

## O, LASSIE COME THOU O'ER THE SEA.

TUNE.—“ *The white Cockade.*”

O, Lassie come thou o'er the sea,  
 Ne'er wince at the auld wife's prophesy,  
 She may weel spae dool wi' a drappie in her e'e,  
 But ye'll ne'er see a dowie day in Canadie.  
 We hae green hill sides, an' the sun shines clear,  
 On the trout fill'd burns at their feet, my dear ;  
 An' abune an' aroun' we've a thousan' trees,  
 Sae merry i' the music o' the was'lin' breeze.

She havers sair o' the red man's wrath,  
 O' the bears an' the wolves i' the wild wood-path;  
 O' the snake-strewed glens, an' the deuce kens a',  
 But she maunna fright my bonnie lassie black's  
      her fa'.

I've a white washt cot, an' a barn out by,  
 Whar the wild fawn herds wi' the hame fed kye  
 An' a garden to smile at yer ain sweet care,  
 Whar the modest little mignonette scents the air

She says our winter's lang an' cauld,  
 An' that frost keeps man an' beast in fauld