

*O'er the hills and far away.*

*Violin*

*Moderate*

Jocky met with Jenny fair, Aft by the dawning of the day; But

Jocky now is fu' of care, Since Jenny staw his heart a-way: Al tho' She promis'd

to be true, She proven has a-lak! unkind; Which gars poor Jocky af-ten rue That

he e'er lood a fickle maid, And it's o'er the hills and far a-wa, It's o'er the hills and

far a-wa, It's o'er the hills and far a-wa, The wind has blawn my plaid a-wa.

O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

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JOCKY met with Jenny fair;

Aft be the dawning of the day;

But Jocky now is fu' of care,

Since Jenny staw his heart away:

Although she promis'd to be true,

She proven has, alake! unkind;

Which gars poor Jocky often rue,

That he e'er loo'd a fickle mind.

*And it's o'er the hills and far away,*

*It's o'er the hills and far away,*

*It's o'er the hills and far away,*

*The wind has blown my plaid away.*

He sung—When first my Jenny's face

I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of grace,

With meikle joy my heart was fill'd,

That's now, aias! with sorrow kill'd.

Oh! was she but as true as fair,

'Twad put an end to my despair;

Instead of that she is unkind,

And wavers like the winter wind.

*And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.*

Ah! could she find the dismal wae

That for her sake I undergae,

She cou'd nae chuse but grant relief,

And put an end to a' my grief.

But, oh! she is as fause as fair,

Which causes a' my sighs and care;

But she triumphs in proud disdain,

And takes a pleasure in my pain.

*And it's o'er the hills and far away, &c.*

Since that she will nae pity take,

I maun gae wander for her sake;

And in ilk wood and gloomy grove,

I'll fighting sing, adieu to love.

Since she is fause whom I adore,

I'll never trust a woman more;

Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,

And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,

*O'er hills, and dales, and far away,*

*O'er hills, and dales, and far away,*

*O'er hills, and dales, and far away,*

*The wind has blown my plaid away.*