

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

Words by Burns



First when Mag-gie was my care, Heav'n I thought was in her air;



Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But whis-tle o'er the lave o't.



Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child;



Wis-er men than me's be-guil'd, Sae whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care-na-by how few may see,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Row'd into her windin' sheet,
I could write, but Meg wad see't,
Sae whistle o'er the lave o't.

MY DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE, O!

Tannahill



Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my fai-ther, O!



Hap-py were the days when we herd-ed the-gith-er, O!



Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his plaid-ie, O! An'



vow'd to be mine, my dear High-land lad-die, O!

MY

But, Ah! waes me!
gaudy, O,
The Laird's wys'd aw
laddie, O!
Misty are the glens
cloudy, O!
That aye seem'd sae
land laddie, O.

The blaë-berry bank
dreary, O,
Muddy are the stres
clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks
The wild melting
land laddie, O.

TH



1. Fare-wee



heath - ch



leaf - y



Pent-land



seek a

Thou land wi'
In ilk wee o
May manly-he
And maids!
The land whe
For Freedom
Ne'er crouch'd
But foremo