

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SÆ FAIR.

<p>I DO confefs thou art fae fair, I wa'd been o'er the lugs in luv; Had I na found the flighteft pray'r That lips could fpeak thy heart could muve. I do confefs thee fweet, but find, Thou art fae thriftlefs o' thy fweets, Thy favours are the filly wind, That kifles ilka thing it meets.</p>	<p>See yonder rofe-bud, rich in dew, Amang its native briers fae coy; How fure it tynes its fcent and hue, When pu'd and worn a common toy! Sic fate, ere lang, fhall thee betide; Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while, Yet fure thou fhalt be thrown afide, Like ony common weed and vile.</p>
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I do confess thou art sae fair.

Violin

Moderate

I do con-fess thou art fae fair, I wad been o'er the

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

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I do con-fess thee sweet, but find, Thou art fae thrifless O' thy sweets, Thy

6 — 6 6 6 6 6

fa-vors are the sil-ly wind, That kisses il--ka thing it meets.

6 4 7 6 5 3 — #