



MY NANNIE, O.

Behind you hills where Lugar flows, Mang' mairs
and mosses many, O. The wintry sun the day has
closed, And I'll awa to Nannie, O. Tho' westlin
winds blaw loud and shill, And its baith mirk and
rainy, O. I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nannie, O.

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My Nannie's charming, sweet and young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O.
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

MY NANNIE, O. CONTINUED.

Her face is fair, her heart is true.
As spotless as she bonnie, O.
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree.
And few there be that ken me, O.
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O.
But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auldguidman delights to see
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O.
But I'm as blythe, that hauds his plough,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I carena by,
I'll tak' what heavn will send me, O.
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen, The flowers decayd
on Catrine lea, Nae lavrock sang on hillock green, But
nature sickend on the ee. Thro' faded groves, Ma-
ri. a sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, And aye the
wild wood echoes rang, Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle!

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here alas! for me, nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!



