

Deluded swain, the pleasure
Melody - "The Collier's Dochter"
Robert Burns, 1793

Deluded swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee:
The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The cloud's uncertain motion,
They are but types of Woman.

2. O art thou not asham'd
To doat upon a feature?
If Man thou wouldst be nam'd,
Despise the silly creature.
Go, find an honest fellow,
Good claret set before thee,
Hold on till thou art mellow,
And then to bed in glory!