

Leader Haughs & Yarrow.

Violin

Slow

The morn was fair, faft was the air, All nature's sweets were

b6
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springing, The buds did bow with filver dew, Ten thousand birds were

b7 6 4 b7 8
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finging; When on the bent, with blyth content, Young Ja-mie fang his

5 6 5 6 5 6

marrow, Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs, on leader haughs and yarrow.

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LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THE morn was fair, fast was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing :
 The buds did blow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing ;
 When on the bent, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie fang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lafs e'er trod the grafs,
 On leader haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace,
 In heavenly beauty's planted ;
 Her smiling een, and comely mien,
 That nae perfection wanted !
 I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting.
 O! bonny lafs, have but the grace
 To think ere ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And day and night affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, wi' joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye ;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow :
 Thus none shall be more blest than we,
 On leader haughs and Yarrow.

O! sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my Sun ! and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.