

Tho' pure affection's early beam,
 Wi' errin' tenderness astray;
 Fa' fondly on a faithless stream,
 The banks redeem the heav'nly ray.
 An' tho' their verdure's no sae sweet,
 The charm that gilded it away;
 It glows in reminiscent light,
 Far sweeter than reality.

CHORUS.

Then tell na me that nature low'rs,
 Tho' passin' clouds obscure the scene;
 'Tis after sorrow's quick'ning show'rs,
 That mem'ry wears her freshest green.

DINNA TRUST IN LOVE, LASSIE.

TUNE,—“*Saw ye Johnny commin'.*”

O, dinna trust in luv, Lassie;
 Hae nae dealings wi' him;
 Foul an' fause he'll prove, Lassie;
 Infant tho' ye see him.