

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Allegro.

Ancient. Amended by BURNS.



1. O, heark-en, and I will tell you how Young Muirland Wil-lie cam'
here to woo, Tho' he could nei-ther say nor do; The
truth I tell to you.... But aye he cries, Whate'er be-tide,
Mag-gie I'se hae to be my bride, With a fal da ra, fal
lal da ra la, fal lal da ral lal da ral la.....

On his gray yade, as he did ride,
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Guideman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your dochter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din,
What answer gi'e ye to me?
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye light
down,
I'll gie' ye my dochter's love to win,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where de ye won, or in what town?
I think my dochter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stendeth up in haste,
And gript her hard around the waist,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddie she left it a',
As they twa could agree.
The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,
With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.
But siccan a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,
With a fal da ra, etc.

Affetuoso.



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