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*ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.*

ON a bank of flow'rs in a summer's 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 fu'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 the fragrant breath'd,

It richer dy'd 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 fear'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,

Away affrighted springs ;

But Willy follow'd, as he shou'd,

He overtook her in the wood,

He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid  
Forgiving all and good.

# On a Bank of Flowers.

*Violin*

*Moderate*

On a bank of flow'rs, in a summer day, For summer lightly

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