

Thou Fair Eliza

Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
Ae kind blink before we part;
Rue on thy despairing lover,
Can'st thou break his faithfu' heart?
Turn again, thou fair Eliza!
If to love thy heart denies,
Oh, in pity hide the sentence
Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, sweet maid, hae I offended?
My offence is loving thee;
Can'st thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine would gladly die?
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
In the pride o' sinny noon;
Not the little sporting fairy,
All beneath the simmer moon;
Not the Minstrel in the moment
Fancy lightens in his e'e,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
That thy presence gies to me.