

### The Lover's Morning Salute To His Mistress

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?  
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,  
Numbering ilka bud which Nature  
Waters wi' the tears o' joy.  
Now, to the streaming fountain,  
Or up the heathy mountain,  
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;  
In twining hazel bowers,  
Its lay the linnet pours,  
The laverock to the sky  
Ascends, wi' sangs o' joy,  
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phoebus gilding the brow of morning,  
Banishes ilk darksome shade,  
Nature, gladdening and adorning;  
Such to me my lovely maid.  
When frae my Chloris parted,  
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,  
The night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:  
But when she charms my sight,  
In pride of Beauty's light-  
When thro' my very heart  
Her burning glories dart;  
'Tis then-'tis then I wake to life and joy!