

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O! this is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't,
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds me into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

This is no mine ain House

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Violin

Lively

O this is no mine ain house, I ken by the rigging o't, Since

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