

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SÆ FAIR.

I DO confefs thou art fae fair,
 I wa'd been o'er the lugs in luv;
 Had I na found the flighteft pray'r
 That lips could fpeak thy heart could muve.
 I do confefs thee fweet, but find,
 Thou art fae thriftlefs o' thy fweets,
 Thy favours are the filly wind,
 That kiffes ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rofe-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers fae coy;
 How fure it tynes its fcent and hue,
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!
 Sic fate, ere lang, fhall thee betide;
 Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,
 Yet fure thou fhalt be thrown afide,
 Like ony common weed and vile.

I do con-fess thou art sae fair.

Violin

Moderate

I do con-fess thou art sae fair, I wad been o'er the

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lugs in luv; Had I na found the slightest prayer, That lips could speak thy heart could muve.

6 5 5 7 6 5 3 — #

I do con-fess thee sweet, but find, Thou art sae thrifless O' thy sweets, Thy

6 — 6 6 6 6 6

fa-vors are the sil-ly wind, That kiffes il-ka thing it meets.

6 4 7 6 5 3 — #