

*WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.*

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<p>FIRST when Maggy was my care,          Heaven, I thought, was in her air;          Now we're married spier nae mair,              But whistle o'er the lave o't;          Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,          Sweet and harmles as a child;          Wifer men than me's beguil'd,              So whistle o'er the lave o't.</p>	<p>How we live, my Meg and me,          How we love, and how we gree;          I care na by how few may see—              Whistle o'er the lave o't;          Wha I wish were maggots' méat,          Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,          I cou'd write, but Meg maun see't,              Whistle o'er the lave o't.</p>
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# Whistle o'er the lave o't

*Violin*

*Moderately  
Slow*

Firft when Maggy was my care, Heavn I thought was in her air;

6 4 5 3 6 #

Now we're married, spier nae mair, But whiffle o'er the lave o't.

5 3 7 5 7

Meg was meek and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmlefs as a Child;

6 #

Wifer men than me's beguild, So whiffle o'er the lave o't.

5 7 5