

# Wat ye wha I met yestreen.

Violin



Slow

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

mistrefs 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 fight, Lets tak' a wauk up to the hill.

*WAT YE WHA I MET YESTREEN?*

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<p><b>N</b>OW wat ye wha I met yestreen,          Coming thro' the broom, my Jo?          My mistrefs, in her tartan screen,          Fu' bonnie, braw, and sweet, my Jo;          My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night          That never wifh'd a lover ill,          Since ye're out of your mither's fight,          Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.</p>	<p>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.</p>
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There's up into a pleafant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
 A canny, faft, 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.