13. She's fair and fause

Andante espressivo

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

She's fair and fause that causes my smart, I

lo'ed her mei-kle and lang.

She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, And

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13. She's fair and fause

I may e'en gae hang._

A coof came in wi' rowth_ o' gear, And

I hae tint_ my dear_ est dear; But wo- man is_ but warld's_ gear, Sae

let_ the bo-nie lass gang._
WHY WILL FLORELLA, WHEN I GAZE.

THE SAME AIR.

With will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
I can behold with love?
To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And as I range from fair to fair,
Still gentler usage find.

But O! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part?
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.
So restless exiles, as they roam,
Meet pity every where;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE, &c.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear,
And I hae tint my dearest dear;
But woman is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind;
Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove,
A woman has't by kind.
O woman, lovely woman fair,
An angel form's faun to thy share!
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair,
I mean an angel mind.