

That hidden thorns may wound him.
 O, the wit o' man is no sae snell,
 When simple bodies like himsel,
 Wi' paradoxes, get the fell
 Permission, to confound him.

An' see yon lassie gath'ring flow'rs,
 Like Flora in her fairy bow'rs,
 The graces, or the laughin' hours,
 Might envy weel sic blossom.
 She's a' deceit in word and deed,
 Quo' they o' foul suspicion's creed,
 An' damn'd is he whase achin' head,
 Seeks solace on her bosom !
 O, *curses* on the heartless boors,
 Wha slander heav'n's eternal pow'rs,
 An' threep that man maun live on sours,
 Whan siccan sweets enclose him.

The juicy grape at eve supplies,
 A nectar in our nether skies,
 That brightens a' affections dyes,
 An' elevates decorum.
 Yet weary fa' 't, as changes ring,