

# Now Westlin Winds,

Violin

Now westlin winds, and slaughter - in Guns, Brings Autumn's pleasant

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New wa - veng grain, wide o'er the plain De - lights the weary Far - - mer, The

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Moon shines bright, as I rove by night, To muse u - - pon my char - mer.

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## WESTLIN WINDS.

NOW westlin winds and slaught'rin' guns,  
 Brings Autumn's pleasant weather ;  
 The gorcock springs, on whirring wings  
 Among the blooming heather.  
 Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,  
 Delights the weary farmer,  
 The moon shines bright as I rove by night,  
 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,  
 The plover lo'es the mountains ;  
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells,  
 The soaring hern the fountains ;  
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,  
 The path o' man to shun it ;  
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,  
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,  
 The savage and the tender ;  
 Some social join and leagues combine,  
 Some solitary wander ;  
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel fway,  
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;  
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,  
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,  
 Thick flies the skimming fwallow ;  
 The sky is blue, the fields in view  
 All fading green and yellow.  
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,  
 And view the charms o' nature,  
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,  
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,  
 While the silent moon shines clearly ;  
 I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,  
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly ;  
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,  
 Not autumn to the farmer,  
 So dear can be as thou to me,  
 My fair, my lovely charmer.