

A Song.

Fruit and flowers that cheer the eye
 Have in their sweetest art there
 "The luscious bells their robes to vie
 With the rich red in father
 At beauty's feet the same bells are cast
 The ardent bloom on her
 And ere the garmine bloom is lost
 The myrtle shall adore her

The low wind raised the thunder roll
 The lightning split the sky
 And all the west sunset fringed with gold
 As I was rapturing eye
 I laid my sickle down to view
 The grand and awful scene
 But I didn't stay to see it through
 Oh no I want so green

Oh too too beautiful Mary say
 Where this and shall we never be
 Give name this his his happy day
 That with us mar mar married we
 May, did we nearest though they check
 It crick crick crisscross both with Iyer
 I could not wait a new new week
 Without my go jaw joyful beside

Then Mary let us go go fix
 For too too Tuesday next the Day
 When in the morn at six six six
 I'll fly fly fetch the horse away
 Then to some but but blissful spot
 To pass the morn morn month we, large
 It too too coach I've got you got
 Then couldn't not say new new ne music