

BONNY KATE OF EDINBURGH.

WHERE waving pines salute the skies,
 And silver streams meand'ring flow,
 Where verdant mountains gently rise,
 Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe:
 Ah! Kitty, cruel perjurd maid,
 Why hast thou stole my heart away?
 Why thus forsaken am I laid,
 To spend in tears and sighs the day?

The cooing turtle hears my moan,
 My briny tears increase the stream;
 The mountains echo back the groan,
 Whilst thou, fair tyrant, art my theme!
 O! blooming maid, indulgent prove,
 And wipe the tears from Sandy's eyes;
 O! grant him kind returns of love,
 Or Sandy bleeds, and falls, and dies.

Thus Sandy sung, but turning round,
 Beheld sweet Nancy's injurd shade;
 He trembling saw, he shook, and groan'd,
 Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:
 " Ah! hapless man, thy perjurd vow,
 " Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave;
 " The damps of death bedew'd my brow,
 " While you the dying maid could save!"

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew;
 From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;
 Guilt and despair their arrows threw,
 And now behold the traitor dead.
 Remember, swains, my artless strain,
 To plighted faith be ever true,
 And let no injurd maid complain,
 She finds false Sandy live in you.

Bonnie Kate o' Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

Where waving Pines salute the skies, And silver streams meandering

5 3 5: 5 6 5

flow, Where verdant mountains gently rise, Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe.

6 5 5 5 6 5 6 5 —

Ah! Kitty, cruel perjurd maid, Why hast thou stole my heart away; Why

10 5 5 3 —

thus for-saken am I laid, To spend in tears and sighs the day!

6 5 5 5 6 6 5