

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

I Ha'e been courting at a lafs,
 These twenty days and mair ;
 Her father winna gi'e me her,
 She's sic a gleib of gear ;
 But gin I had her where I wou'd,
 Amang the hether here,
 I'd strive to win her kindnefs
 For a' the miller's care.

For she's a bonny, sonfy lafs,
 An armsfu', I fwear ;
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,
 Or e'er a plack o' gear ;
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,
 She ga'e me sic a wound,
 That a' the doctors i' the earth
 Can never mak me found.

For when she's absent frae my fight,
 I think upon her still,
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,
 She does my senses fill ;
 May heaven guard the bonny lafs,
 That sweetens a' my life ;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I feek
 Anither for my wife.

The Millers Daughter.

Violin

Slow

I have been courting at a lafs These twenty days and

mair; Her father winna gie me her, Shes fick a glib of gear. But

gin I had her where I woud. Among the hether here, I'd

ftrieve to win her kindnefs, For a' the Miller's care.