

THE VILLAGE MAID.

One early morn when Venus bright,
 Her brilliant rays displayed,
 And landscape shone with lustre light,
 On hill and flowery mead,
 Almost in stupid reverie,
 In thought I paced the plains,
 Unconscious of romantic scenes,
 And clear terrestrial strains.

One lonely cottage in a wood,
 The dearest scene of all,
 Bedecked with ivy, verdant green,
 And moss-clad quaint old wall,
 Its path was through a sunny glade,
 Beneath a flowery lawn,
 And on it played one lovely maid,
 That could the heart enthrall.

I stood in meditation,
 To view that maid so fair,
 Her hair in golden ringlets loose
 Hung o'er her shoulders bare;
 As gracefully she tripped along,
 A beauty most serene,
 My heart she won, although being young,
 Then scarcely in her teens.

Bereft of explanation,
 With faint and flattering tongue,
 I tenderly addressed her,
 She looked so fair and young.
 She turned to me so gracefully,
 With soft melodious speech,
 And gave that touch to nature,
 By blushes on her cheeks.

I said, "Fair maid, this early morn,
 Why do you walk from home?"
 "I do enjoy the cooling breeze,
 And while I am alone,
 The early thrush sings on each bush,
 Their notes so clear and free;
 With strains of love I'll walk those groves,
 And join their melody."

The glances of this comely maid,
 It did my heart beguile;
 And wishing her good morning,
 She said with courteous smile—
 "Are you a stranger in this land?
 You look so blithe and gay,
 At early morn it is no harm,
 To come again this way."