

**GORDON
ELIZABETH**

FLOWER
CHILDREN

Elizabeth Gordon

Flower Children

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Elizabeth Gordon

Flower Children / The Little Cousins of the Field and Garden

FOREWORD

A flower, a child, and a mother's heart —
These three are never so far apart.
A child, a flower, and a mother's love —
This world's best gifts from the world above.

ALL children are flowers in the garden of God's love. A flower is the mystical counterpart of a child. To the understanding heart a child is a flower and a flower is a child. God made flowers on the day that He made the world beautiful. Then He gave the world children to play amid the flowers. God has implanted in the breasts of children a natural love for flowers – and no one who keeps that love in his heart has entirely forsaken the land of childhood.

In preparing this book the author and the artist have attempted to show the kinship of children and flowers – and it is their hope that the little ones into whose hands this volume comes will find herein the proof that their knowledge of what flowers really are is true and that their love for the friendly blossoms is returned many-fold.

To you, then, little child-flowers, this book is lovingly offered as an expression of thankfulness to children for the joy and sweetness with which they have filled my life.

– *ELIZABETH GORDON*

FLOWER CHILDREN

SAID CROCUS: “My! this wind is cold!
Most wish I had not been so bold;
Here the fields are still all brown;
Glad I wore my eider-down.”

TRAILING ARBUTUS, you know,
Loves to grow beneath the snow.
Other folks would find it chilly,
She says that’s absurdly silly.

EAGER little Daffodil
Came too soon and got a chill;
Jack Frost pinched her ear and said,
“Silly child, go back to bed.”

HYACINTH, the pretty thing,
Comes to us in early spring;
Says she always loves to hear
Easter bells a-ringing clear.

LADY TULIP, stately dame,
From across the ocean came;
Liked this country very much,
Although she only spoke in Dutch.

LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY said
She guessed she was a sleepy-head;
But she got up and dressed for town
In her new green tailored gown.

PUSSY WILLOW said, “Meow!
Wish some one would tell me how
Other kittens get around
And roll and frolic on the ground.”

PRIMROSE is the dearest thing —
She loves to play out doors in spring;
But if a little child is ill,
She’s happy on the window sill.

GRANDFATHER Dandelion had such pretty hair,
Along came a gust of wind and left his head quite bare;
Young Dandelion generously offered hint some gold,
To buy a cap to keep his dear old head from being cold.

WIND-FLOWER on an April day,
Came along and said she'd stay;
Wore her furs snug as you please,
Said she liked the nice, cool breeze.

ANEMONES and Bluets grew,
All the woodland pathway through;
Came along one day together,
Didn't mind the April weather.

LILAC wears a purple plume,
Scented with a sweet perfume;
Very high-born lady she,
Quite proud of her family tree.

TRILLIUM said "Why, deary me,
I'm just as freckled as can be,"
Her cousin Tiger-Lily said,
"Well, look at me, I'm almost red."

PANSIES like the shaded places;
With their little friendly faces,
Always seem to smile and say:
"How are all the folks to-day?"

JOHNNIE-JUMP-UP made a bet,
That he could pass for Violet.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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