

THE TITHER MORN.

THE tither morn,
 When I, forlorn,
 Aneath an aik fat moaning ;
 I did na trow,
 I'd see my jo,
 Befide me 'gain the glo'ming.
 But he fae trig,
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did chear me ;
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expect,
 To see my lad fae near me.

His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprusk when firft he clasp'd me ;
 And I, I wat,
 Wi' fainnefs grat,
 While in his grips he prefs'd me ;
 De'il tak the war,
 I late and air
 Ha'e wifh'd fince Jock departed ;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As shortfyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blyth and meriy,
 I car'd na by,
 Sae fad was I,
 In abfence o' my deary ;
 But praife be blest !
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny :
 At kirk and fair,
 I'fe ay be there ;
 And be as canty's ony.

The tither morn.

Violin

Lively

The tither morn, When I forlorn, Aneath an aik fat moan - ing, I

did na trow, Id fee my Jo, Be - fide me gain the glow - ming. But

he fae trig lap o'er the rig, And dawting-ly did chear me, When

I (what-reck?) did leaft expect, To fee my lad fae near me.