On a Bank of Flowers



On a bank of flowers in a summer day For summer lightly drest, The youthful, blooming Nelly lay, With love and sleep opprest; When Willie, wand'ring thro the wood, Who for her favour oft had su'd– He gaz'd, he wish'd,He fear'd, he blush'd, And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd, Were seal'd in soft repose; Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd, It richer dyed the rose. The springing lilies, sweetly prest, Wild–wanton kiss'd her rival breast: He gaz'd, he wish'd,He fear'd, he blush'd, His bosom ill at rest. Her robes, light–waving in the breeze, Her tender limbs embrace; Her lovely form, her native ease, All harmony and grace. Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, A faltering, ardent kiss he stole; He gaz'd, he wish'd, He ear'd, he blush'd, And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake On fear-inspired wings, So Nelly starting, half-awake, Awar affrighted springs. But Willie, follow'd – as he should, He overtook her in the wood; He vow'd, he pray'd, He found the maid Forgiving all, and good.