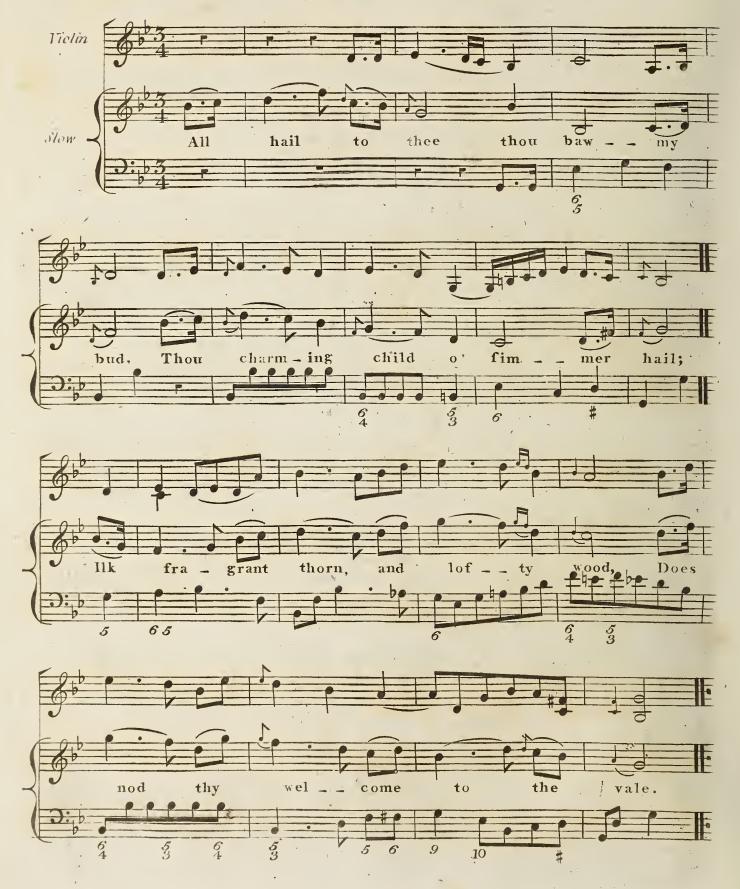
The Rose But.



THE ROSE-BUD.

ALL hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,

Thou charming child o' fimmer, hail!

Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood

Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form

Glad Phæbus finiles wi' chearing eye,

While on thy head the dewy morn

Has fhed the tears o' filent joy.

The tunefu' tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' fangs o' joy thy prefence hail;
Then hafte thou bawmy fragrant flower,
And gi'e thy bosom to the gale.

Behold the little roving bee,

With airy wheel and foothing hum,

Flies ceafeless round thy parent tree,

While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,

She'll poo thee frae thy thorny stem;

A while thou'lt grace her virgin breast,

But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah! short, too short thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou must;
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou bloomst, alas! to mix with dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the fimmer rofe,
In time shall wither and decay.