

A FLORAL FANTASY
IN AN OLD ENGLISH
GARDEN
BY
WALTER CRANE

NEW YORK &
GORDON HARPER
AND BROTHERS





185-

Peter

from Mildred.

Christmas 1898.









·A·FLORAL·
·FANTASY·





A FLORAL
FANTASY
IN AN OLD
ENGLISH
GARDEN



SET FORTH IN
VERSES & COL-
OURED DESIGNS
BY   
WALTER GRADE
  
LONDON: AT THE
HOUSE OF HARPER
AND BROTHERS:

1899



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.



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 thicker,
And smooth green-
sward 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 mask-
ing like women
and men





FIRST in
VENUS'S
LOOKING
GLASS,

You may see
zahere

LOVE LIES
BLEEDING,



While
**PRETTY
MAIDS**

all of them pass

With careless
hearts quite un-
heeding.





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.

Simple **HONESTY**
shows in vain
A fashion feat
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
parts
at the well



And the
HOUNDSTONGUE
laps the
SUNSET,



Here's
VENUS' GOMBE
for
MAIDENHAIR:
while
KINGCUPS
drink
BELLA DONNA,



Glad in purple
and gold
so fair,
Though the
DEADLY
NIGHTSHADE'S
upon her.





Behold
LONDON PRIE
robed & crowned,
Ushered in by the
GOLDEN ROB,
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
STITCHWORT
looked up
with a sigh

At
BACHELOR'S
BUTTONS
unsettled :

Single Daisies
were not
in her eye,

For
the grass
was just
neatly mown.





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



The FRIAR'S
GOULD

hides
a doctor of law,

And the
BISHOP'S-TREE

covers
his grace's





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

He 'd
too many points
of the law

For a dragon
without
a scale.





**Little JENNY-
GREEPER**

lay low,

Till happy thoughts
made her gladder;

How to rise in the
world she'd know,

So she climbed up

JACOB'S BEANSTALK

~~~~~



STREET WILLIAM  
with  
MARY GOLD  
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  
**DAPPA·DOWN·**  
**DILLY:**  
E



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





IN LADIES MANT-  
LE flaunting  
there  
Is the banner  
that leads  
the fray.



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





'T was lost in  
the wood  
in a summer  
shower  
When the  
**GHODD'S WORT**  
tried to trip her.



TOAD-FLAX

is spun

for

BUTTER-

AND EGGS





ON a LADY'S  
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  
**GURK'S HEAD**  
in his pride.



**Fair BETHLEHEM'  
STAR**

shineth bright,

In a lowly  
place, as  
of old,

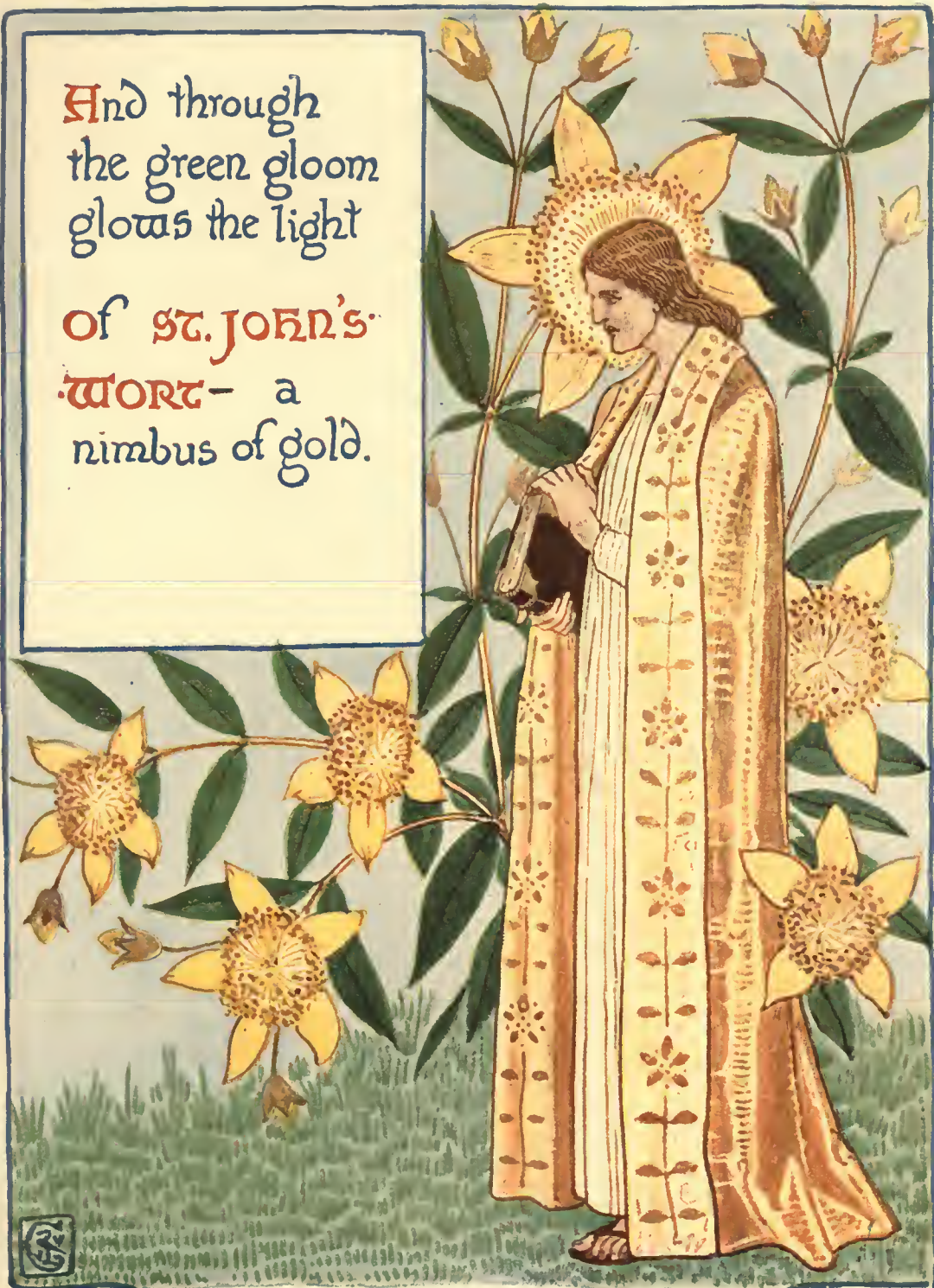




And through  
the green gloom  
glows the light

of ST. JOHN'S

WORT - a  
nimbus of gold.





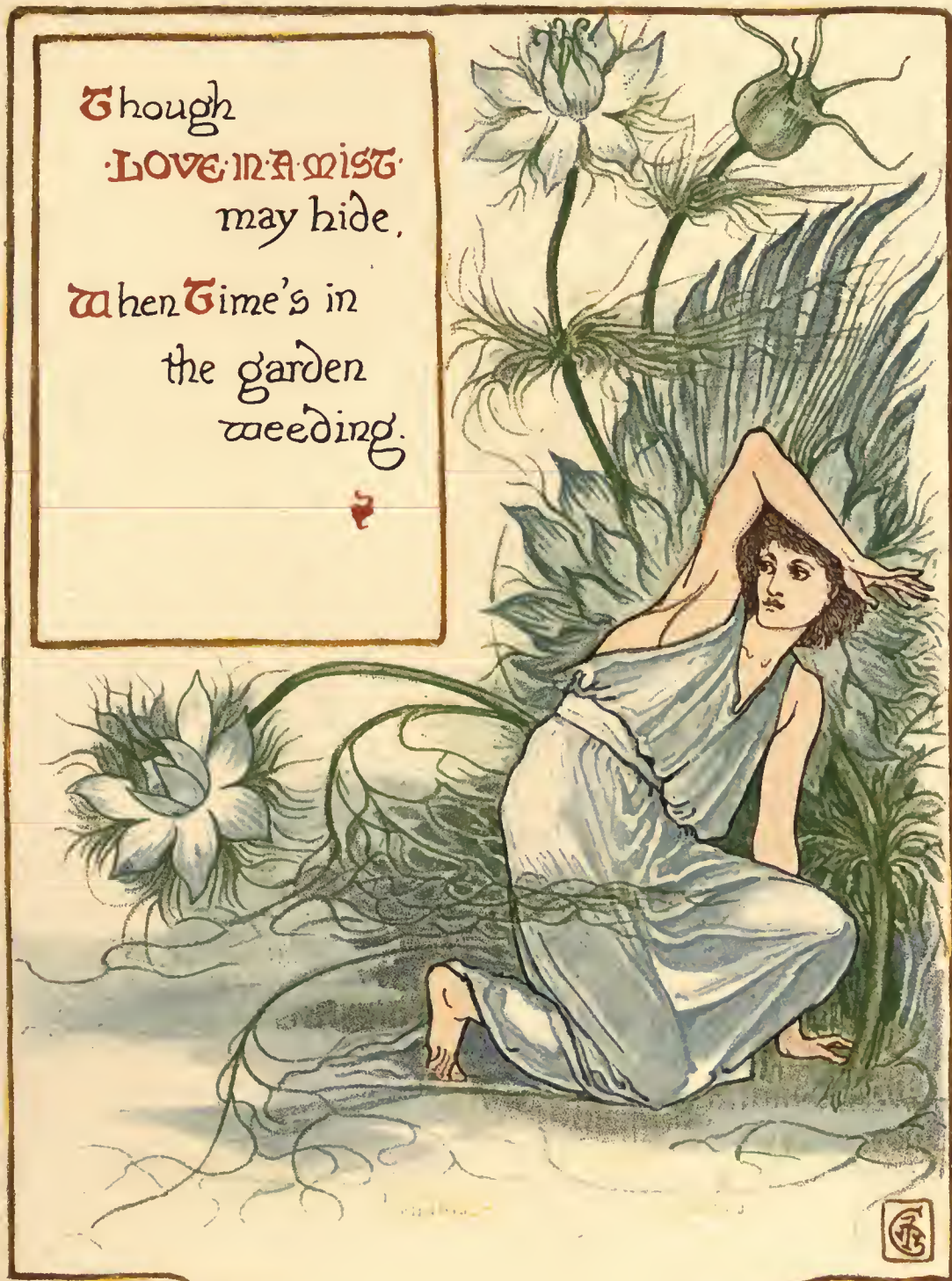
**B**ut the hours  
of the sun  
swift glide,

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





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,

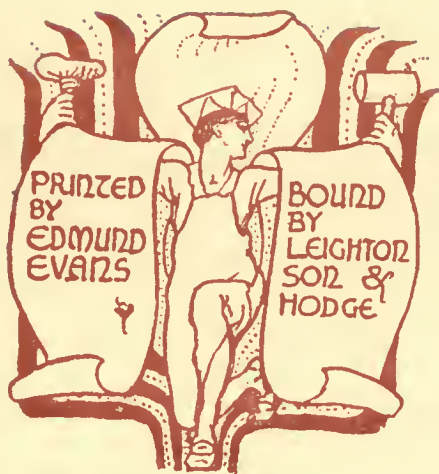


We can  
talk over  
SOPS-IN-TIME,  
And drink to  
our next  
merry meeting.





















A FLORAL FANTASY

