

Your noble features I'll express ;
Your hidden vices I'll suppress ;
I hold the blade of mossy grass,
And catch the butterflies that
pass.

Then I portray the swallows too,
And ev'ry thorn-bush tipped
with dew ;

The little lambs that near me play
And gambol through the live-
long day

I take ; and herds that stand and
drink,
Or chew their cud beside my
brink.

The pic-nic groups sit on my
bank,

And sail across me on a plank.
Some bridal parties here I've
seen ;

I took them sitting on the green.
At ev'ning in the hot July

My water-lilies they would spy ;
A raft of boards they'd improvise
And 'mid the shouts and
screams and cries,

Each lover stretched his very best
To pluck a flower for his
guest.

The broken-hearted oft have crept
Close to my side and there have
wept ;

And when they brought to me
their tears