

THE WARLD'S A SPECIOUS SHEW
THEY SAY.

AIR—" *Dainty Davie.*"

The warld's a specious shew, they say,
Wi' nought substantial in't but wae ;
And syne the farther down we gae,
 The nearer Cloutie's bruastane.
On upward wing we canna steer,
What's passin' i' the starns, to hear,
But may be they like us hae sweer
 Probosces on the grunstane.
'Tis wisdom then to prize the hour,
That flings enjoyment in our pow'r,
The neist may rain a murky show'r,
 An', presto, a' our fun's ta'en.

O! wha that sees the blushing rose,
Her fragrance to the morn uncloze,
Wad turn him whar the upas throws,
 It's deadly airs around him?
An' yet there be wha haud it true,
'The rose was made that man might rue,
An' yeilds its witchin' scent an' hue,