

Favourite Scotch Songs

LOW in a vale young Willy sat,
Beneath a craggy hill;
And there pour'd forth his sad complaint
To trees and murm'ring rill.

Ah! once I was a happy swain,
A happier could not be;
I cheerly fed my flocks all day,
And Jenny smil'd on me.

Her face is like the blooming may,
Her well form'd neck is fair;
Her e'en like sparkling diamonds shone,
And golden glitts her hair.

But why do I admire her charms,
She pays my tears with scorn;
She breaks her vows, she mocks my grief,
And leaves me here to mourn.

Then why do I her slights endure,
I'll to you river's side;
I won't delay, but yield my breath,
Unto the crys'tal tide.

Now Jenny, hid behind a bush,
Heard the swain's doleful will;
She wept and said, you shall not go,
For now I love you still.

When Wally turn'd, he with surprize,
Beheld his Jenny dear;
Sweet maid, he said, your pity saves,
Altho' death was so near.

She said, no more in cruelty,
Shall yield you to despair?
He said ne'er more I'll part with thee,
Jenny my charming air.

