

Robert Burns

"On A Bank Of Flowers"

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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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