

## Buttercups and Daisies

by Mary Howitt

Buttercups and daisies,  
Oh, the pretty flowers;  
Coming ere the spring time,  
To tell of sunny hours,  
While the trees are leafless,  
While the fields are bare,  
Buttercups and daisies  
Spring up here and there.

Ere the snow-drop peepeth,  
Ere the crocus bold,  
Ere the early primrose  
Opens its paly gold,—  
Somewhere on the sunny bank  
Buttercups are bright;  
Somewhere midst the frozen grass  
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,  
Like to children poor,  
Playing in their sturdy health  
By their mother's door.  
Purple with the north-wind,  
Yet alert and bold;  
Fearing not, and caring not,  
Though they be a-cold!

What to them is winter!  
What are stormy showers!  
Buttercups and daisies  
Are these human flowers!  
He who gave them hardships  
And a life of care,  
Gave them likewise hardy strength  
And patient hearts to bear.