

Now Westlin Winds,

Violin

Flute

Now westlin winds, and slaughter in Guns, Brings Autumn's pleasant

weather; The gorcock springs, on whirring wings Among the blooming heather:

New waving grain, wide o'er the plain Delights the weary Farmer, The

Moon shines bright, as I rove by night, To muse upon my charmer.

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 To muse upon my charmer.

The pairtrick lo'es the fruitfu' fells,
 The plover lo'es the mountains;
 The woodcock haunts the lanely dells,
 The soaring hern the fountains;
 Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves,
 The path o' man to shun it;
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender;
 Some social join and leagues combine,
 Some solitary wander;
 Avaunt, away! the cruel fway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion;
 The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
 The fluttering gory pinion.

But, Peggy dear, the evening's clear,
 Thick flies the skimming swallow;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view
 All fading green and yellow.
 Come let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms o' nature,
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And ilka happy creature.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,
 While the silent moon shines clearly;
 I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I lo'e thee dearly;
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer.