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| **On A Bank As I Sate A Fishing: A Description Of The Spring**  |

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|   | And now all Nature seem'd in love, The lusty sap began to move;New juice did stir th'embracing Vines,And Birds had drawn their Valentines:The jealous Trout, that low did lie,Rose at a well-dissembled flie:There stood my Friend, with patient skillAttending of his trembling quill.Already were the Eves possestWith the swift Pilgrims daubed nest.The Groves already did rejoyceIn Philomels triumphing voice.The showers were short, the weather mild,The morning fresh, the evening smil'd.June takes her neat-rub'd Pale, and nowShe trips to milk the Sand-red Cow;Where for some sturdy foot-ball Swain,June strokes a sillabub or twain.The Fields and Gardens were besetWith Tulip, Crocus, Violet:And now, though late, the modest RoseDid more then half a blush disclose.Thus all look'd gay, all full of chear,To welcome the New-livery'd year. Sir Henry Wotton |

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