

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

SAW ye nae my Peggy,

Saw ye nae my Peggy,

Saw ye nae my Peggy,

Coming o'er the lee ?

Sure a finer creature

Ne'er was form'd by nature,

So complete each feature,

So divine is she.

O ! how Peggy charms me ;

Every look still warms me ;

Every thought alarms me,

Left she love nae me ;

Peggy doth discover

Naught but charms all over ;

Nature bids me love her,

That's a law to me.

Who wou'd leave a lover

To become a rover ?

No, I'll ne'er give over,

'Till I happy be ;

For since love inspires me,

As her beauty fires me,

And her absence tires me,

Naught can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,

Fate seems to detain her,

Cou'd I but obtain her,

Happy would I be !

I'll lie down before her,

Bless, sigh, and adore her,

With faint looks implore her,

'Till she pity me.

Saw ye my Peggy.

Violin

f p f p

Slow

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy, faw ye nae my Peg-gy,

f p 6 5 5 6 6 6

f p

Saw ye nae my Peg-gy Co--ming o'er the lee?

f p 5 6 6 6 4 6 8 # 6

f p f

Sure a fi--ner creature, Ne'er was form'd by na--ture,

f p f 6

So compleat each fea--ture So di--vine is fhe.

6 2 6 6 8 #