

WHERE THE WINDING NADDER FLOWS

Where the winding Nadder flows,
Thro' a little village fair,
Dwells my beauteous little Rose,
In a humble cottage there,
Oft upon its flowery banks,
When 'tis charming summer time,
There with Rosa fair I sit
Viewing Nature's works sublime.

There we sit and gaze for hours,
Out upon the lovely scene,
And we watch the lambkins play,
All among the meadows green.
And the cuckoo's welcome voice
Echoes from the copse hard by,
And the merry children shrill,
Ever imitates his cry.

Sweet it is in summer time
To sit by a purling stream,
And to pour your heart's tale out
To the maid who reigns supreme,
Winding Nadder, gentle rill,
What sweet hours I've spent by thee,
What pure blisses, O what kisses,
Hath my lover gied to me.