

*WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.*

FIRST when Maggy was my care,  
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;  
 Now we're married spier nae mair,

    But whistle o'er the lave o't;  
 Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
 Sweet and harmless as a child;  
 Wifer men than me's beguil'd,  
 So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me, b  
 How we love, and how we gree ;  
 I care na by how few may see—

    Whistle o'er the lave o't ;  
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,  
 I cou'd write, but Meg maun see't,  
 Whistle o'er the lave o't.

# Whistle o'er the lave o't

Violin

Moderately  
Slow

Firft when Maggy was my care, Heavn I thought was in her air;

6 4      5 3      6      #

Now we're married, spier nae mair, But whiffle o'er the lave o't.

5 3      7 5      7

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmlefs as a Child;

6      #

Wifer men than me's beguild, So whiffle o'er the lave o't.

5      7 5      5