

Widow are ye waking.

Violin

Slow

O wha's that at my chamber door? Fair Wi- dow are ye

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3 3 6

wa- - king? Auld Carl your fuit give o'er Your lovelyes a in taw- -

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7 6 7 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 6 6 4 3

- - - king.

Gie me a lad that's young and tight, Sweet lik an April

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meadow; 'Tis fickle as he can be in the fight, And bosom of a Widow.

3 3 4 4 6 6 5 6 5 3 3 6 5

WIDOW, ARE YE WAKING?

O! wha's that at my chamber door?

"Fair widow are ye waking?"

Auld carle, your suit give o'er,

Your love lies a' in tawking;

Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight,

Sweet like an April meadow;

'Tis sic as he can blefs the fight

And bosom of a widow!

"O! widow, wilt thou let me in?"

"I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty;

"And come of a right gentle kin,

"I'm little mair than fifty."

Daft carle, dit your mouth,

What signifies how pawky,

Or gentle born ye be—but troth

In love ye're but a gawky.

"Then, widow, let those guineas speak,

"That powerfully plead clinkan;

"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek,

"And nae mair love will think on."

These court indeed, I maun confess,

I think they mak you young, sir,

And ten times better can express

Affection, than your tongue, sir.