

She was a comely maid to view,  
Dark eyes, and brownish hair ;  
And such a winning, witching smile,  
With dimples here and there.

But I'm no hand at noting down  
A lovely maiden's charms ;  
I fail to get the items in,  
From lips to rounded arms.

So I must leave you to surmise  
The facts I skip around,  
And wonder how so fair a flow'r  
Could grow in such a ground.

Well now, this maiden dreamed by day,  
As many maiden's do,  
And wondered often in her heart,  
Of who would come to woo.

She could not love those haw-buck lads,  
Who worked about the mill,  
They were of far to gross a kind,  
Her purer heart to fill.

And so the weeks and months went by,  
And still she fairer grew,  
And filled those graceful rounded lines  
That please the gazer's view.

And still she laboured cheerfully,  
Around the little room,  
Beside the hot old cooking stove,  
Or plied a nimble broom.