



JANE OF TIVOT SIDE

Printed for Wm. Armstrong, Banastre-street.

In robes of green, the smiling spring,
Bedecks the grove with pride ;
Beneath the yew tree let me sing,
The lass of Tivot Side.

CHORUS.

I do declare, a lass more fair
In Scotland canna be ;
Whose comely mien and jet black een,
Has stole my heart from me.

Search every part throughout the land,
From Tweed to bonny Clyde,
You ne'er will meet a lass so sweet,
As Jane of Tivot Side.

I do declare, a lass, &c,
How blythe am I when evening comes,
To wander o'er the lea,
To sit amongst the yellow broom,
With Jane upon my knee.

I do declare, a lass, &c.

Had I the choice of monarch's lot,
To pomp and pow'r ally'd,
I'd quit them for a rural cot,
And Jane of Tivot Side.

I do declare, a lass, &c.

