

The wae fu' heart.

Violin

Slow

Gen living worth cou'd win my heart you wou'd na speak in

vain, but in the darksome grave its laid never to rise a-gain,

My wae fu' heart lies low wi' his whose heart was on-ly mine, And

ah! what a heart was that to lose but I maun no re-pine.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

GIN living worth cou'd win my heart,
 You wou'd na speak in vain ;
 But in the darksome grave it's laid,
 Never to rise again.
 My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
 Whose heart was only mine :
 And, ah ! what a heart was that to lose ;
 But I maun no repine.

Yet oh ! gin heav'n in mercy soon
 Wou'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak this life, now naething worth,
 Sin Jamie's in his grave.
 And see, his gentle spirit comes
 To show me on my way,
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear !
 And oh ! wi' what gude will !
 I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheeks possest,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.