

## 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 enthral.

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."