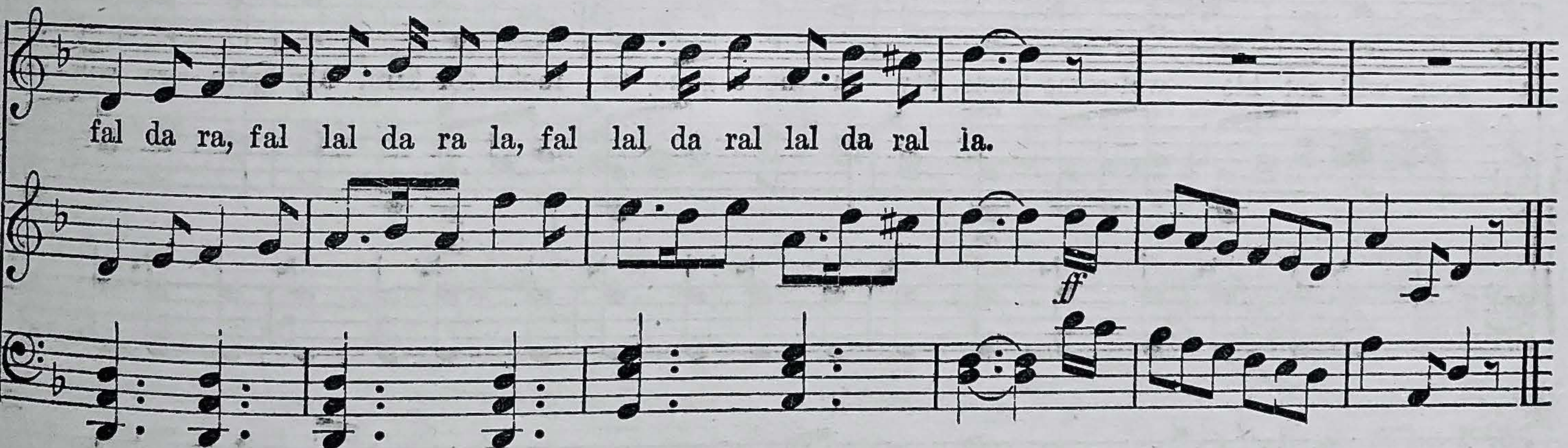
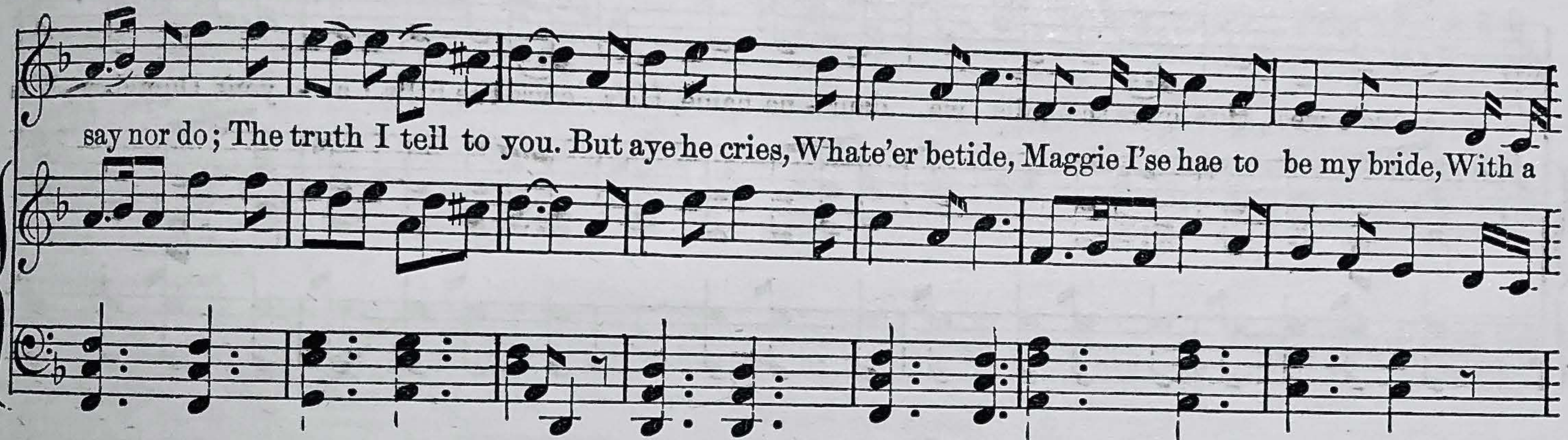
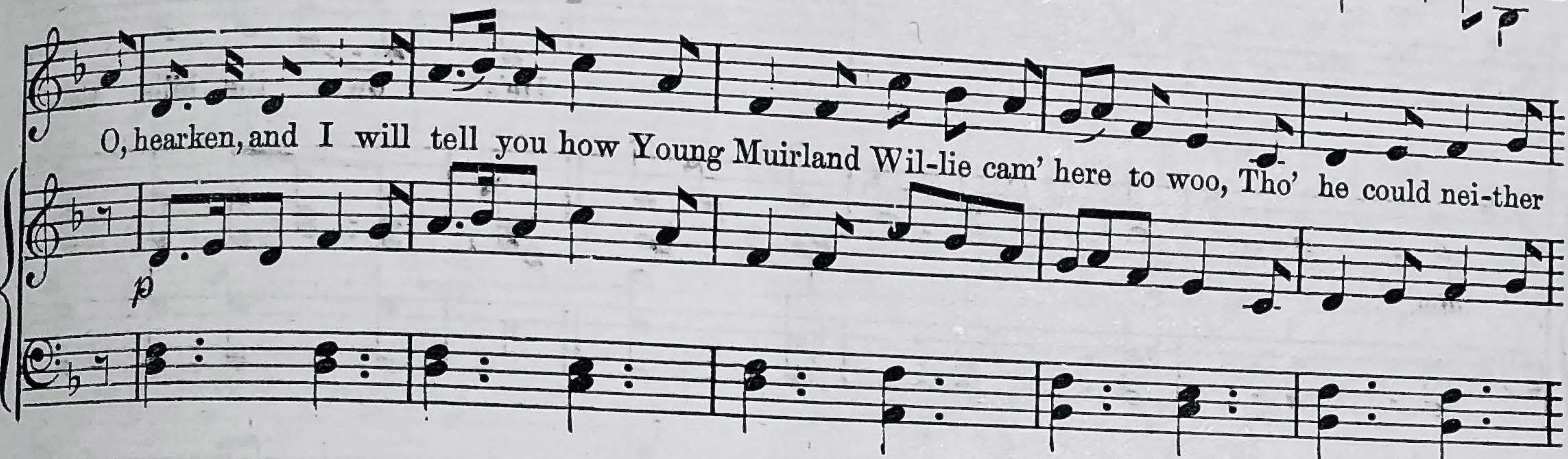
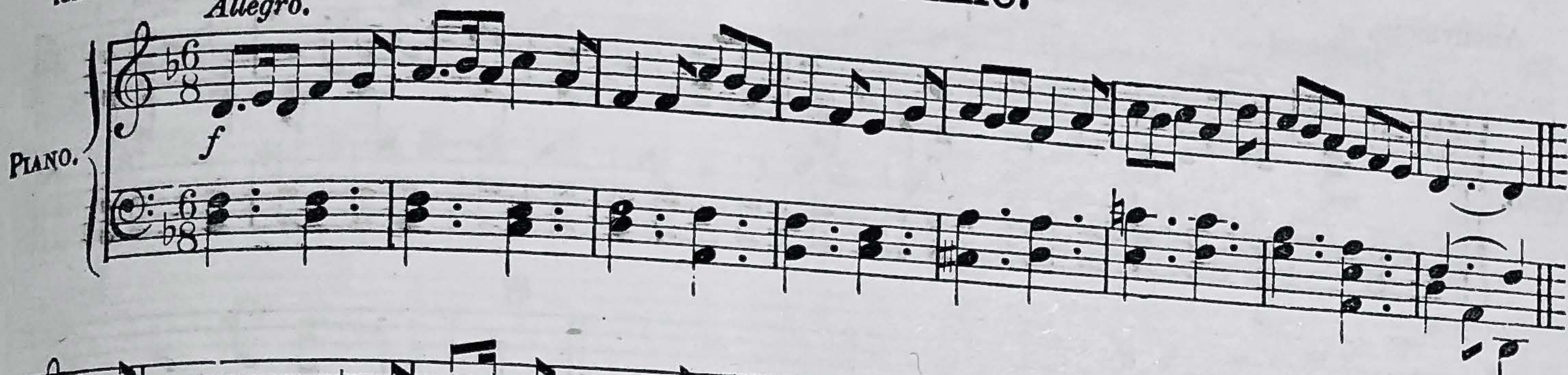


Ancient. Amended by BURNS.  
*Allegro.*

# Muirland Willie.

PIANO.



On his gray yade, as he did ride,  
Wi' dirk and pistol by his side,  
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,  
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,  
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,  
Till he cam' to her daddie's door,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

Gudeman, quoth he, be ye within?  
I'm come your dochter's love to win,  
I carena for making meikle din,  
What answer gi'e ye me?  
Now wooer, quoth he, would ye right down,  
I'll gi'e ye my dochter's love to win,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,  
Where do ye won, or in what town?  
I think my dochter winna gloom

On sic a lad as ye.  
The wooer he stepp'd up the house,  
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,  
She was the bravest in a' the town;  
I wat on him she didna gloom,  
But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,  
And gript her hard about the waist,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd fu' law,  
She hadna will to say him na,  
But to her daddie she left it a',  
As they twa could agree.

The lover gi'ed her the tither kiss,  
Synne ran to her daddie, and tell'd him this,  
With a fal da ra, etc.

The bridal day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythesome lad and lass.  
But siccan a day there never was,  
Sic mirth was never seen.

This winsome couple straked hands,  
Mess John tied up the marriage bands,  
With a fal da ra, etc.