

MY MITHER'S AY GLOWRAN O'ER ME.

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MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,  
 Tho' she did the fame before me ;  
     I canna get leave  
     To look to my love,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher ;  
     Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
     And wyte ye'r poor Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For, though my father has plenty  
 Of filler, and plenishing dainty,  
     Yet he's unco sweer,  
     To twin wi' his gear,  
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
 Be wylie in ilka motion ;  
     Brag weel o' ye'r land,  
     And there's my leal hand,  
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

# My Mithers ay glowran o'er me

Violin

Lively

My mithers' ay glowran o'er me, Tho' she did the same be-

- fore me I canna get leave To look at my love Or else she'll be like to de-

- vour me. Right fain wad I tak yer offer, Sweet fir, but I'll tine my tocher; Then

Sandy, ye'll fret, And wyte ye'er poor Kate, When'er ye keek in your toom coffer.