

JEALOUSY.

OH! had she been unkind
To some o' us wha lo'ed her,
Ane micht ha'e guessed her mind,
And he'rtsomely ha'e woo'd her :
But while sae sweet and kind to me,
There's this I canna bide to see—
She's just as kind to ither three.

She causes me mair pain,
She yields me sweeter pleasure,
Than a' the world besides—
Torment and treasure !
The love-licht in her een I see
Wad mak' this earth a heaven to me,
An 'twerna for the ither three.