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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 skill Attending of his trembling quill. Already were the Eves possest With the swift Pilgrims daubed nest. The Groves already did rejoyce In 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 now She 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 beset With Tulip, Crocus, Violet: And now, though late, the modest Rose Did 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 | |