

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

<p>IN lovely August last, On Munanday at morn, As thro' the fields I past, To view the yellow corn : I looked me behind, And faw come o'er the know, Ane glancing in her apron, With a bonny brent brow.</p>	<p>I faid, good morrow, fair maid ; And she, right courteouslie, Return'd a beck, and kindly faid, " Good day, sweet fir, to thee." I speir'd, my dear, how far awa' Do ye intend to gae ? Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa, And o'er yon broomy brae.</p>
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Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company ;
 For I am ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I faid to hir, my dow,
 May wee not lean us on this plain,
 And kifs your bonny mou'.

The Glancing o' her Apron.

Violin

Lively

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