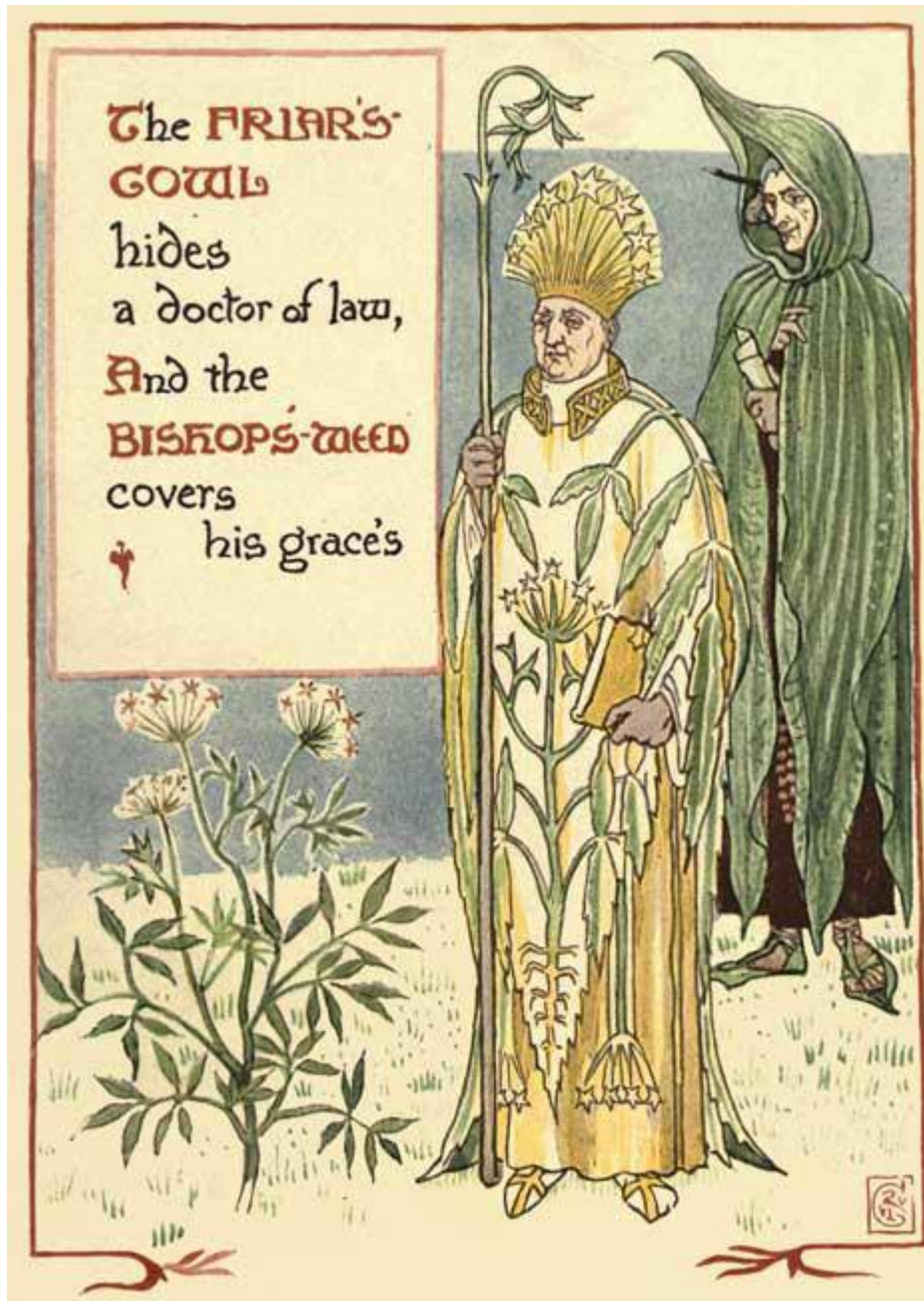
For  
the grass  
was just  
newly mown.



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.

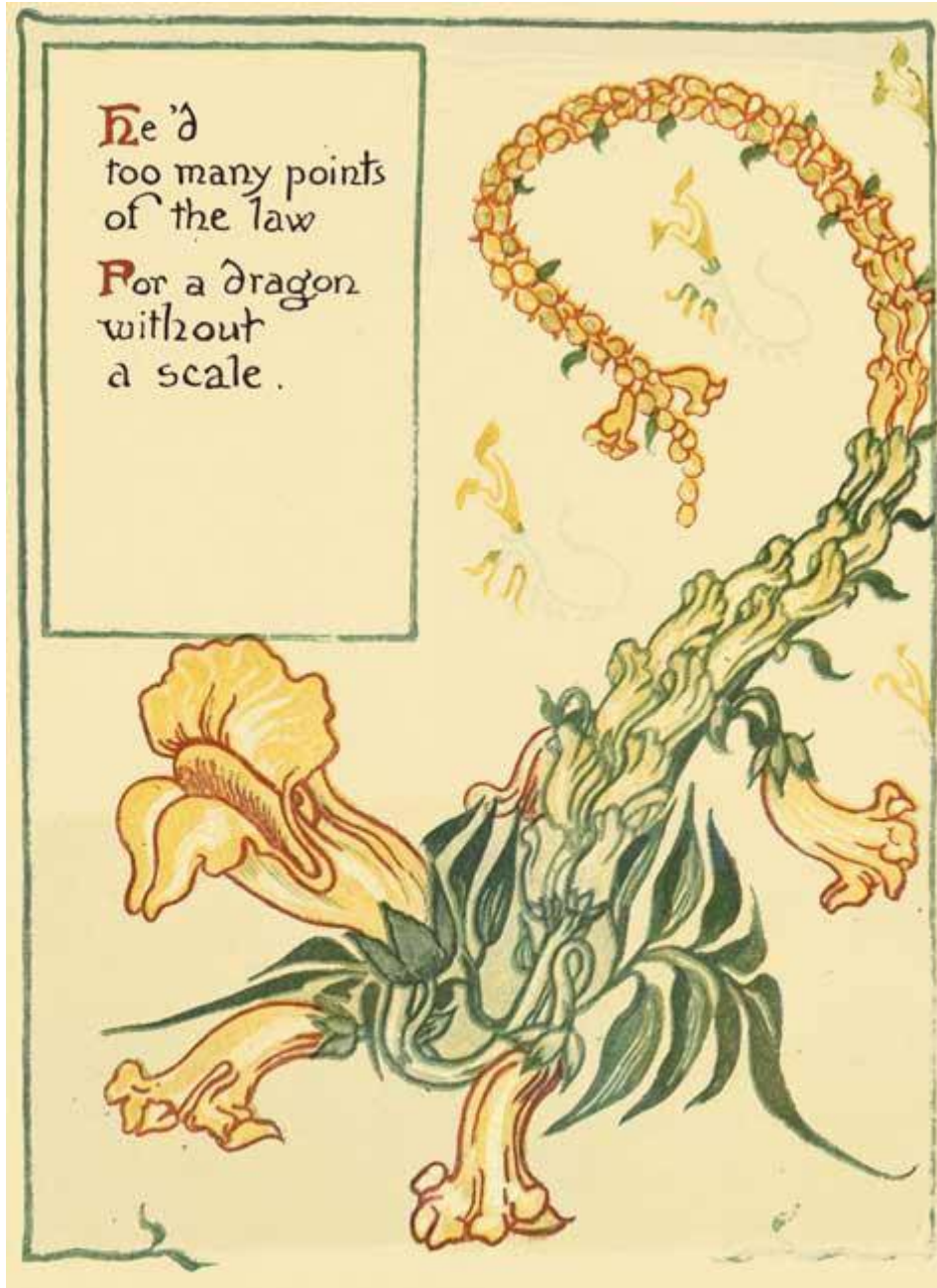


The FRIAR'S-COWL hides a doctor of law,  
And the BISHOP'S-WEED covers his grace's

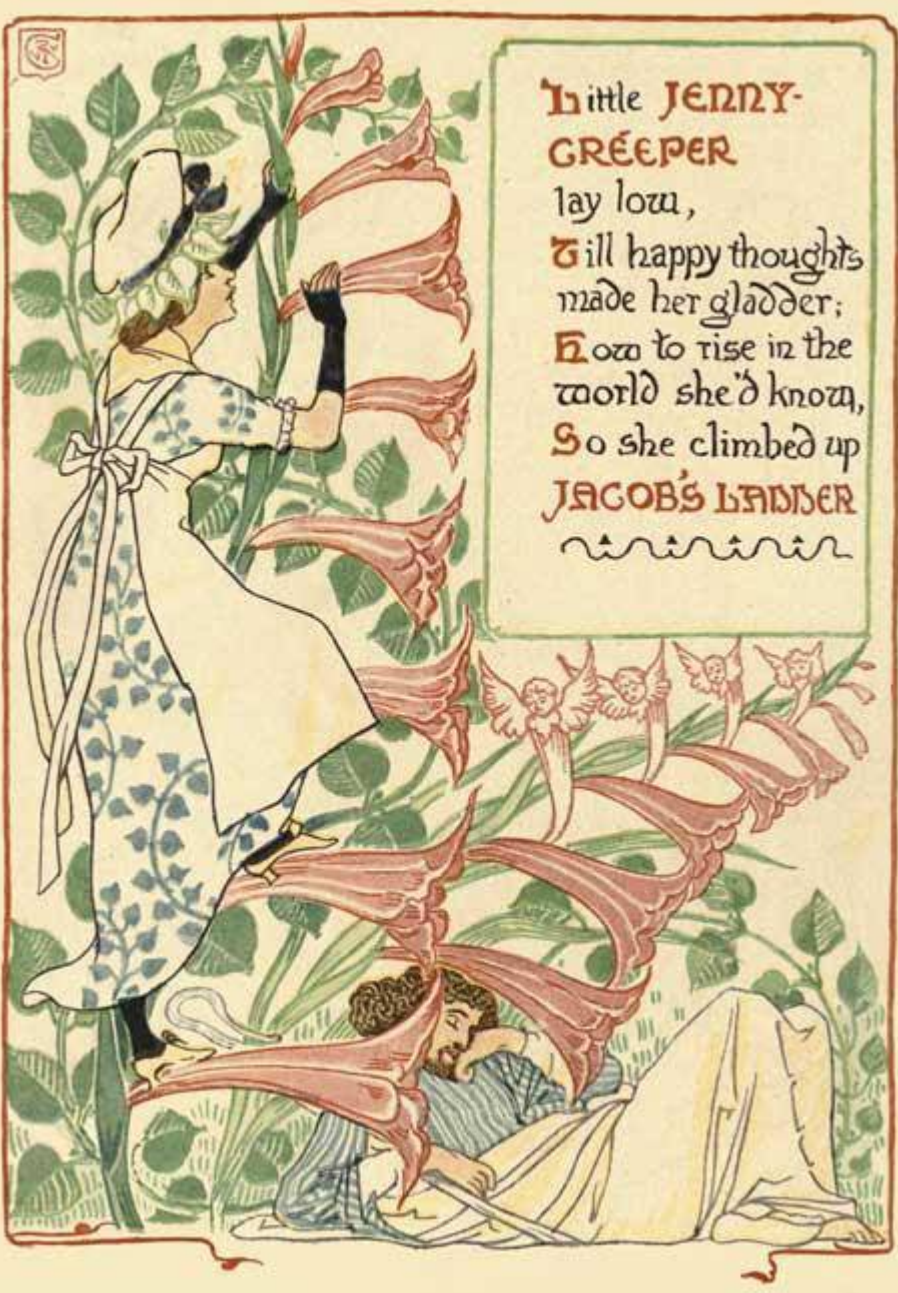


The  
**SNAPDRAGON**  
opened his jaw,  
But, at sight of  
**S** cotch  
**THISTLE**,  
turned pale :

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



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



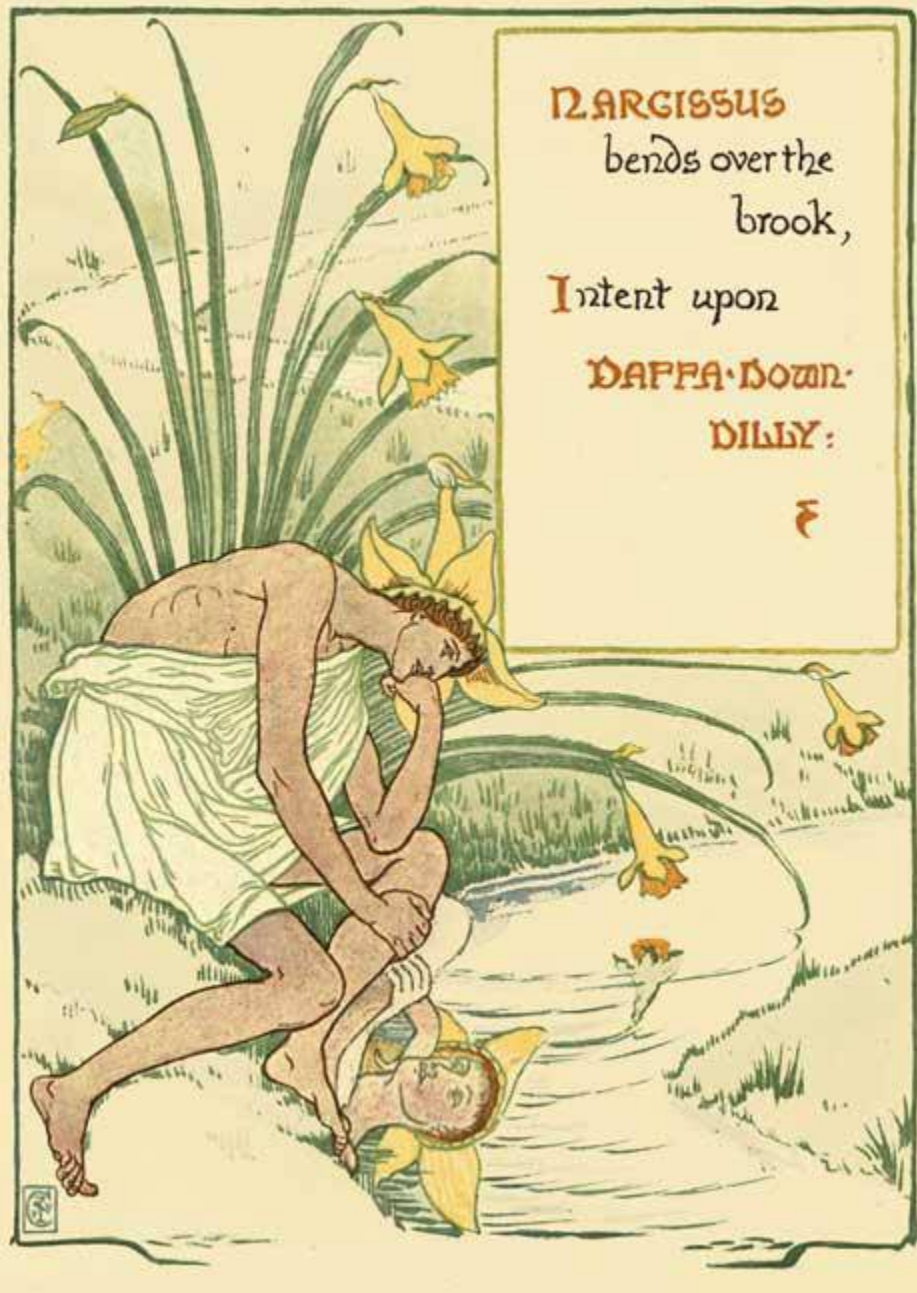
Little JENNY-  
CREEPER  
lay low,  
Till happy thoughts  
made her gladder;  
How to rise in the  
world she'd know,  
So she climbed up  
JACOB'S LADDER  
~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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

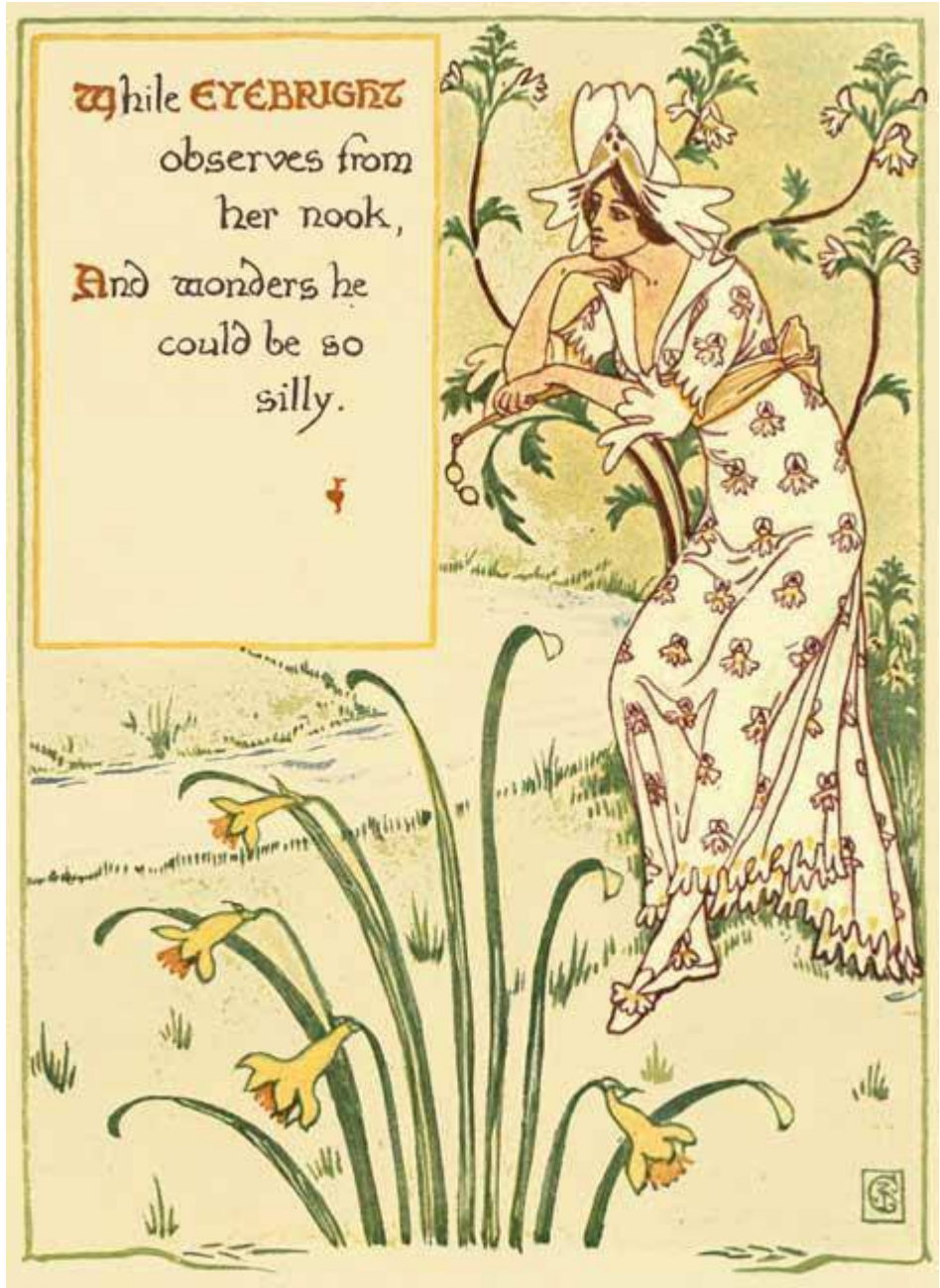


SWEET WILLIAM  
with  
MARYGOLD  
Seek  
HEARTSEASE  
in the close box-  
border,  
Where, starched  
in their ruff's stiff  
fold  
DUTCH DAHLIAS  
prim, keep order.

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:

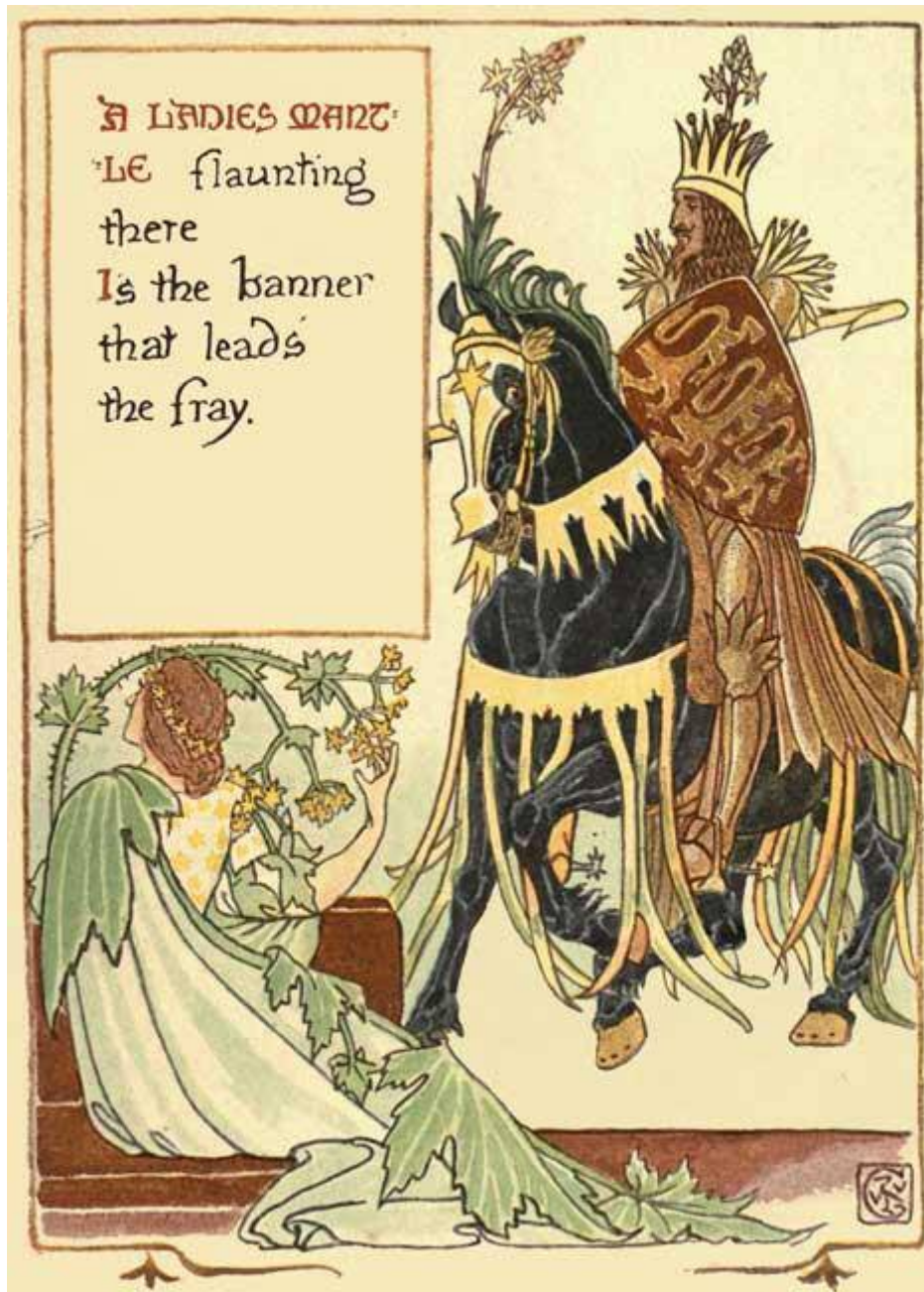


While **EYEBRIGHT**  
observes from  
her nook,  
**And** wonders he  
could be so  
silly.

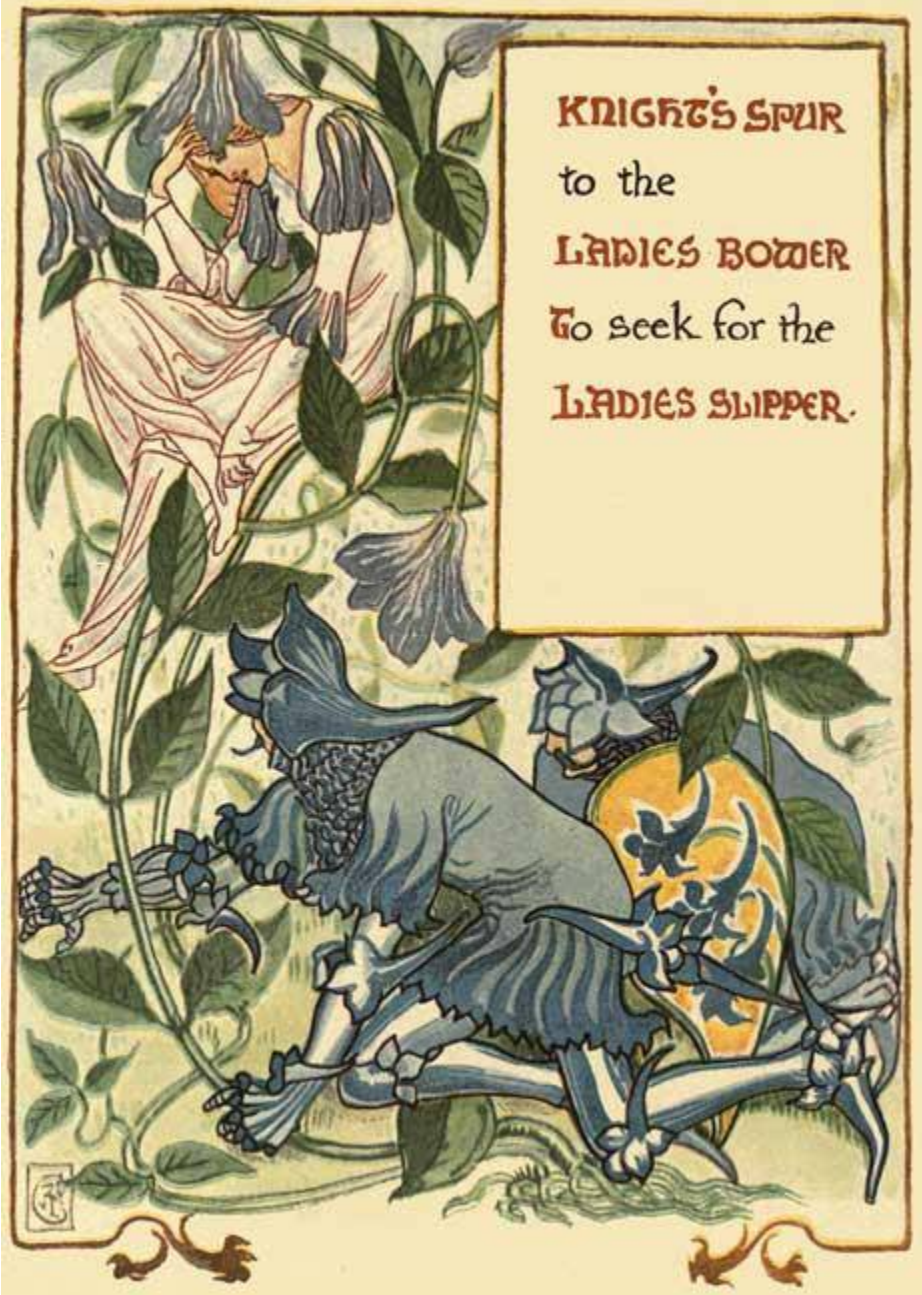
While EYEBRIGHT observes from her nook,  
And wonders he could be so silly.



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.

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.



TOAD-FLAX is spun for BUTTER-AND-EGGS



On a LADIES'  
CUSHION sits  
THRIFT

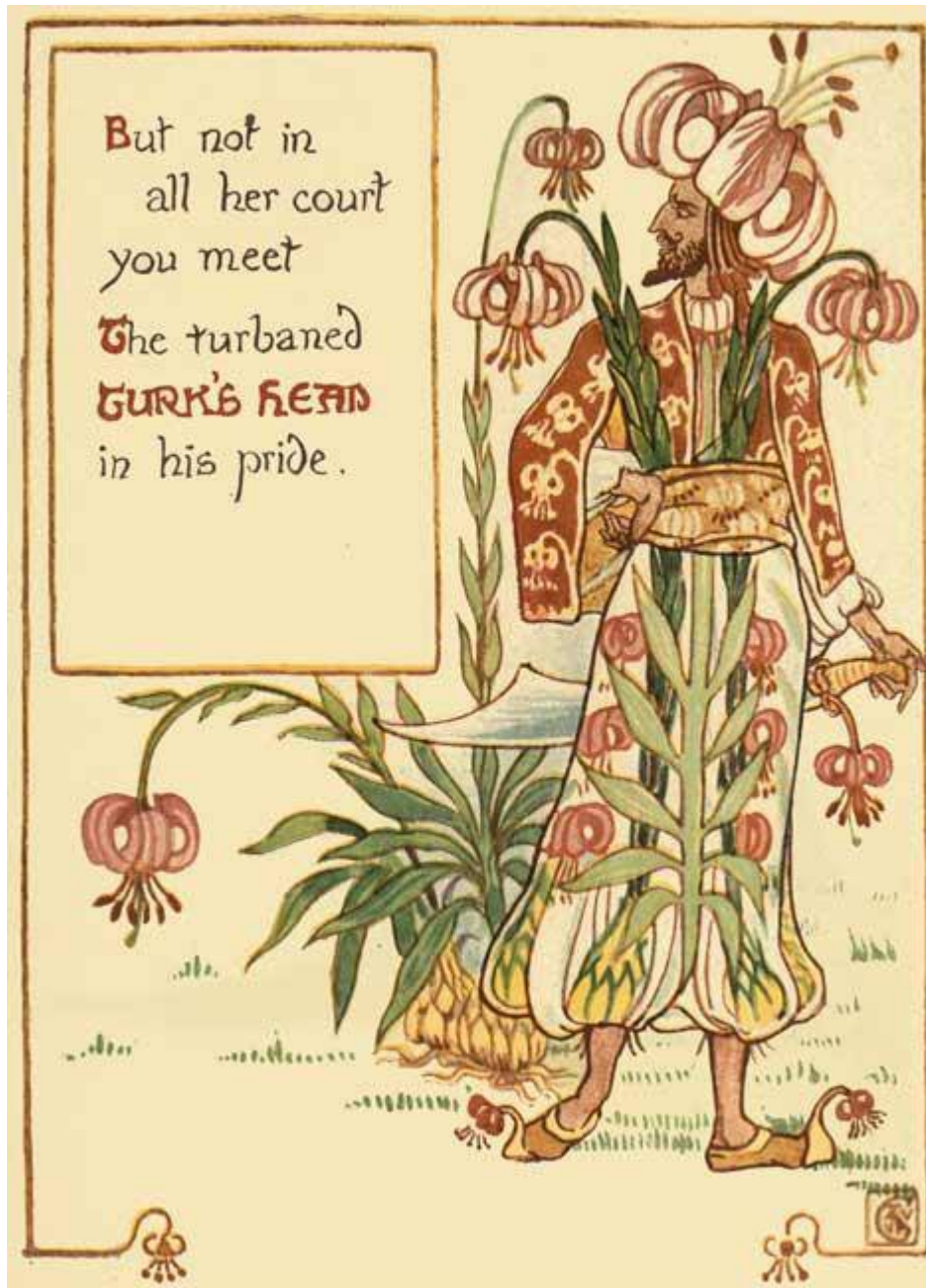
She never wastes,  
or steals, or begs,  
But she can't give  
poor RAGWORT  
a lift.

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:

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.

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,

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.

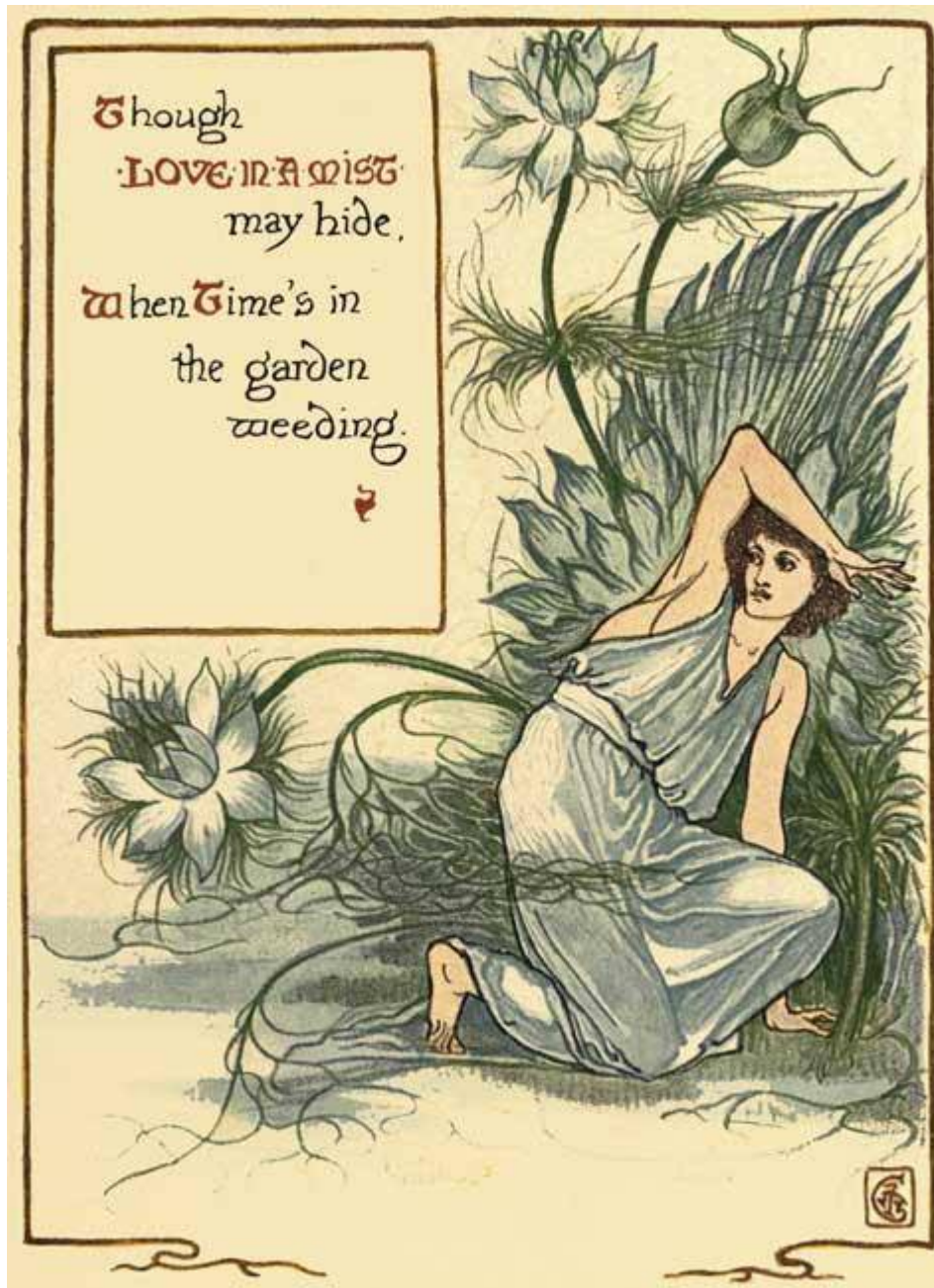


**B**ut the hours  
of the sun  
swift glide,

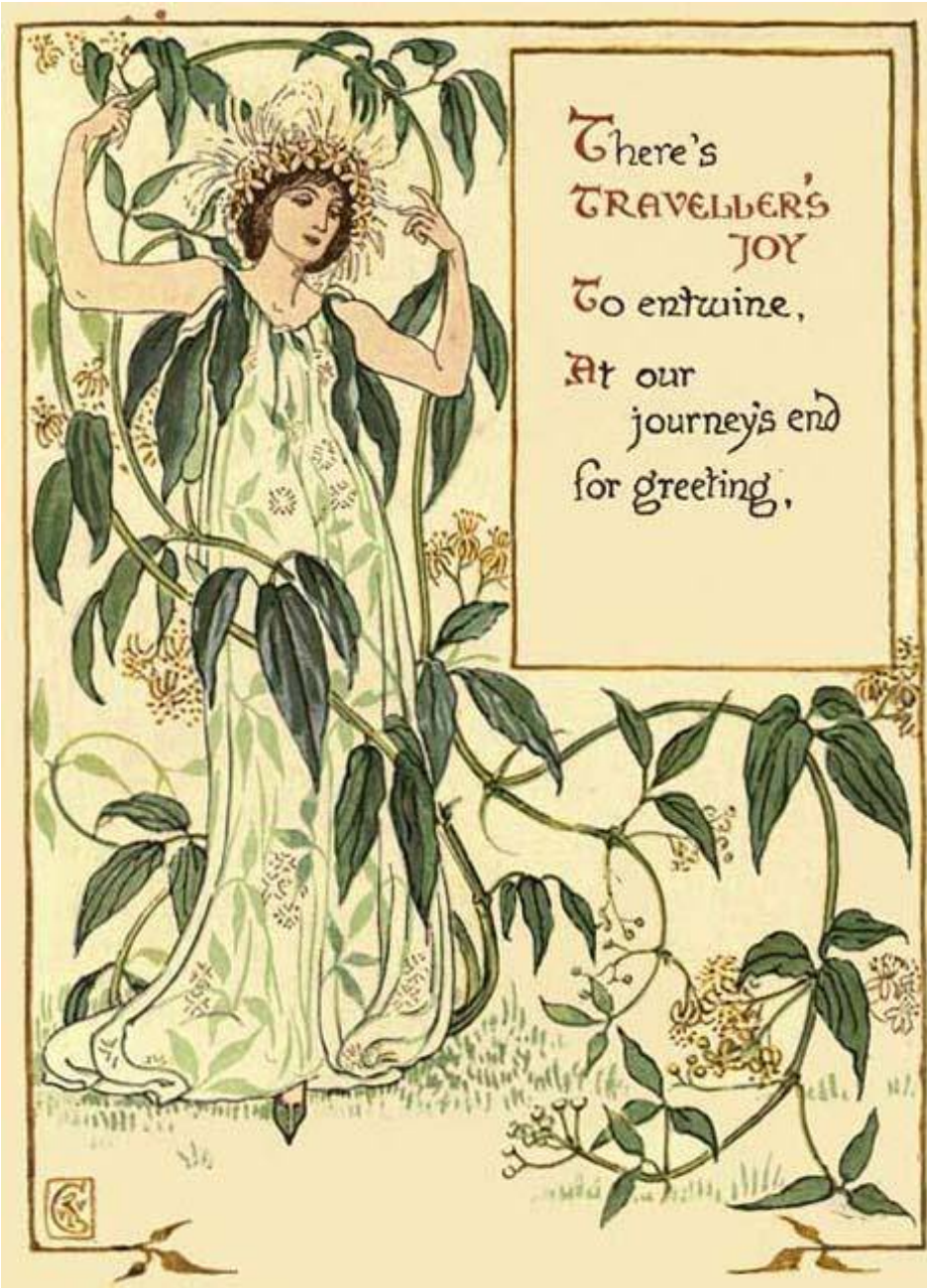
**A**nd the flowers  
with them are  
speeding.



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.



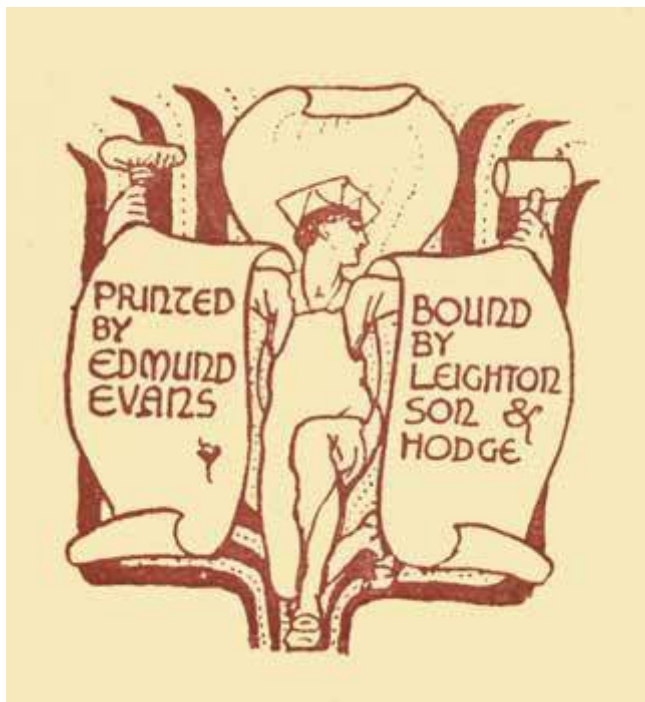
There's  
TRAVELLER'S  
JOY  
To entwine,  
At our  
journeys end  
for greeting,

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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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