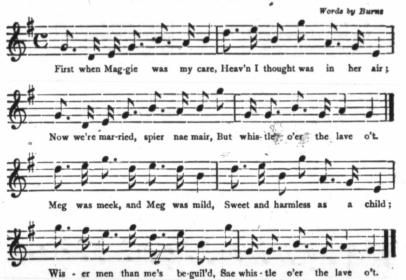
WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.



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'a. 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.



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

TH









Pent-lan



Thou land wi'
In ilk wee o
May manly-he
And maids i
The land whe
For Freedor
Ne'er crouch'd
But foremore