

THE EWY WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O WERE I able to rehearse,
My ewy's praise in proper verse,
I'd found it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw;
My ewy wi' the crooked horn,
A' that ken'd her could hae sworn
Sic a ew was never born,
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horny did as weel,
To ken her by among them a'.
My ewy, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast
Nae honest man need e'er hae wish'd,
For filly thing she never mis'd
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
My ewy, &c.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind of stock;
And now the laddie has a flock,
Of mair than thirty head and twa.
My ewy, &c.

The nieft I ga'e to Jean; and now,
The bairn's fae bra', her fauld fae fu',
The lads fae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
My ewy, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
Wind or rain could never wrang her;
Anes she lay an owk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' inaw.
My ewy, &c.

When ither ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' my tyke,
My ewy never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn wa'.
My ewy, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
Left misnanter should come o'er her,
Or the fumart might devour her,
Gin the beastic bade awa'.
My ewy, &c.

Yet last owk for a' my keeping,
Wha can tell it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping,
Staw my ewy, horn and a'.
My ewy, &c.

I fought her fair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a bush o' thorn
There I fand her crooked horn;
But my ewy was awa'.
My ewy, &c.

But gin I find the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as well as said it,
Altho' the laird himself forbid it,
I shall gi'e his neck a thraw.
My ewy, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn;
At e'en I had baith ew and horn
Safe steikit up; but 'gain the morn,
Baith ew and horn was stown awa'.
My ewy, &c.

A' the claife that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's fae aft was shorn;
The losf o' her he could hae borne,
Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.
My ewy, &c.

O had she died o' croup or cauld,
As ewies die when they grow auld,
It had na been by mony fauld
Sae fair a heart to ane o' us a'.
My ewy, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
Beneath a bloody villain's knife;
In troth I fear that our goodwife
Will never get aboon't awa'.
My ewy, &c.

O all ye bards ayond Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewy wi' the crooked horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'.
My ewy, &c.

The Ewe wi' the crooked Horn.

Violin

Slow

0 were I a - ble to rehearse, My E - wy's praise in

proper verse, I'd found it out as loud and fierce, As e - ver Pi - per's drone cou'd blaw.

My E - wy wi' the crooked Horn, A' that ken'd her could hae fworn,

Sic a Ewe was never born Hereabouts, nor far a - wa'.