

*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 myself 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.

# Had a wa frae me Donald.<sup>13</sup>

*Violin*

*Slow*

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

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heart is made o'er big for aye, It is not meet for me Donald, Some

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fickle mistress you may find, will change as fast as thee Donald; To

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il - ka Swain she will prove kind, and nae less kind to thee Donald.

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