

The Rose-Bud.

Violin

Slow

All hail to thee thou baw - - my
bud. Thou charm - ing child o' fim - - mer hail;
Ilk fra - grant thorn, and lof - - ty wood, Does
nod thy wel - - come to the vale.

THE ROSE-BUD.

ALL hail to thee, thou bawmy bud,
 Thou charming child o' simmer, hail!
 Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
 Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulted form
 Glad Phœbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
 While on thy head the dewy morn
 Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
 Wi' fangs o' joy thy presence hail;
 Then haste thou bawmy fragrant flower,
 And gi'e thy bosom to the gale.

Behold the little roving bee,
 With airy wheel and soothing hum,
 Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
 While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
 She'll poo thee frae thy thorny stem;
 A while thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
 But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah! short, too short thy rural reign,
 And yield to fate, alas! thou must;
 Bright emblem of the virgin train,
 Thou bloomst, alas! to mix with dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
 Wi' every youthful maiden gay,
 That beauty, like the simmer rose,
 In time shall wither and decay.