

THE GLANCING OF HER APRON.

IN lovely August last,	I said, good morrow, fair maid ;
On Munanday at morn,	And she, right courteouslie,
As thro' the fields I past,	Return'd a beck, and kindly said,
To view the yellow corn :	“ Good day, sweet fir, to thee.”
I looked me behind,	I speir'd, my dear, how far awa'.
And faw come o'er the know,	Do ye intend to gae ?
Ane glancing in her apron,	Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa,
With a bonny brent brow.	And o'er yon broomy brae.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
 To have sic company ;
 For I am ganging straight that gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a mile or twain,
 I said to hir, my dow,
 May wee not lean us on this plain,
 And kifs your bonny mou'.

The Glancing of her Apron.

Violin

Lively

In lovely August last, On munday at morn, As
thro' the fields I past - - To view the yellow Corn. I
look - - ed me behind, And saw come o'er the know, And
glancing in her Apron, With a bonny bent brow.

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