



A FLORAL FANTASY
IN AN OLD ENGLISH
GARDEN
BY
WALTER CRANE

NEW YORK &
GORDON HARPER
AND BROTHERS

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NEW YORK & LONDON HARPER AND BROTHERS





·A·FLORAL·
·FANTASY·





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.



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 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 mask-
ing like women
and men

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,

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.



COLTSFOOT
and
LARKSPUR
SPEEDWELL

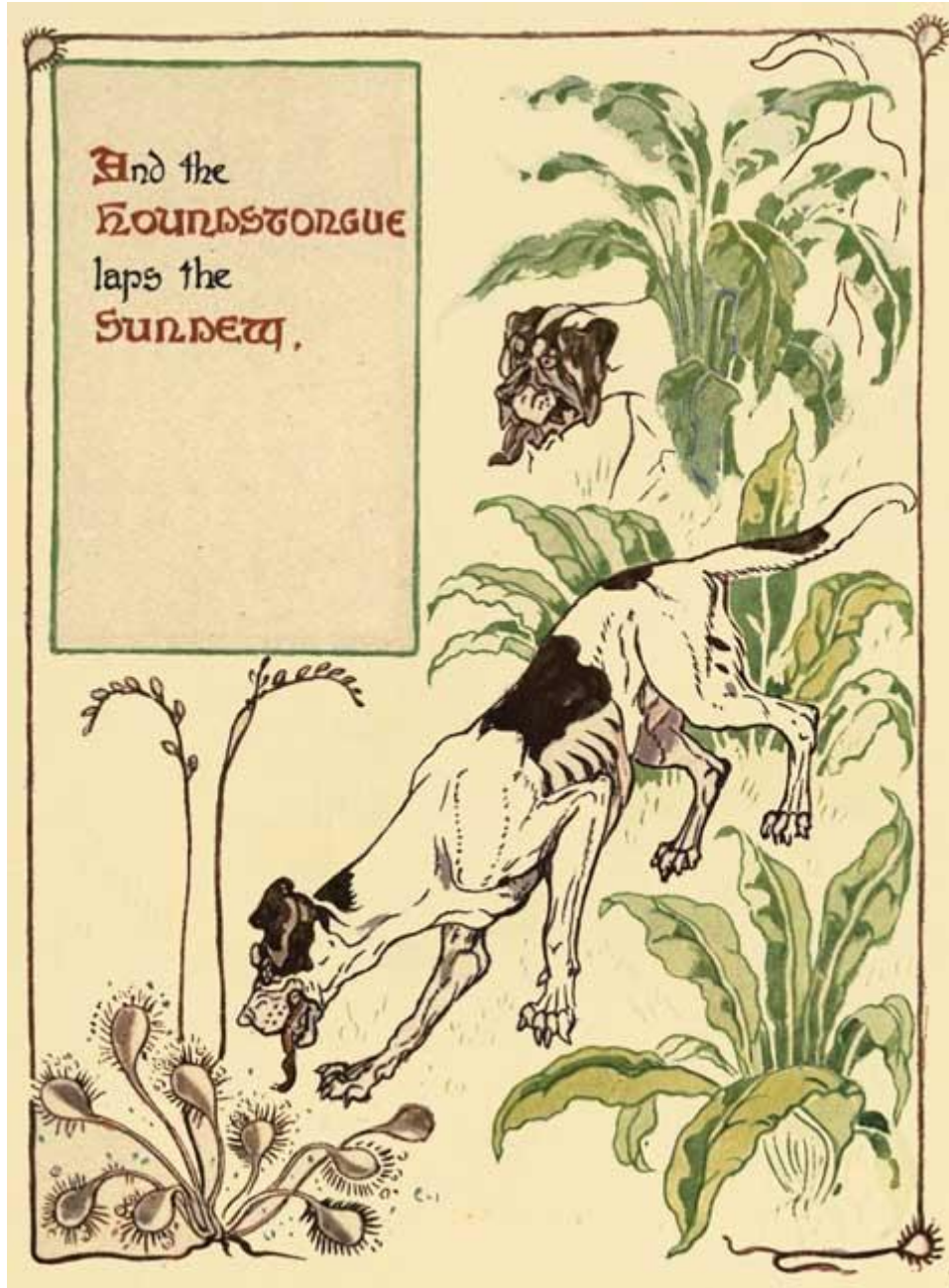


In the race of the flowers that's run due,

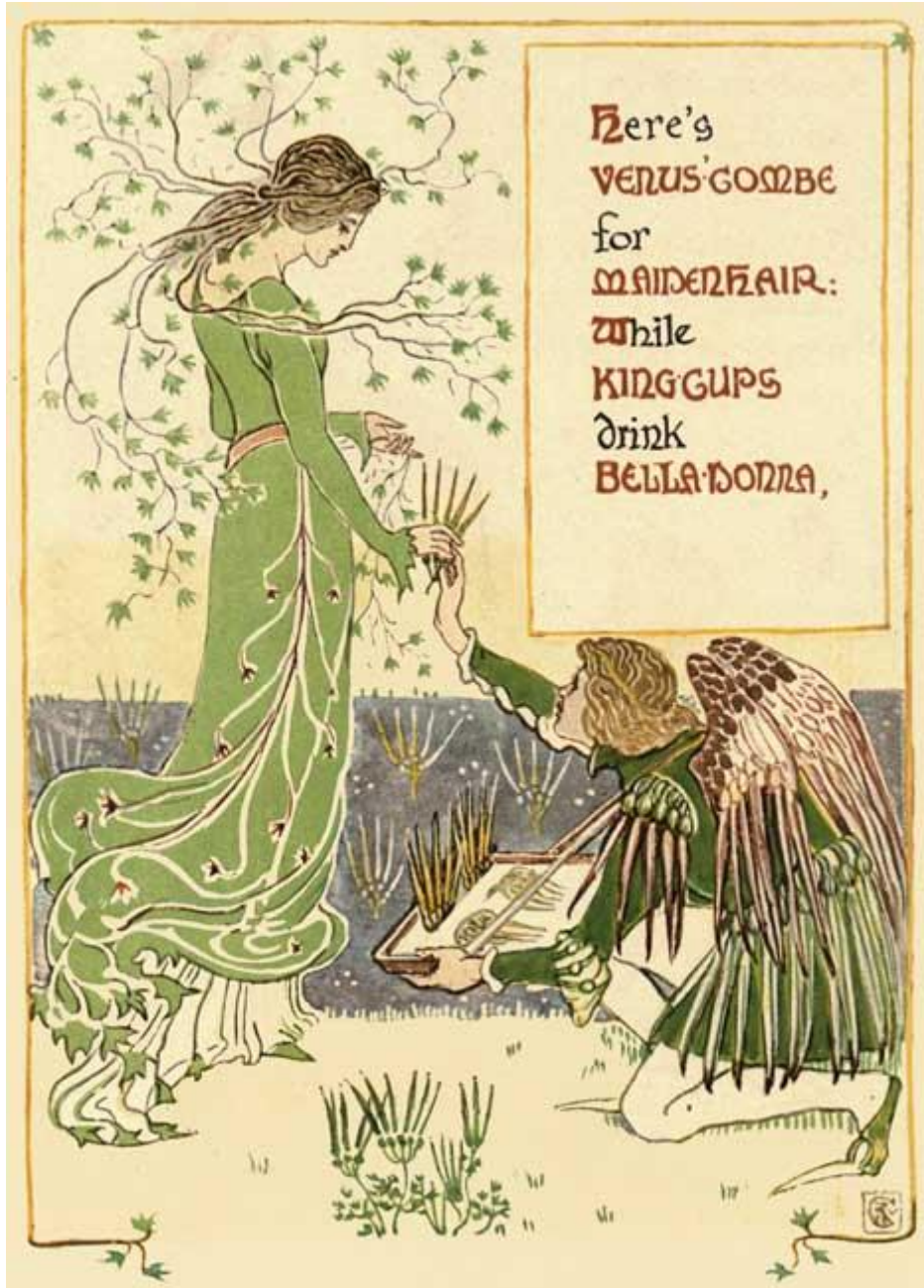


As the
HARTSTONGUE
pants
at the well

As the HARTSTONGUE pants at the well

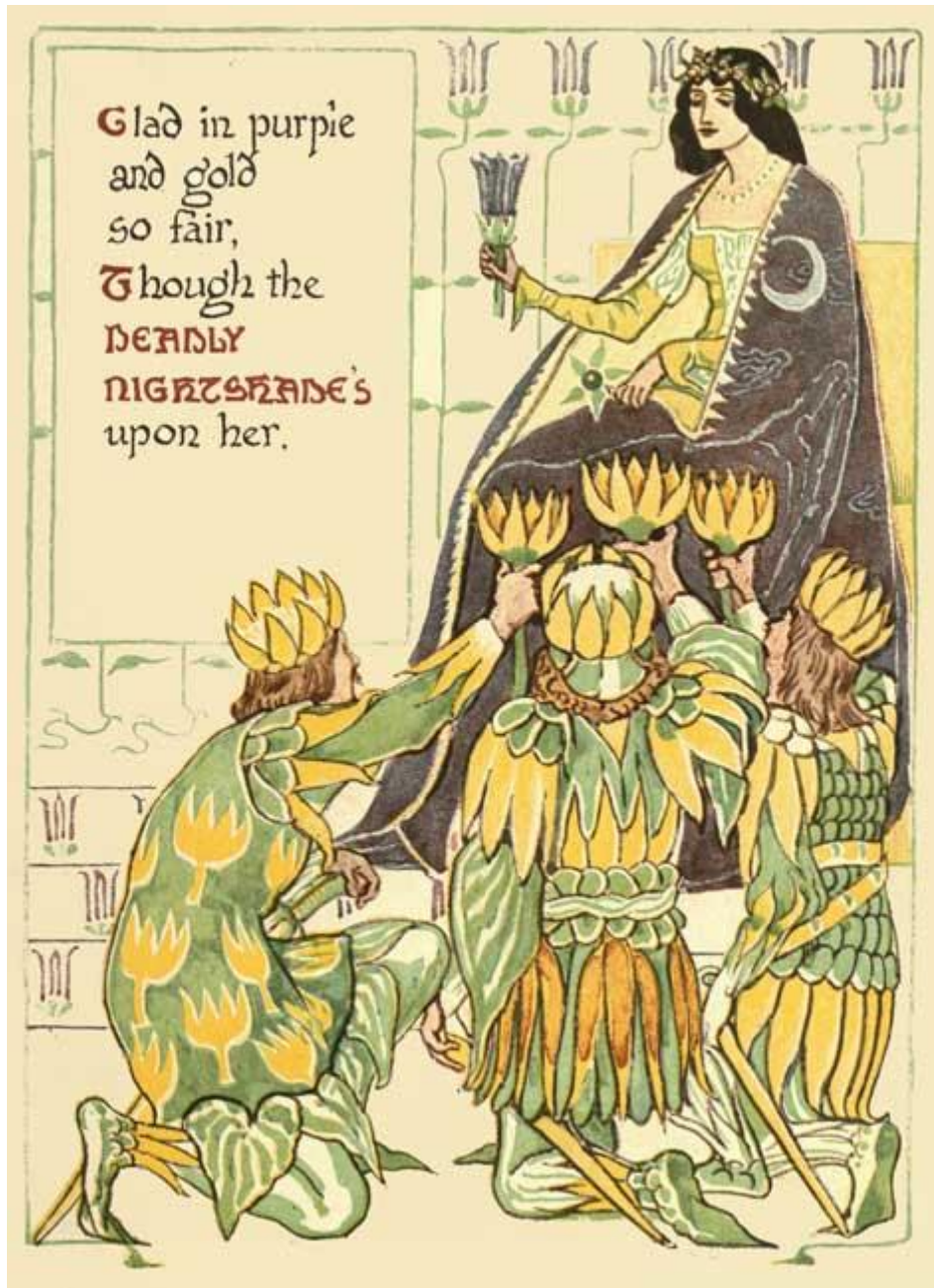


And the HOUNDSTONGUE laps the SUNDEW.



Here's
VENUS' GOMBE
for
MAIDENHAIR:
While
KINGCUPS
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.

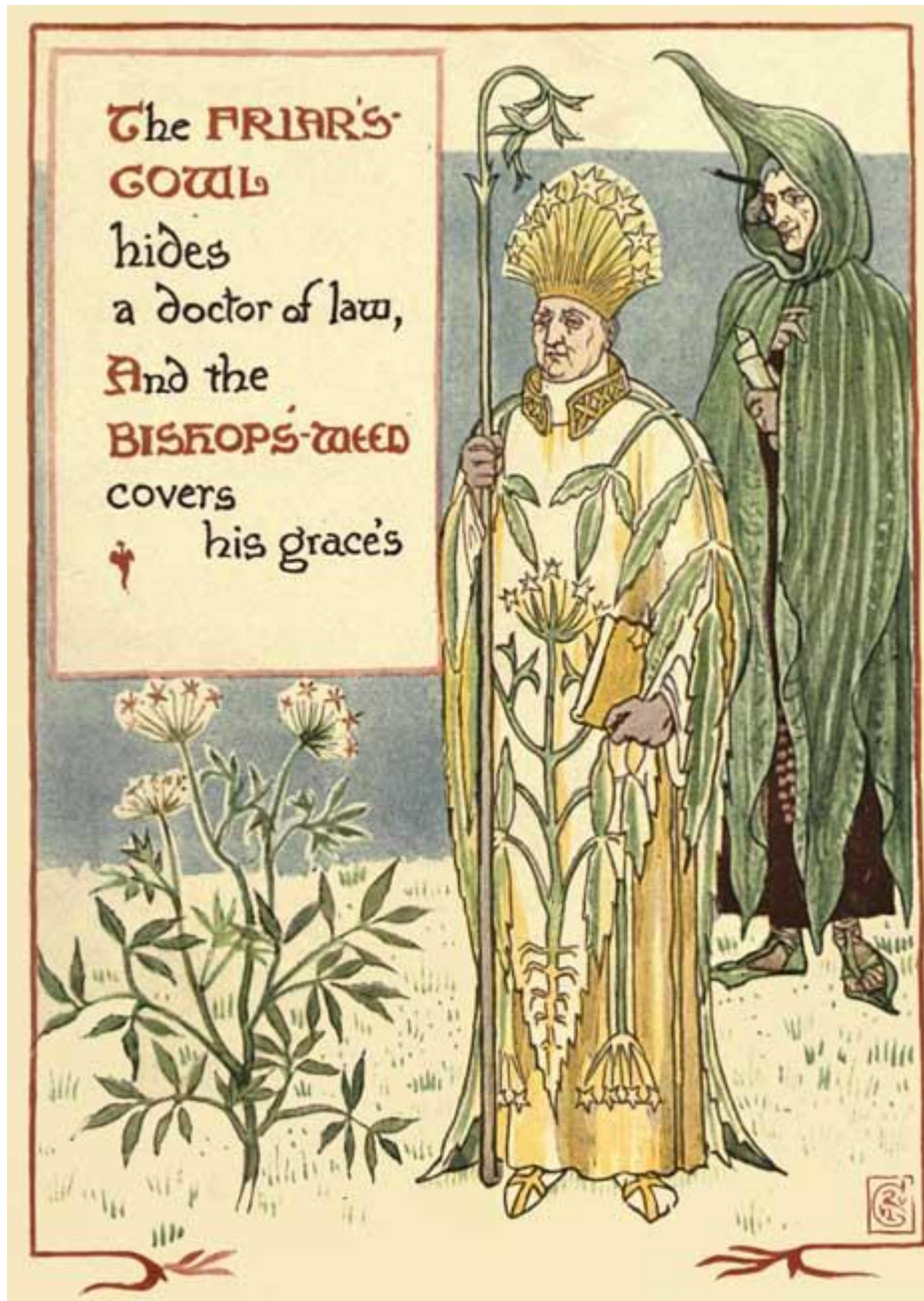


Single Daisies were not in her eye,
For the grass was just newly mown.

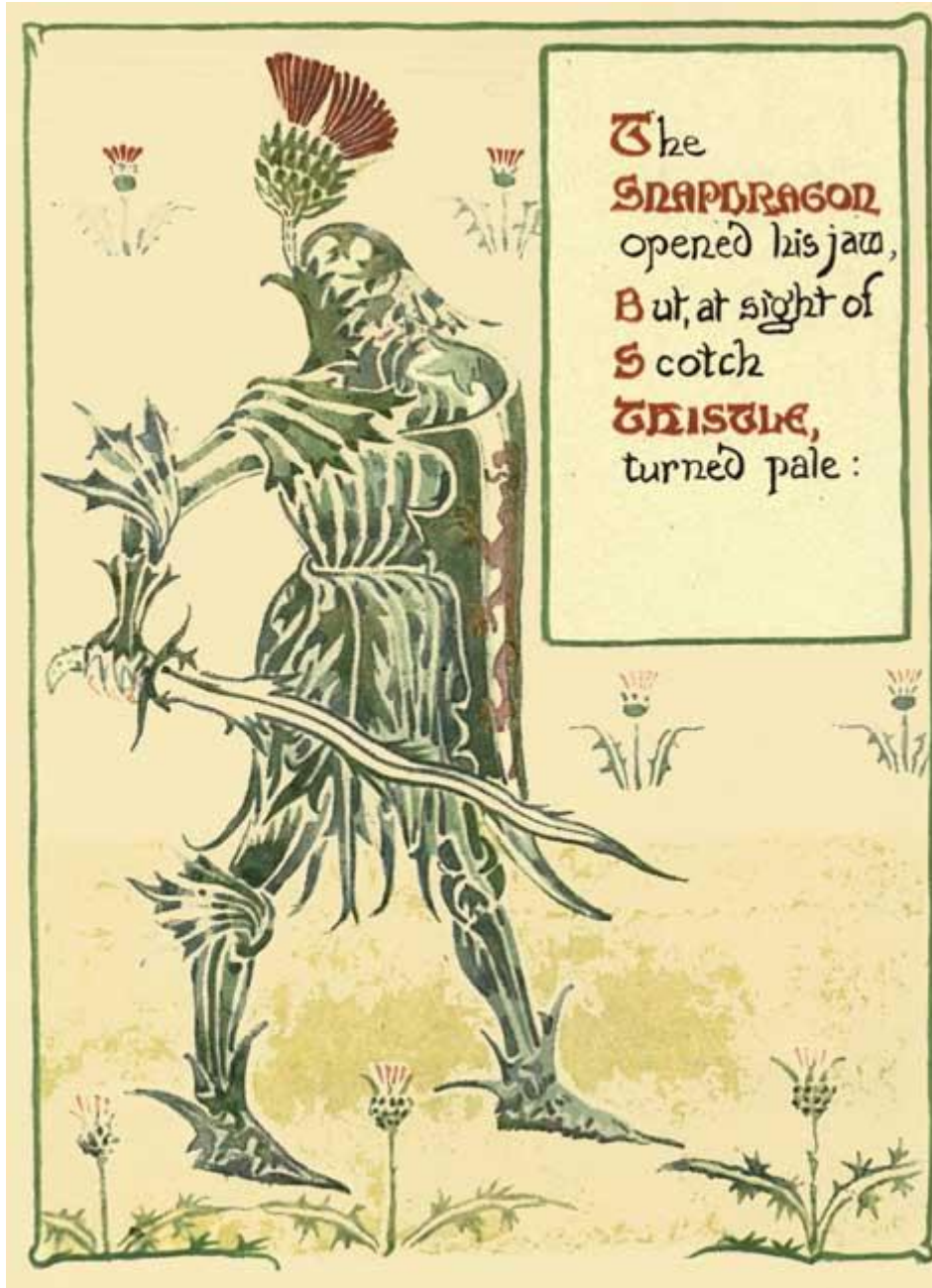


The HORSE-TAIL,
'scaped from
WOLFE'S CLAW,
Rides off with
a LADIES' LAGES.

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



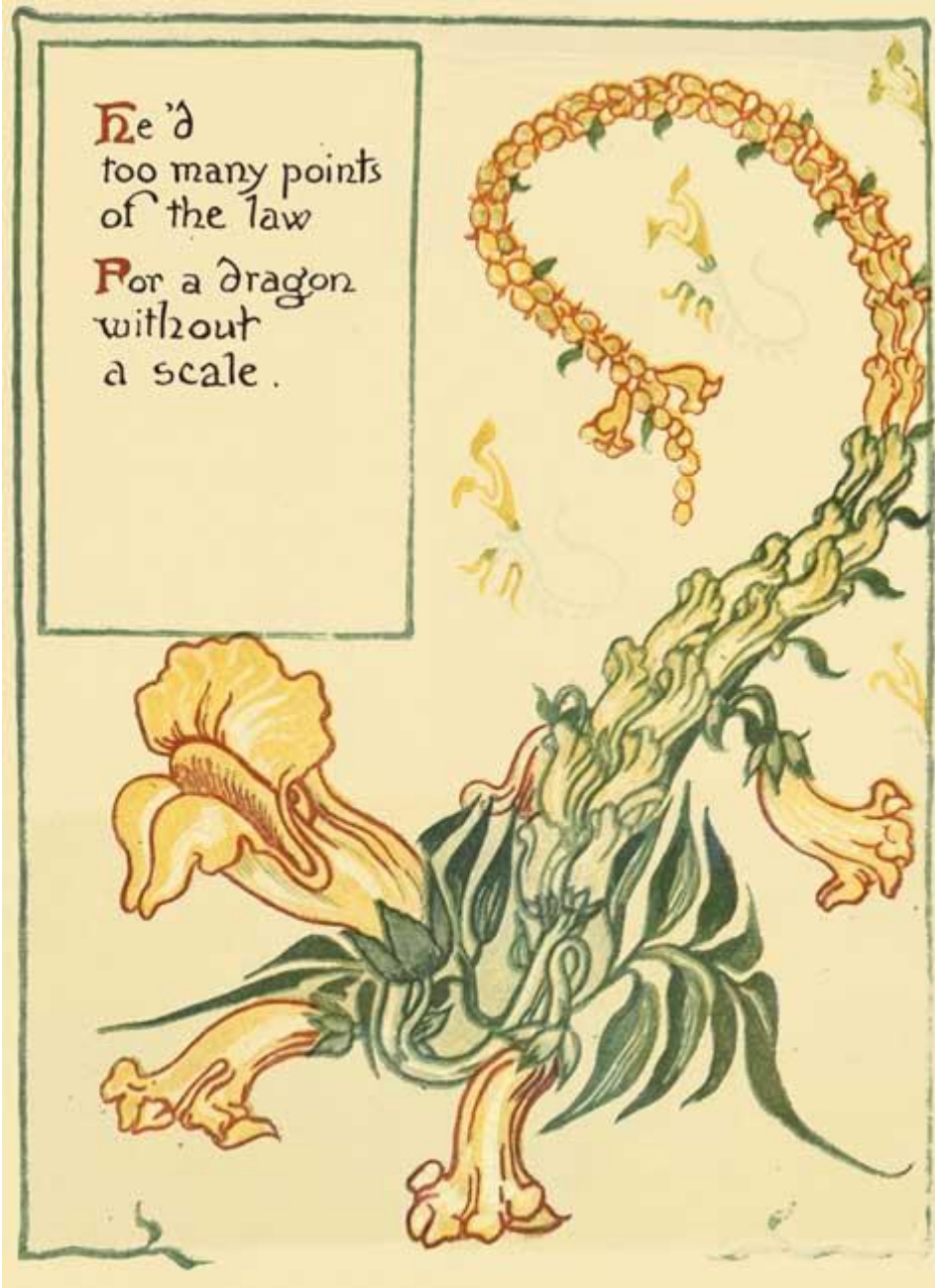
The FRIAR'S-COWL hides a doctor of law,
And the BISHOP'S-WEED covers his grace's



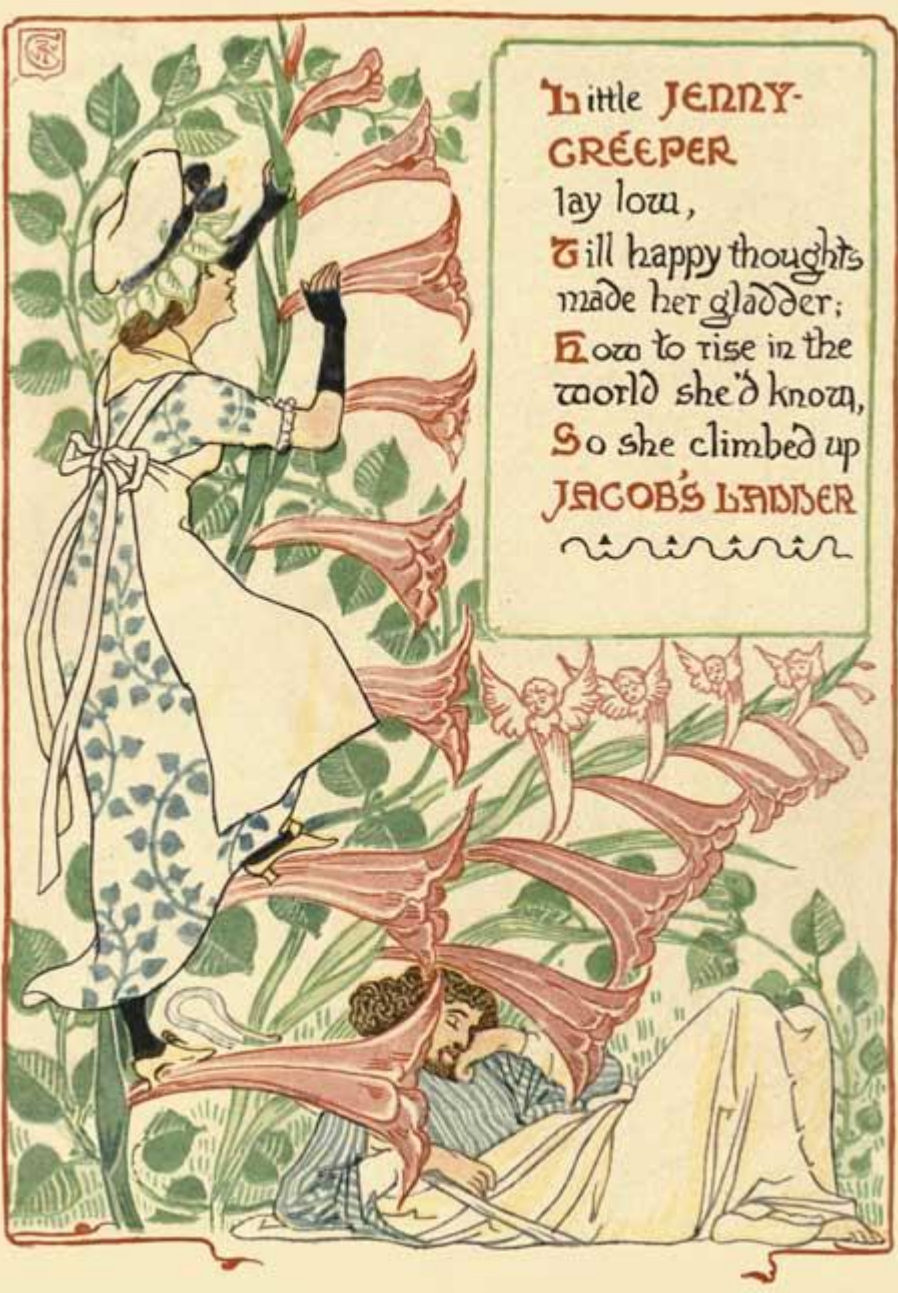
The
SNAPDRAGON
opened his jaw,
But, at sight of
Scotch
THISTLE,
turned pale :

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.



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

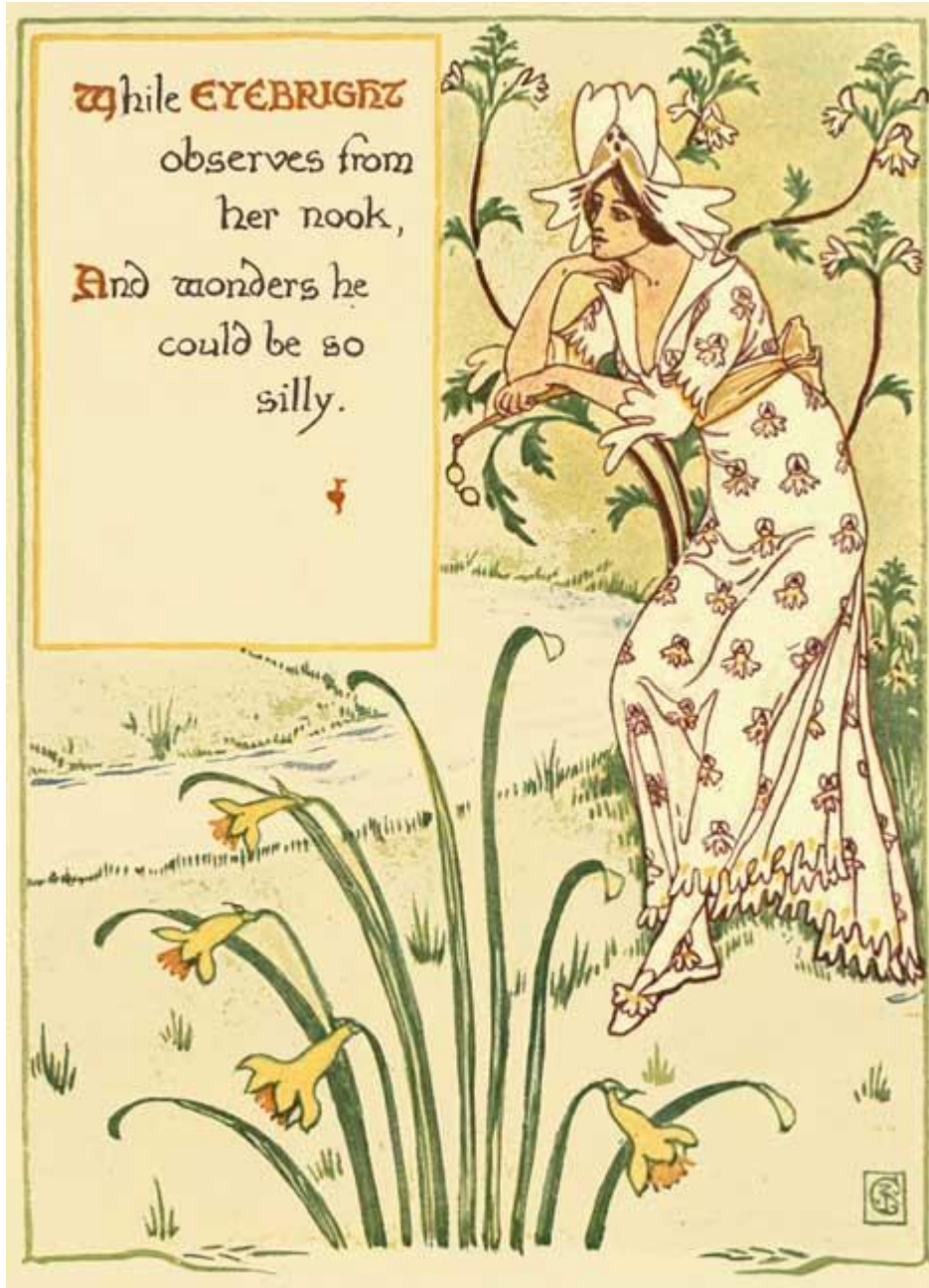


SWEET WILLIAM with MARYGOLD
Seek HEARTSEASE in the close box-border.
Where, starched in their ruff's stiff fold,
DUTCH DAHLIAS prim, keep order.



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

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

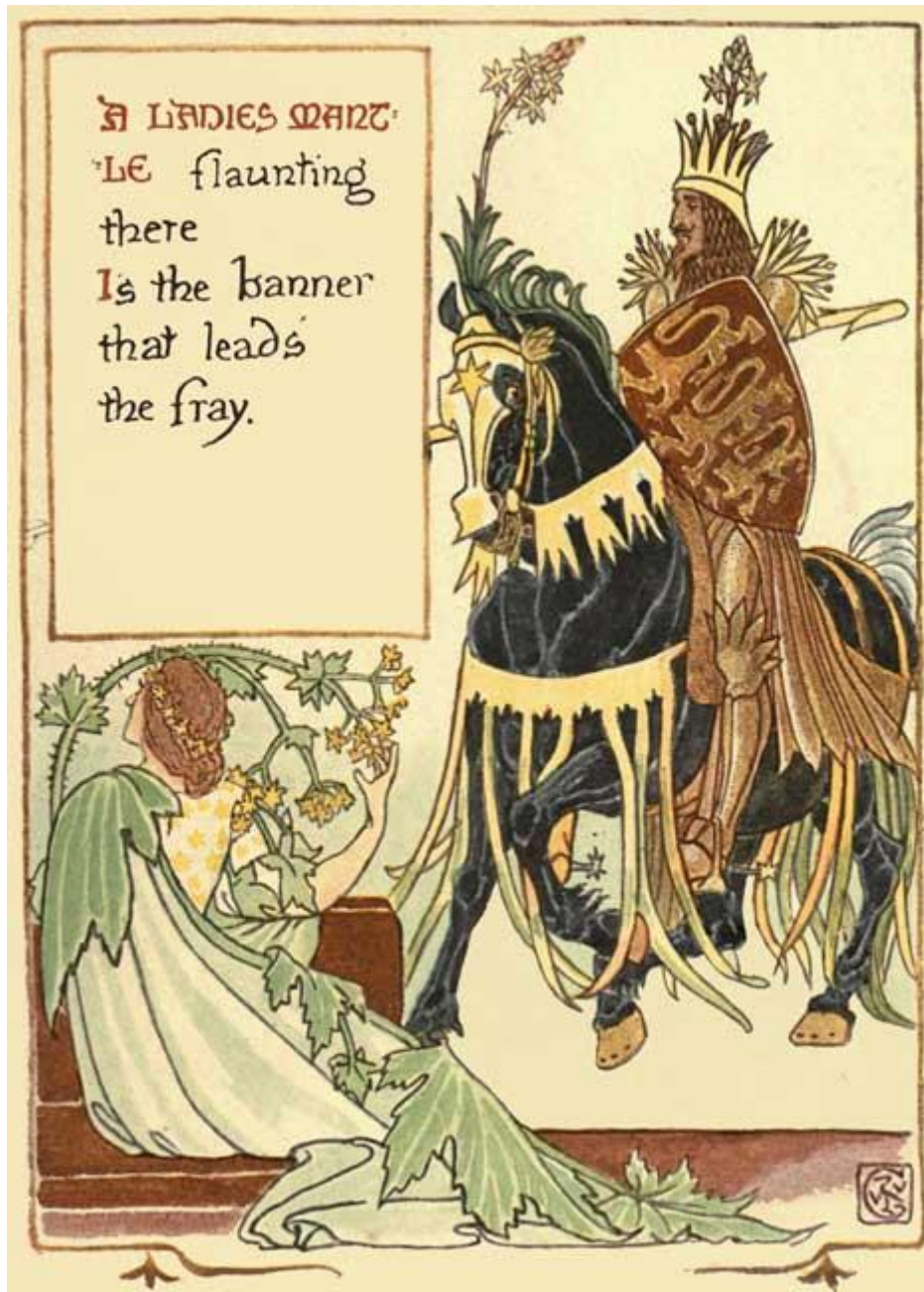


While **EYEBRIGHT**
observes from
her nook,
And wonders he
could be so
silly.

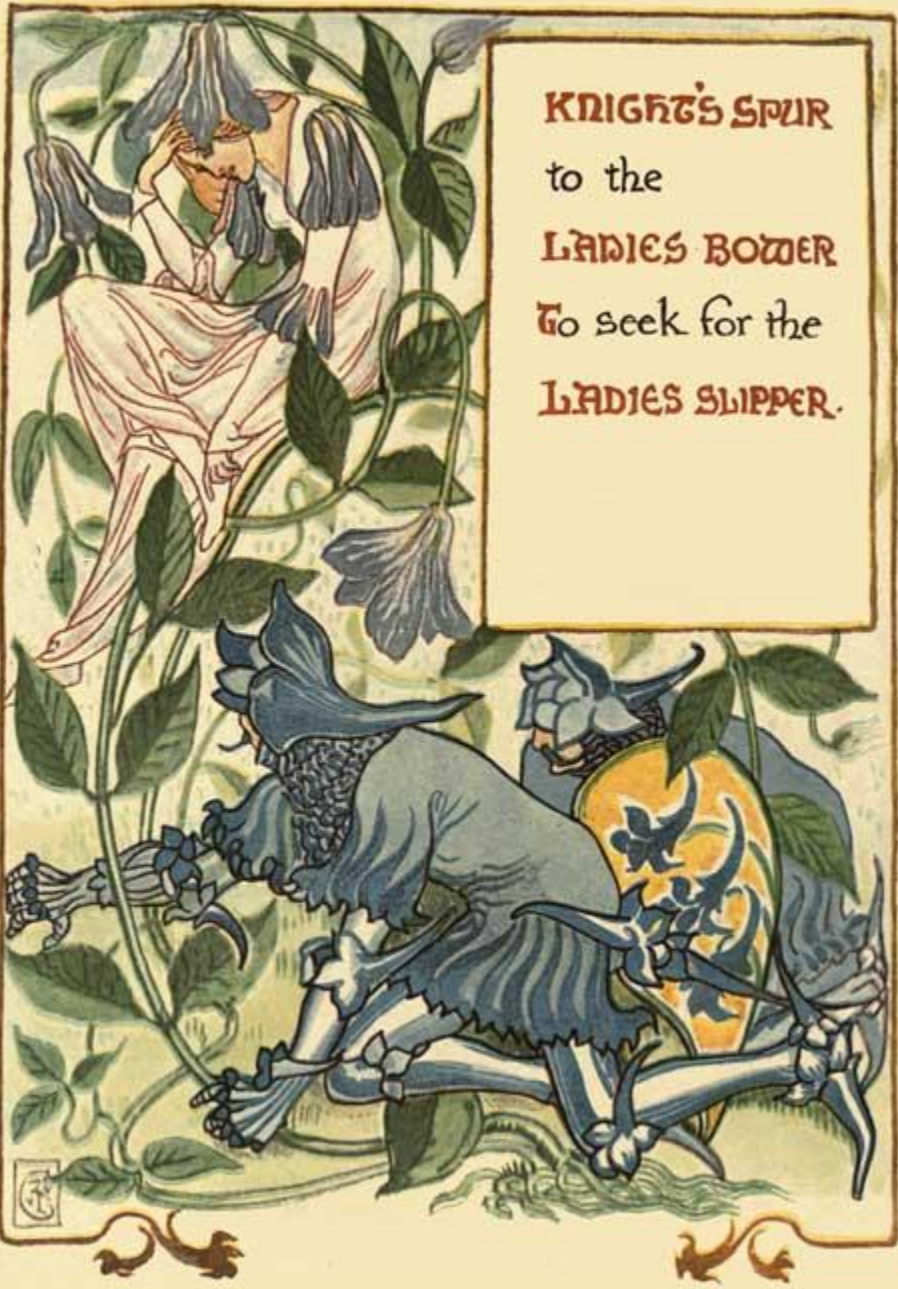
While EYEBRIGHT observes from her nook,
And wonders he could be so silly.



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.

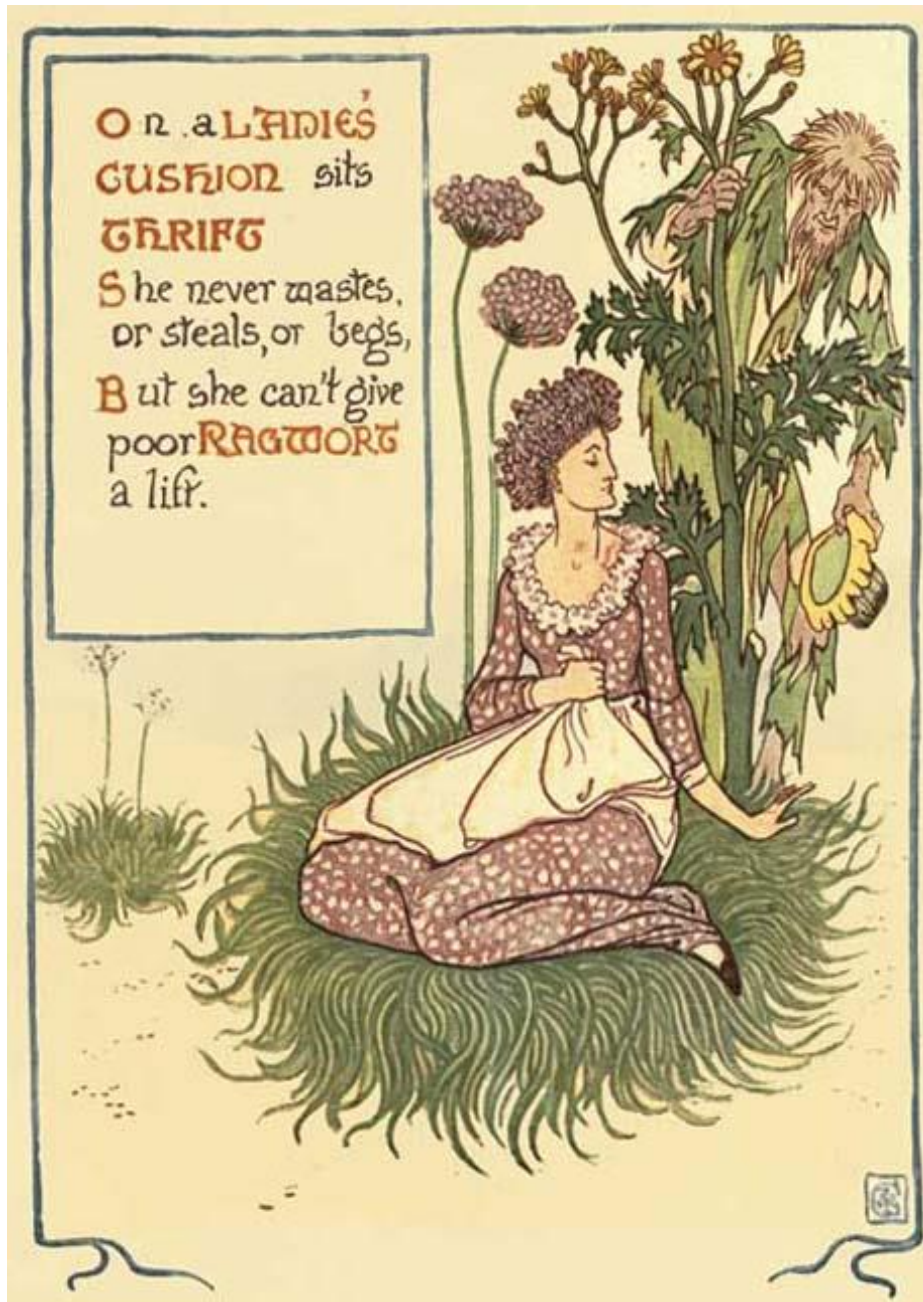
KNIGHT'S SPUR to the LADIES BOWER
To seek for the LADIES SLIPPER.



'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



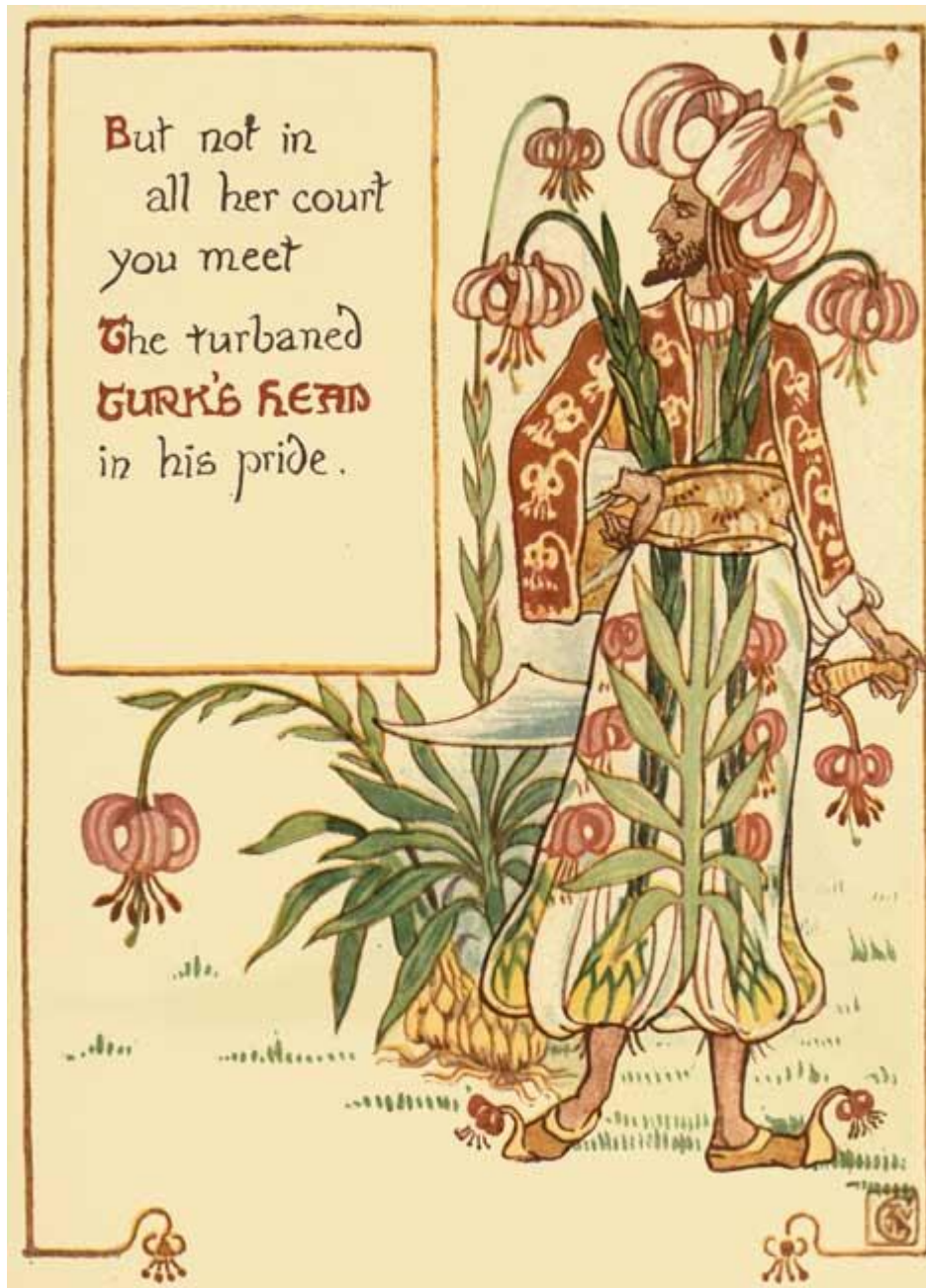
On a LADIES'
CUSHION sits
THRIFT

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:



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.

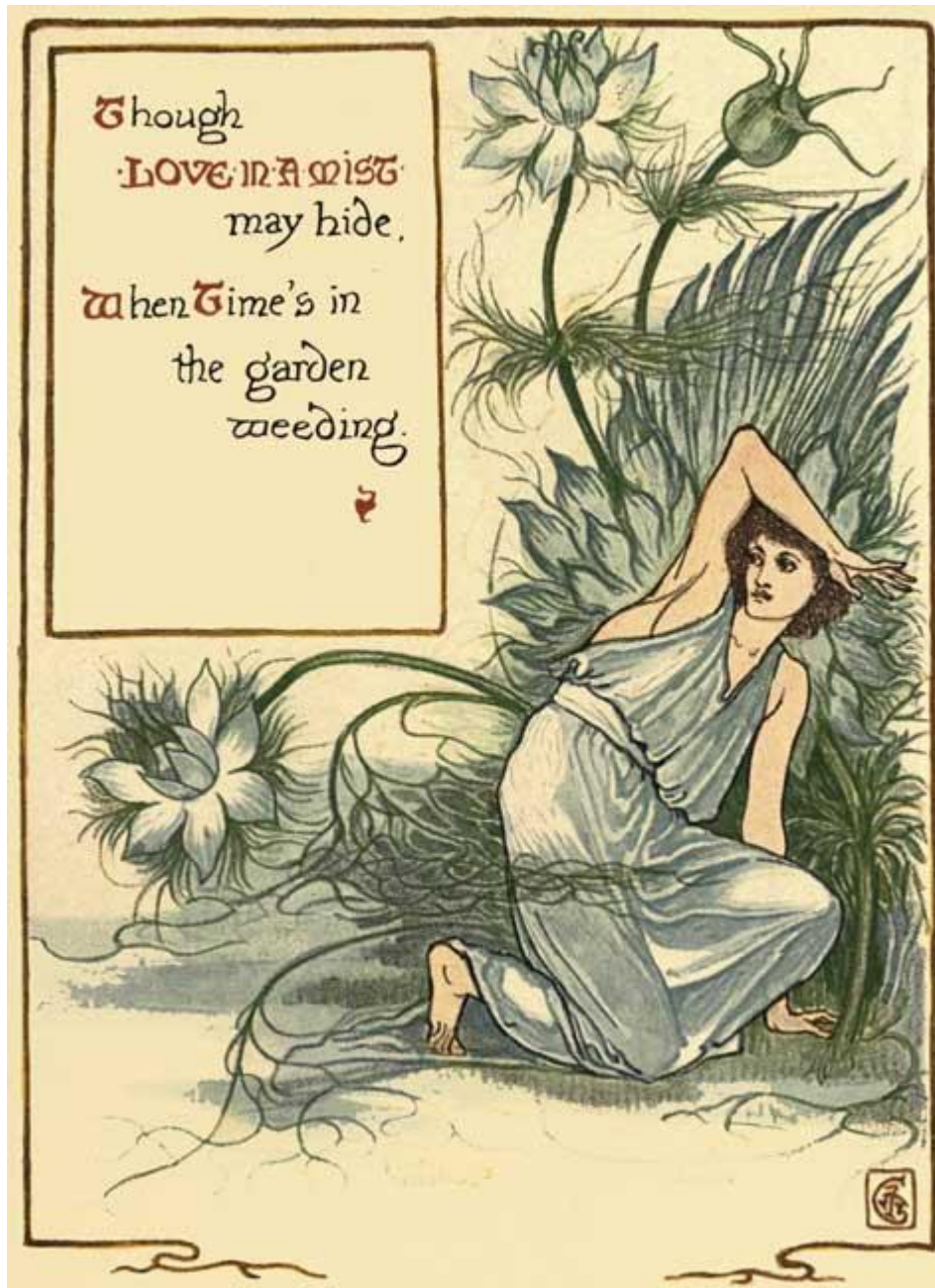


But the hours
of the sun
swift glide,

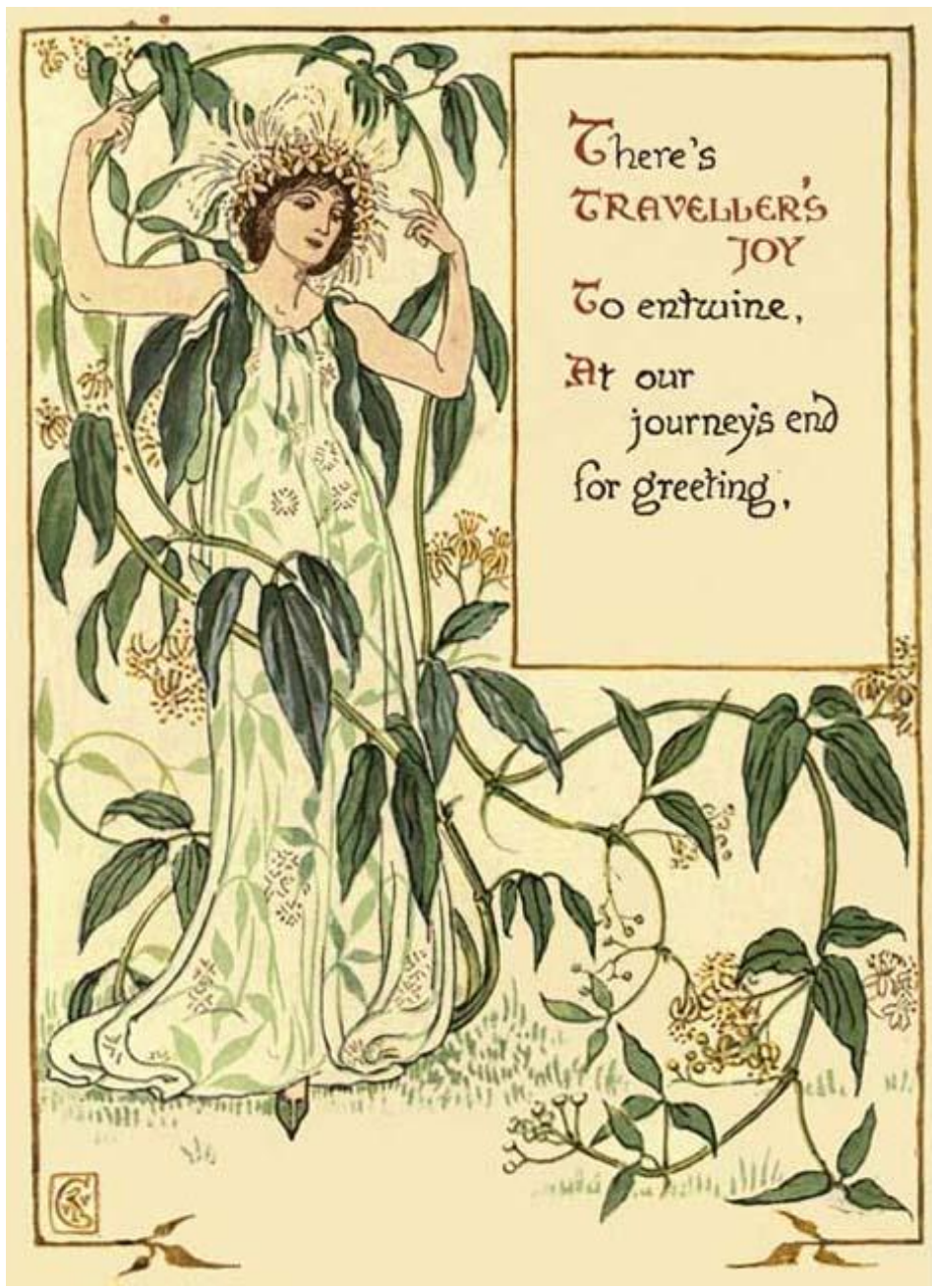
And the flowers
with them are
speeding.



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.

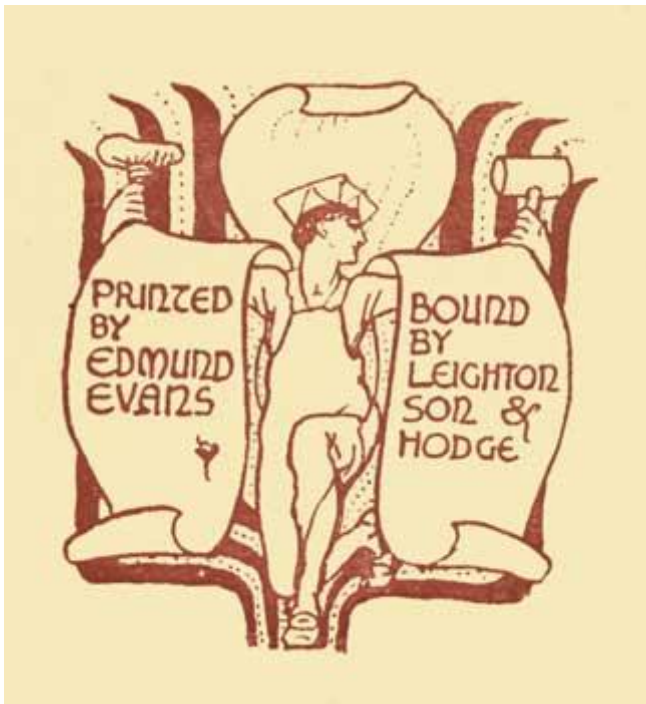


There's
TRAVELLER'S
JOY
To entwine,
At our
journey's end
for greeting,

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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