

WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens ;
 Fair as the day, and fweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay ;
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm nae very auld,
 Yet weel I like to meet her at
 The wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 When e'er we meet alane,
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare..
 My Peggy speaks fae sweetly,
 To a' the lave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 When e'er I whisper love ;
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
 It makes me blyth and bauld ;
 And naething gi'es me sic delight,
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 When on my pipe I play ;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest she sings the best.
 My Peggy sings fae fastly,
 And in her fangs are tauld,
 With innocence, the wall of sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

The Wawking of the Fauld.

Viola

Lively

My Peggy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens fair as the day and

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sweet as may, fair as the day and always gay; My Peggy is a young thing and I'm not ve-ry auld; yet

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well I like to meet her at the wawking of the fauld. My Peg-gy speaks fae sweetly when

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e'er we meet alane, I with nae mair, to lay my care, I with nae mair of a' that's rare, My Peggy speaks fae

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sweet-ly, to a' the lave I'm cauld; but she gars a' my spirits glow, at wawking of the fauld.

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