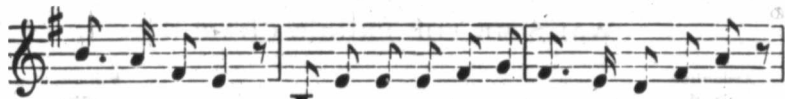


OH, SAW YE MY WEE THING.

Andante Espressivo.

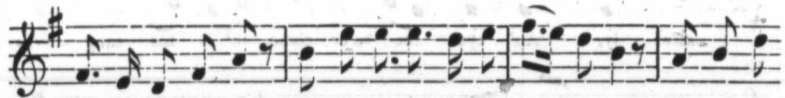
Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love



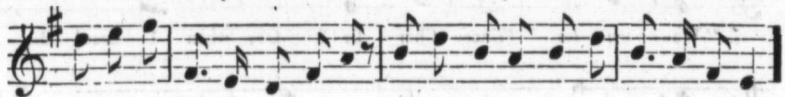
down by yon lea? Cross'd she the meadow yes-treen at the gloamin'?



Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw tree? Her hair it is lint-white, her



skin it is milk-white, Dark is the blue o' her saft rollin' e'e, Red, red her



ripe lips, and sweeter than ros-es! Whar could my wee thing hae wander'd frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing, It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,

Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea; tree; It was then your true love I met by the

But I met a bonnie thing late in the gloam-in', Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,

Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree, Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me.

Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white, Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his

Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e, cheek grew,

Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses; And wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rolling e'e;

Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me. Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing, Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,

It was na my true love-ye met by the tree; The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,

Proud was her leal heart, an' modest her nature, Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rollin' e'e.

She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me. Is it my wee thing? Is it my ain thing?

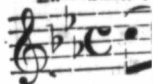
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary, Is it my true love here that I see?

Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee! O, Jamie, forgie's me, your heart's constant to me,

Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer, I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Air—"Shame!"

I. Co



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