

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SÆ FAIR.

I DO confess thou art sæ fair,

I wa'd been o'er the lugs in luv;

Had I na found the flightest pray'r

That lips could speak thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find,

Thou art sæ thriftless o' thy sweets,

Thy favours are the filly wind,

That kiffes ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,

Amang its native briers sæ coy;

How sune it tynes its scent and hue,

When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate, ere lang, shall thee betide;

Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,

Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,

Like ony common weed and vile.

I do confess thou art sae fair.

Violin

Moderate

I do confess thou art sae fair.

I do confess thou art sae fair, I wad been o'er the

lugs in luv; Had I na found the slightest prayer, That lips could speak thy heart could muve..

I do confess thee sweet, but find, Thou art sae thriftless O' thy sweets, Thy

fa_vors are the sil_ly wind, That kisses il__ka thing it meets.

Fingerings: 5, 5, 5, 5, 7, 6 6 6 6 6 6 6, 6, 5, 5, 7 6 5 3, 6, 6 —, 6 6 6 6, 6, 6 4, 7 6 5 3.