

Robert Burns, On A Bank Of Flowers

On a Bank of Flowers

(Robert Burns)

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.

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