

HAD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

O ! had awa, had awa,
 Had awa frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er big for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistrefs you may find,
 Will change as aft as thee, Donald ;
 To ilka fwain she will prove kind,
 And nae lefs kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething fuch,
 Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald,
 I'll ne'er love mony, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair with art pretend,
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald,
 For words of falshood ill defend,
 A roving love like thine, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald :
 Apparent worth, and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald.
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald,
 But, now the mask is fallen, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like thy ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve mysell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald :
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er love man, nor thee, Donald.

I ad a wa frae me Donald. ¹³

Violin

Slow

O had a - wa, had a - wa, had awa frae me Donald, your

5 5 6 6

heart is made oer big for ane, It is not meet for me Donald, Some

6 + 5 3

fickle mistrefs you may find, will change as aft as thee Donald; To

6 6 6 4 5 3

il - ka Swain fhe will prove kind, and nae lefs kind to thee Donald.

6 6