

*Yon Wild, Mossy Mountains.**Violin**Slow*

Yon wild, mos-sy mountains fae lof-ty and wide, That

nurse in their bosoms the Youth O' the Clyde, Where the graus lead their

covey's thro' the heather, to feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he

pipes on his reed: Where the graus lead their co-ye's thro' the hea-ther to

feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosoms the youth o' the Clyde;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While fill'd with each bliss glide the moments o' love.
For there, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely and soft-flowing stream,
 Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share:
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage, &c.

To beauty what man but maun yield her the prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
 And when Wit and Refinement ha'e polish'd her darts
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
And when wit, &c.