

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

SAW ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Saw ye nae my Peggy,
 Coming o'er the lee?
 Sure a finer creature
 Ne'er was form'd by nature,
 So complete each feature,
 So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
 Every look still warms me;
 Every thought alarms me,
 Left she love nae me;
 Peggy doth discover
 Naught but charms all over;
 Nature bids me love her,
 That's a law to me.

Who wou'd leave a lover
 To become a rover?
 No, I'll ne'er give over,
 'Till I happy be;
 For since love inspires me,
 As her beauty fires me,
 And her absence tires me,
 Naught can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
 Fate seems to detain her,
 Cou'd I but obtain her,
 Happy would I be!
 I'll lie down before her,
 Bless, sigh, and adore her,
 With faint looks implore her,
 'Till she pity me.

' *all ye my Deities.*

Violin

f p f p

Slow

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, law ye nae my Peg-gy,

f p 6 5 5 f p 6 6 6

f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy Co--ming o'er the lee?

f p 5 6 6 6 6 4 6 8 # 6 #

f p f

Sure a fi--ner creature, Ne'er was form'd by na--ture,

5f 6p f 6

So compleat each fea--ture So di--vine is she.

6 2 6 6 8 #