

M Y B O Y T A M M Y.

W H A R hae ye been a' day, my boy
Tammy ?

I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,
Meadow green and mountain grey,
Courting o' this young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my
boy Tammy ?

I gat her down in yonder how,
Smiling on a broomy know,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
For her poor mammy.

What faid ye to the bonny bairn, my boy
Tammy ?

I prais'd her een so lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou,
I pree'd it aft as ye may true,
She faid, " she'd tell her mammy."

I held her to my beating heart, my young,
my smiling lammy !

I hae a house—it cost me dear,
I've walth o' plenifhan and geer,
Ye'fe get it a' was't ten times mair,
Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face,

" I maun nae leave my mammy,
" She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife,
" She's been my comfort a' my days,
" My father's death brought mony waes,
" I canna leave my mammy.

" We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
" My ain kind-hearted lammy ;

" We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claife,
" We'll be her comfort a' her days."

The wee thing gies her hand, and says,

" There, gang and ask my mammy !"

Has she been to the kirk with thee, my boy

Tammy ?

She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee;
But, oh ! she's but a young thing
Just come frae her mammy.

Young Boy, Tammy.

Violin

Slow

Whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tam - my,

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6 = 5 3

whar hae ye been a' day my boy Tammy? I've

4 4 3 5 6 #

been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and Mountain gray,

5 3 5 3

Courting o' this young thing juft come frae her Mammv.

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