

The roses that in yonder hedge appear
Outdo our garden buds that bloom
within;

But since the hand may pluck them
every day,

Unmattered they bud, bloom, drop, and
drift away.

Jean Ingelow - The Four Bridges

And when the parent-rose decays and
dies,
With a resembling face the daughter
buds arise.

Prior. - Celia to Damon.

The budding rose above the rose
full bloom.

Wordsworth - The Prelude 134. ~~XI~~

Proud to be a rose, with rains
and dews
Her head impearling. —

Wordsworth

The silver birch its buds of
purple shows,

And scarlet berries tell where
bloomed the sweet wild-rose!

Whittier—The last walk in autumn.

You rosebuds in the morning dew,
How pure among the leaves
See green!

Burns — To Chloris

A rose bud by my early walk,
A down a corn - enclosed pawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk
All on a dewy morning.

Burns - A Rose-bud by my Early Walk.