

The Maiden and Her Mother.

Because my mother yesterday
 Houri out the kiss you gave
 By doubt perhaps it was not right
 She's done naught else but more
 Therefore I think I'd best at once
 Return your kiss to and it
 For if there's harm done any, I need
 Must know that will amend it.
 But mind I would on no account
 Give for your kiss another
 Nor add the least to love's amount
 But only for my mother
 So I'll at once my kiss bestow
 Now there be quiet do
 So close our lips met I don't know
 Which first kiss I or you
 Therefore to save mistake I must
 Let that for nothing go
 And with one more replace the first
 Don't reckon it as two
 But mind I would on no account
 Give for one kiss another
 Nor add the least to love's amount
 But only for my mother.

When from your gems of thought I turn
 To those pure orbs your heart to leave
 I scarce know which to prize most high
 The bright & dear or bright dear eye.

A Song.

Once more while autumn's sober smile
 Shines out, o'er hill and valley
 And high the golden sheaves to fill
 A yell the farmers rally.
 We come a sincere joy to share
 With fruits and flowers laden
 Crowned by the voice of matron fair
 And many an arch eye maiden

Dance natively with a woman's art
 Exchanging her attire is
 Her first green will soon be seen
 To like the hues of iris
 But still she decks her shining brow
 With coronets of flowers
 And glad as in the giving time now
 Fly on the laughing hours

The robin warbles on the hills
 The lark sings from the meadow
 The partridge by the bubbling rills
 Creeps in the maple's shadow
 So high the hawk sails in the air
 You scarce can hear his whistle
 And half he sees the downy seed
 Flown upward from the thistle.

Now in the orchard climbs the boy
 The spreading bough he grasps, then
 And singing some rude song of joy
 Shakes down the blushing apples
 His joy was full while gathered here
 Half sportive half in duty
 A kinder joy too since we near
 The life and eye of beauty.