

Seven Westlin Winds,

Violin

Viola

Now westlin winds, and slaughter - in Guns, Brings Autumn's pleasant

6 5 6 6 5

weather; The gorceck springs, on whirring wings A - mang the blooming heather:

b b 6 5 6 6 5 b 7

New wa - veng grain, wide o'er the plain De - lights the weary Far - - mer, The

4 6 6 5 6 5 6 6 b 9 4 8 3

Moon shines bright, as I rove by night, To muse u - - pon my char - mer.

6 5 7 6 5 b "

WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW westlin winds and slaught'rin' guns,
 Brings Autumn's pleafant weather ;
 The gorcock springs, on whirring wings
 Amang the blooming heather.
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer,
 The moon shines bright as I rove by night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,
 The plover lo'es the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains ;
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path o' man to shun it ;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleafure find,
 The favage and the tender ;
 Some social join and leagues combine,
 Some folitary wander ;
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel fway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming fwallow ;
 The fky is blue, the fields in view
 All fading green and yellow.
 Come let us stray our gladfome way,
 And view the charms o' nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,
 While the filent moon shines clearly ;
 I'll clasp thy waift, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly ;
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer.