

What's maist wished.

Experience teaches that the grass on the other side is seldom really greener, and that what is glittering is unlikely to be gold. It doesn't deter us from making the same mistake twice, unfortunately.

**The highest aipple on the tree
The sweetest fruit will ayeways be.
The yin ye've watched the longest while
Is aye the first tae faw an spile.
 Mistrust the glow o dawnin day;
 What is maist wished flees first away.**

**The brichtest meedie flooers that grow
Bloom ayeways in the glauriest howe.
The brawest berries on the bush
Haud pyson in their scarlet flush.
 Mistrust the glow o dawnin day,
 What is maist wished flees first away.**

**Herm hides ahint the saftest een,
Sweet lips the vilest tongue may screen;
An hair like waves o burnin gold
May still an empty heid enfold.
 Mistrust the glow o dawnin day,
 What is maist wished flees first away.**

**But guid advice is suin forsaken,
And easier handed oot than taken.
Though weel the warnin signs we ken,
We juist breenge on like ither men,
 Forgettin in the dawn o day
 That what's maist wished flees first away.**

(Words and tune original.)