

# Fife & a' the lands about it.

*Violin*

*Slow*

Al-lan by his grief excited, Long the victim of despair;

5 6 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 5 6 5 3

This deplord his pafsion flighted, Thus addrefs'd the scornful fair:

6 6 5 6 7 5 5 3 3 3

Fife and all the lands about it, Un-de-fir-ing I can fee;

6 4 5 3 6 6

Joy may crown my days without it, Not my charmer without thee.

*FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.*

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ALLAN by his grief excited,  
 Long the victim of despair,  
 Thus deplor'd his passion slighted,  
 Thus address'd the scornful fair :  
 Fife and a' the lands about it,  
 Undefiring I can see ;  
 Joy may crown my days without it,  
 Not, my charmer, without thee.

Must I then for ever languish,  
 Still complaining, still endure ;  
 Can her form create an anguish  
 Which her soul disdains to cure !  
 Why, by hopeless passion fated,  
 Must I still those eyes admire,  
 Whilst unheeded, unregretted,  
 In her presence I expire.

Would thy charms improve their power,  
 Timely think, relentless maid !  
 Beauty is a short-liv'd flower,  
 Destin'd but to bloom and fade !  
 Let that Heaven, whose kind impression  
 All thy lovely features shew,  
 Melt thy soul to soft compassion,  
 For a suff'ring lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading,  
 To a sad portentous pale :  
 See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,  
 O'er my vital frame prevail.  
 Vain, alas ! expostulation,  
 'Tis not thine her love to gain ;  
 But with silent resignation,  
 Bid adieu to life and pain.