

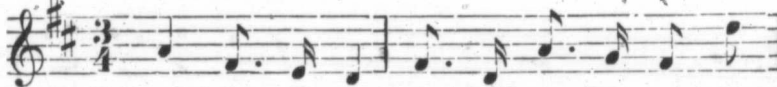
MY NANNIE'S AWA'.—Continued.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.
Thou laverock, that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.
Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wi'f-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa'.

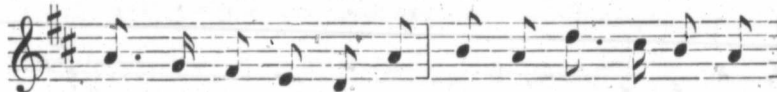
AYE WAKIN', O!

Larghetto.

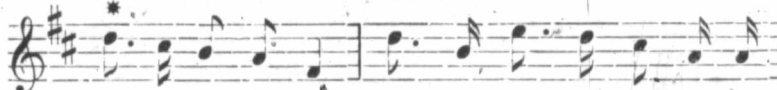
Anonymous.



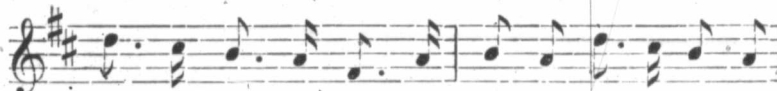
I. Aye wak-in', O! Wak-in' aye an' wea-rie;



Sleep I can-na get For think-in', o' my dea-rie.



Spring's a plea-sant time, Flow'rs o' ev-'ry co-lour, The



bir-die builds its nest, Aye I think on my lov-er.



Aye wak-in', O! Wakin' aye an' wearie; Sleep I can-na get For



think-in' o' my dea-rie. Aye wak-in', O!

When I sleep I dream,
When I wake I'm eerie;
Rest I canna get,

For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

CODA.—Aye wakin', O!

Lanely nicht comes on,
A' the lave are sleepin';
I think on my bonnie lad,

An' blear my een wi' greetin'.

Aye wakin', O! wakin' aye an' wearie;
Sleep I canna get for thinkin' o' my dearie.

CODA.—Aye wakin', O!