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**A Floral Fantasy in an Old English Garden**

**By**

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## **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.

Of old in Rosamond's Bower,  
With it's 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;