

### The Banks Of The Devon

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,  
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!  
But the boniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon  
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.  
Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,  
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;  
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,  
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,  
With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn;  
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes  
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!  
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,  
And England triumphant display her proud rose:  
A fairer than either adorns the green valleys,  
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.