

Yon Wild, Mossy Mountains.

Violin

Slow

Yon wild, mossy mountains fae lofty and wide, That

nurse in their bosoms the Youth O' the Clyde, Where the graus lead their

coveys thro' the heather, to feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he

pipes on his reed: Where the graus lead their coveys thro' the heather to

feed, And the Shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed:

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosoms the youth o' the Clyde;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed;
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
 While fill'd with each bliss glide the moments o' love.

For there, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's funny shores,
 To me ha'e the charms o' yon wild mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely and soft-flowing stream,
 Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share:
 Her parentage humble as humble can be;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

For there, &c.

Her parentage, &c.

To beauty what man but maun yield her the prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
 And when Wit and Refinement ha'e polish'd her darts'
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.

And when wit, &c.