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HELIOTROPES.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Their sweets are on the wind, and I
 Grow pale and turn away—
For poisons that we breathe and die
 Have less of death than they.

Do I not love them? Oh, the sun
 Has kissed no other flowers
Since first the young world's bloom begun
 To bud in Eden's bowers—

No other flowers I love so well—
 Nay, those the angels wear
Could scarcely have for me a spell
 Like these fling on the air.

Yet, when their perfumes meet me, I
 Grow pale and turn away,
For poisons that we breathe and die
 Have less of death than they!