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CARL AND THE FLOWERS.
BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Fair-haired, graceful German—stranger,
Wherefore does that tear-drop shine
In thy mournful blue eyes' shadows?
Art thou dreaming of the Rhine?
Of the wild, romantic ruins
Where the haunting night-winds moan,
And the ivy's faithful clasping
Clings around the cold, dark stone?

No, oh, no—the ancient castles
And the river blue and deep,
All are dear, and grand, and glorious—
But 'tis not for *them* I weep.
See these flowers—I had a sister
Far beyond the wide, dim seas,
Whose young heart o'erflowed with worship
For all lovely things like these.

In the wild romance of boyhood,
Mid the spring-times blessed bloom,
Oft I've told her of the specters
In the Hartz's haunted gloom;
And while mourning winds were murmuring
Solemn stories to the pines,
Timidly she's clasped me closer
Underneath our lattice-vines.

When my mother's farewell kisses
Oft had pressed my tearful cheek,
And I turned to that sweet sister
And, with lip that scarce could speak,
Asked what she would have me think of
Far from that sweet home of ours,
With a childish kiss she murmured:
Love us, Carl, and *love the flowers*.

Now the birds are sweetly singing
Summer songs beside the Rhine;
And the flowers are fair as ever
In the valleys of the vine—

But my idol-sister sees not
 Bloom nor beauty on the earth—
And our home is hushed and lonely,
 Never more to echo mirth.

Far beneath an old tree's shadows,
 Where the sweet blue violets wave,
And the mourning birds sing saddest,
 There's a little grassy grave—
And as here I stand all lonely
 Mid the summer's fragrant bowers,
I can hear an angel whispering:
 Carl, my brother, *love the flowers*.