

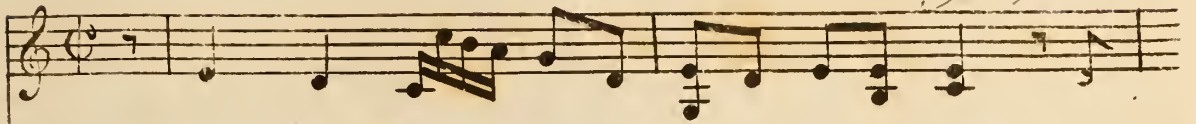
WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

O Willie was a wanton wag,
 The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
 At bridals still he bore the brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa':
 His doublet was of Zetland shag,
 And wow! but Willie he was braw,
 And at his shoulder hung a tag,
 That pleas'd the lasses ane and a'.

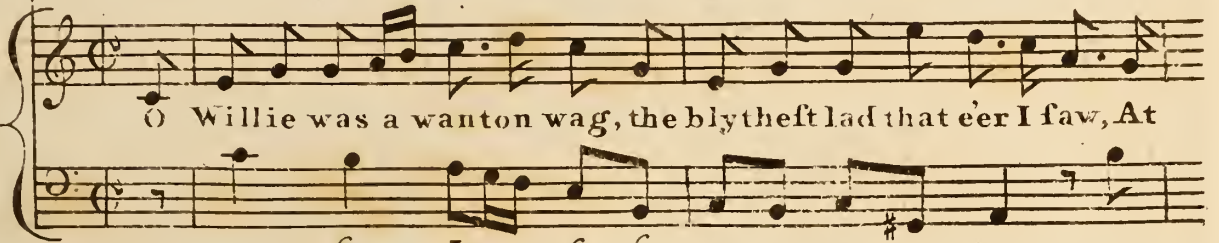
He was a man without a clag,
 His heart was frank without a flaw;
 And ay whatever Willie said,
 It still was hadden as a law.
 His boots they were made of the jag,
 When he went to the weapon-shaw,
 Upon the green nane durst him brag,
 The feint a anc amang them a'.

Willie was a Wanton Wag. ⁵

Violin

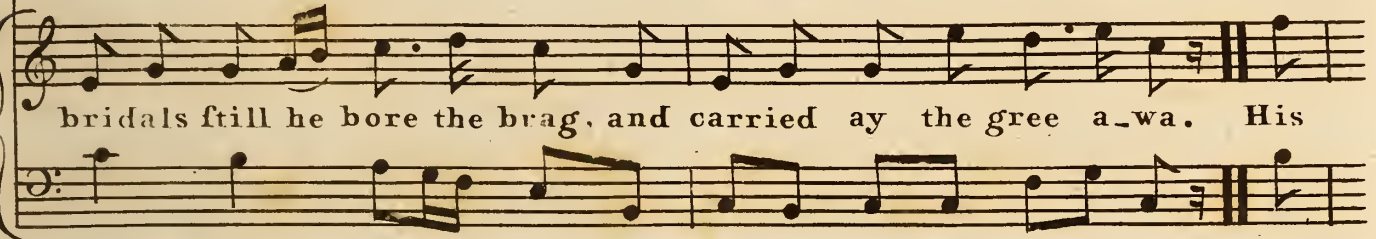
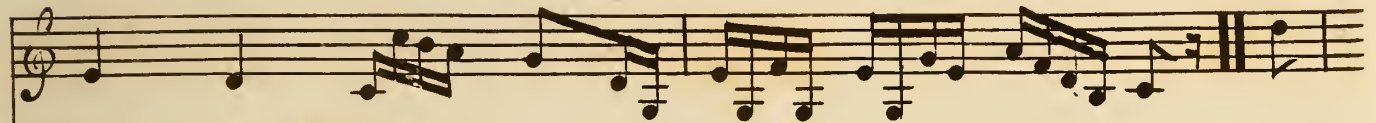


Lively



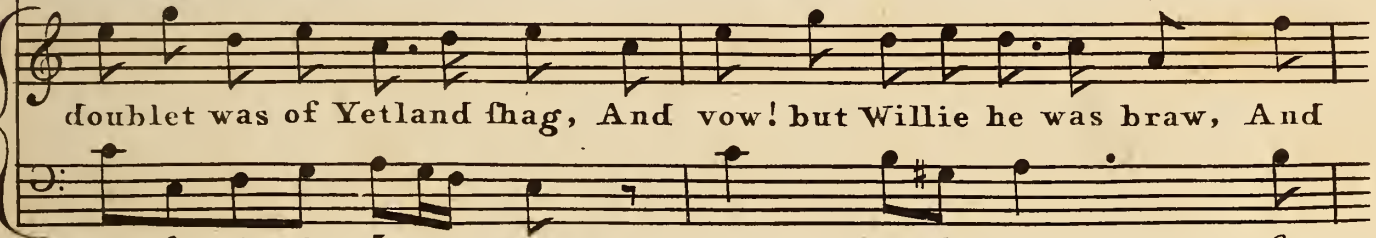
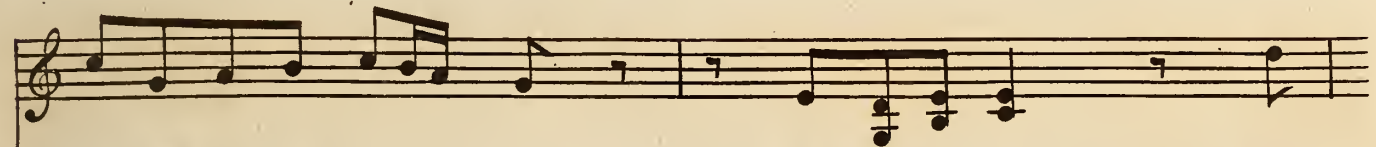
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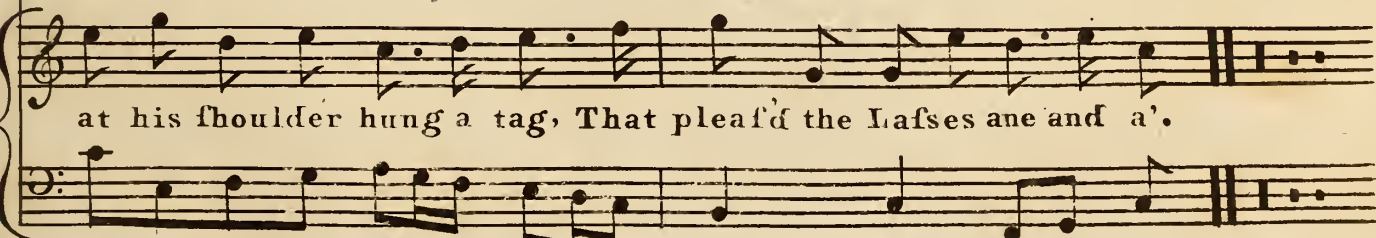
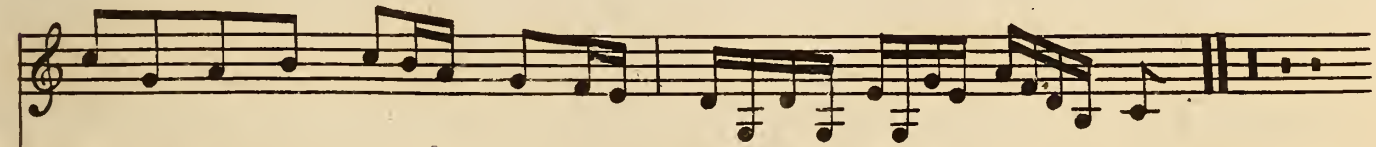


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