

# *The Wild Honeysuckle*

**Philip Freneau**

(1752 – 1832)

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,  
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,  
Untouched thy homed blossoms blow,  
Unseen thy little branches greet:  
No roving foot shall crush thee here,  
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,  
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,  
And planted here the guardian shade,  
And sent soft waters murmuring by;  
Thus quietly thy summer goes,  
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,  
I grieve to see your future doom;  
They died--nor were those flowers more gay,  
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;  
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power,  
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews  
At first thy little being came;  
If nothing once, you nothing lose,  
For when you die you are the same;  
The space between is but an hour,  
The frail duration of a flower.