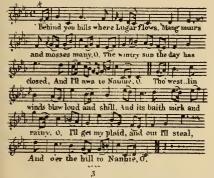


## MY NANNIE, O.



My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young, Nae artfu'wiles to win ye, 0, May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nannie, 0.

MY NANNIE, O. CONTINUED.

Her face is fair, her heart is true. As spotless as she bonnie.0. The opining gowan, wet wi'dew, Nae purcr is than Nannie.0.

A country lad is my degree. And few there be that ken me,0. But what care I how few they be, Im welcome aye to Nannie, 0.

My riches a's my penny fee, And I maun guide it cannie. 0, But warld's gear ne'er troubles me, My thoughts are a'my Nannie.0.

Our aukguidman delights to see His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, 0. But I'm as blythe, that hauds his pleugh, And has nae care but Nauvie, 0.

Come well, come woe, I carena by, Fll tak' what heav'n will send me, 0, Nae ither care in life have I. But live and love my Namie, 0.

## THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen. The flowers decayd on Catrine lea. Nae Javrock saug on hillock green. But nature sickend on the etc. Thro' faded groves, Bari, a saug. Hersel'in beauty's bloom the valle, And are the wild wood echoes rang. Parewell the brass Ballachmyle'

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



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