12a. The auld wife ayont the fire

Koželuch
Unpublished

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

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to the sea, By mon - ya flow'r and spread - ing tree, There lives a lad, the lad for me, He

is a gal - lant sail - or. Oh I had woo - ers, eight or nine, They gied me rings and

rib - bons fine; And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, And I gied it to the
WHERE CART RINS ROWING TO THE SEA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE.

WHERE Cart rins rowing to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant sailor.
Oh I had wooers, eight or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine,
And I gied it to the sailor.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band,
To gie the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand;
And gie it to the sailor.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant sailor.