

THE TWA LOVERS.—Continued.

SHE—When yon braw ship has sailed awa
 An' I am left to dree, laddie,
 I'll pray the waves an' wind may blaw
 A voyage safe to thee, laddie!
 An' when ye reach the ither shore,
 A note ye'll send to me, laddie,
 Wi' words sae kind I've heard before,
 When ye were courtin' me, laddie!

HE—When five lang years had come and gane
 And sunny Fortune smiled on me;
 True love is aye as fond an' fain
 As if there were nae land or sea!
 Sae I maun back to hame and love,
 To a' that is sae dear to me;
 An' I nae mair shall need to rove
 Frae her that's mair than life to me!

CHORUS,—

She—Fareweel! fareweel! my ain dear Jo!
 He—Fareweel! fareweel! I now must go,
 She—Ye'll come again to me, laddie;
 He—I'll come again to thee, lassie;
 She—While sun gies licht or waters flow,
 He—While sun gies licht or waters flow,
 She—I'll aye be true to thee, laddie!
 He—I'll aye be true to thee, lassie!

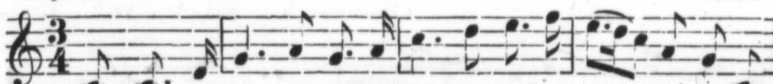
CHORUS,—

He—Love is nae love that is nae true,
 She—Love is nae love that is nae true,
 He—As yours has been to me, lassie!
 She—As yours has been to me, laddie!
 He—I've come across the sea for you,
 She—An' I have come to welcome you,
 He—We'll never partied be, lassie!
 She—We'll never partied be, laddie!

GAE BRING TO ME A PINT O' WINE.

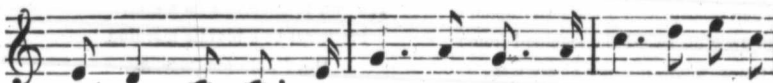
Allegretto.

BURNS.



1. Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in a sil-ver
 2. The trum-pets sound, the ban-ners fly, The glit'-ring spears are ranked

Cho.—Gae bring to me a pint o' wine And fill it in a sil-ver



tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go A ser-vice
 rea-dy; The shouts o' war are heard a-far, The bat-tle
 tas-sie, That I may drink be-fore I go A ser-vice



to my bon-nie las-sie. The boat rocks at the pier o'
 clos-es deep and bloody! It's not the roar o' sea or
 to my bon-nie las-sie.



Leith, Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the fer-ry, The ship rides
 shore Wad mak' me lang-er wish to tar-ry, Nor shouts o'



by the Berwick Law, And I maun leave my bon-nie Ma-ry.—Cho.
 war that's heard a-far, It's leav-ing thee, my bon-nie Ma-ry.—Cho.