

The Posie.

Violin

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O luv will venture in where it daur na weel be feen, O luv will venture

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in where wisdom ance has been, But I will down yon river rove among the woodfaegreen, And

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a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear may The Primrose I will pu' the firftling o' the

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year; And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear For Shes'the pink o' Woman kind, and

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bloom without a peer; And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear may.

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THE POSIE.

O LUVE will venture in, where it dares na weel be seen,
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rove among the wood fae green,
 And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
 The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year:
 And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
 For she's the pink o' womankind and bloom without a peer,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
 And the di'mond draps o' dew shall be her een fae clear;
 The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
 For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou';
 The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
 And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the filken band o' luve,
 And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' abuve,
 That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er remove:
 And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.