

MY GODDESS WOMAN.

O' Mighty Nature's handywarks,
 The common or uncommon,
 There's nocht thro' a' her limits wide
 Can be compar'd to woman.

The farmer toils, the merchant trokes,
 Frae dawin to the gloamin ;
 The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,
 Are baith to please a woman.

The failor spreads the daring fail,
 Thro' angry seas a foaming ;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
 He gi'es to please a woman.
 The fodgee fights o'er crimson fields,
 In distant climates roaming ;
 Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before all-conquering woman.

A monarch leaves his lofty throne,
 Wi' other men in common ;
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to a woman.
 Tho' I had a' e'er man posses'd,
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman ;
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
 Without my goddess woman.

My Goddess's Woman.

Violin

Viola

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