

sleep by wea-ry na-ture tauld, Seals up the e'en o' young and auld, At

retard.
Gloamin I'll be there, love!
col. voce.
Da Capo. Al Legno.

II.

The setting sun may e'erie fa',
And wild the gathering blast may blaw,
Wi' fearfu' d'in, yet still for a',
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

III.

There's something to my bosom dear,
I wadna' tyne for warld's gear,
And just to whisper 't in thy ear,
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

IV.

My plaid frae scaith to row thee in,
An artless tale your heart to win,
Just whaur the burn louns o'er the linn,
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows, &c.

V.

In pity, Katy, listen then,
Your wairife mither ne'er will ken;
Steal softly out, and down the glen.
At Gloamin I'll be there, love!
When a's to rest and nane trows,
Don amang the green knowes,
Whaur the bonnie broom grows,
Wilt thou meet me there, love?

