

To a snowdrop

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they  
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend  
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest. Though day by day,  
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay  
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed May  
Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers;  
Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,  
And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

William Wordsworth 1819

On seeing a tuft of snowdrops in a storm

When haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
Mature release, in fair society  
Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try;  
Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,  
And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing  
Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by.  
Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great  
May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand  
The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;  
And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,  
Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

William Wordsworth 1819

Help us develop more resources like this:  
[www.naturescalendar.org.uk/help/support.htm](http://www.naturescalendar.org.uk/help/support.htm)

