

Joseph Haydn

Twelve Scotch Folk Songs

Newly edited by Eusebius Mandyczewski.

Voice.

3. Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

Slow.



The morn was fair, saft was the air, all na-tures sweets were sprin-ging, the buds did blow with
O swee-test Sue! 'tis on-ly you can make life worth my wish-es, if e-qual love your
sil-ver dew, ten thou-sand birds were sin-ging. When on the bent, with blyth con-tent young
mind can move to grant this best of bliss-es. Thou art my sun! and thy least frown would
Ja-mies sang his mar-row, nae bon-nier lass e'er trod the grass on Lea-der Haughs and Yar-row.
blast me in the blos-som: but if thou shine, and make me thine, I'll flour-ish in thy bo-som.