

The Rose Bud.

WORDS BY ROBERT BURNS.

A rose-bud by my early walk,
 A-down a corn-enclosed bawlk,*
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning;
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest,
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning;
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fair,
 On trembling string or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tints thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray,
 That watch'd thy early morning.

* A narrow foot-path.