

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 perjur'd 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 injur'd shade;
 He trembling saw, he shook, and groan'd,
 Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:
 "Ah! hapless man, thy perjur'd 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 injur'd maid complain,
 She finds false Sandy live in you.

Bonny Kate of Edinburgh.

Violin

Moderately
Slow

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