

*STEER HER UP, AND HAD HER GAWIN.*

O ! steer her up, and had her gawin,  
 Her mither's at the mill, Jo ;  
 But gin she winna tak a man,  
 E'en let her tak her will, Jo.  
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,  
 Cast thy cares of love away ;  
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,  
 'Tis daffin longer to delay.

See that shining gla's of claret,  
 How invitingly it looks ;  
 Tak it aff, let's ha'e mair o't,  
 Pox on fighting, trade, and books.  
 Let's ha'e mair pleasure while we're able,  
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,  
 Place't on the middle of the table,  
 And let the wind and weather growl.

*O' teer her up & had her gawin.*

Violin

Slow

O' fteer her up and had her gawin, Her mithers at the mill jo; But

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gin the winna tak a man, Een let her tak her will, jo. Pray thee

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lad leave fil-ly thinking, Cast thy cares of love a-way - - Lets our

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forrows down in drink-ing, 'Tis daffin langer to de-lay jo.