

SONG.

(TO THE SCOTCH AIR OF "MY NANNY O.")

Wi' lang-legged Tam the bruise I tried,
 Though best o' foot, what wan he o?
 The first kiss of the blouzing bride,
 But I the heart of Nanny o.

Like swallow wheeling round her tower,
 Like rock-bird round her cranny o,
 Sinsyne I hover near her bower,
 And list and look for Nanny o.

I'm nearly wild, I'm nearly daft,
 Wad fain be douce, but canna' o;
 There's ne'er a Laird of muir or craft,
 Sa blithe as I wi' Nanny o.

She's sweet, she's
 The bright
 Though a' the
 I'd woo and

Her angry milt
 And darkly
 But think they
 Wha loves an

The spae-wife
 Is but a leein
 For weel kens s
 In spite of a'

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OF "MY NANNY O.")

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 , what wan he o?
 loulouzing bride,
 Nanny o.

g round her tower,
 and her cranny o,
 her bower,
 or Nanny o.

nearly daft,
 , but canna' o;
 of muir or craft,
 Nanny o.

SONG.

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She's sweet, she's young, she's fair, she's good,
 The brightest maid of many o,
 Though a' the world our love withstood,
 I'd woo and win my Nanny o.

Her angry mither scalds sa loud,
 And darkly glooms her granny o;
 But think they he can e'er be cow'd,
 Wha loves and lives for Nanny o?

The spae-wife on my loof that blink't
 Is but a leeing ranny o,
 For weel kens she my fate is link't
 In spite of a' to Nanny o.