

I do Confess Thou Art Sae Fair: Alteration of an Old Poem.

I Do confess thou art sae fair,  
I was been o'er the lugs in luve,  
Had I na found the slightest prayer  
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find  
Thou art so thriftless o' thy sweets,  
Thy favours are the silly wind  
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,  
Amang its native briers sae coy;  
How sune it tines its scent and hue,  
When pu'd and worn a common toy.

Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide,  
Tho' thou may gaily bloom awhile;  
And sune thou shalt be thrown aside,  
Like ony common weed and vile.