

Wat i.e wha I met yestreen.

Violin

Slow

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming thro' the broom my jo: My

mistrefs in her tartan screen, Fu' bonny brow and sweet my jo. My

dear quoth I thanks to the night That never with'd a lo-ver ill, Since

ye're out of your mither's fight, Lets tak' a wauk up to the hill.

WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

<p>NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen, Coming thro' the broom, my Jo? My mistress, in her tartan screen, Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my Jo; My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night That never wish'd a lover ill, Since ye're out of your mither's fight, Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.</p>	<p>Soon as the clear good-man of day Bends his morning draught of dew, We'll gae to some burn fide and play, And gather flowers to bufk ye'r brow; We'll pu' the daifies on the green, The lucken gowans frae the bog; Between hands now and then we'll lean, And sport upon the velvet fog.</p>
---	---

There's up into a pleafant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, faft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.