

faith your lot you've cast With mine for grief or hap - pi -

ness; Come Fortune's smile or Care's cold blast—

own, my winsome Bess!

Rude is our forest cot; but thou,
 Like flow'r transplanted to the wild,
 Wilt shed around all things, I trow,
 Refinement's bloom and odour mild;

No task will ever irksome be,
 If sweeten'd by thy kind caress,
 Labour will seem but pastime free,
 With thee, my winsome Bess.