"Deep-blue Violets"

By Katherine L. Connor
Even now what affections
the violet awakes! Campbell

Welcome! maids of honor
Ye do bring the Spring
And wait upon her.
Herrick

Violets dim, but sweeter than the lids
Of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.
Winters Tale.
Look how the blue-eyed violets glance love to one another!

T.B. Read

In all green places where ye blow,
Tenderest thoughts of God that grow,
Violets! sweet violets!
Hidden hearts that lying low
Sweeten all about you so
Violets! sweet violets!

Amos
Such a starved bank of moss
Till that May morn
Blue ran the flash across
Violets were born.

Deep violets you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal.

E.B. Browning
Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears:
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
'Lowell.

Violets! deep blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale
Kissed by the sun, worn by the gale
None by the dew of the twilight wet
So sweet as the deep blue violet.
For violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will not make grow again.

Perry.

Welcome! thou blue-eyed darling of the year!
Sweet Herald of the hue of summer skies;
Visions of sunny hours to come appear
With thy blue eyes.

Anew.

The daisies pied and violets blue,
And ladies’ smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

Love’s Labor Lost
I can hear these violets chime
To the skies benediction above;
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite love.

W.C. O'Connell

Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory
Long as there are Violets
They will have a place in story.

Wordsworth.