

## XI.

"Shall it be still brighter, fairer  
Than when 'mid the merry band  
I stray'd through Albin's meadows, gath'ring  
Primroses on every hand?

## XII.

"Must I no more stray in freedom,  
Where the brooks the flowers lave;  
Nor seek wild woods, where the leaflets,  
In the autumn winds do wave?

## XIII.

"Ah, farewell! I seek new parterres,  
Where the golden wealth of name  
Shadows o'er my woodland beauties:  
They are bow'd with honest shame.

## XIV.

"Yet, amid the glit'ring tinsel,  
Their sweet fragrance will ascend;  
And 'mid rich odors floating;  
Holy incense still will blend.