

Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

Violin

Slow

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

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

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

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

WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?

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.

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 busk 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.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast, 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.