

71b. Whistle o'er the lave o't

Koželuch
Unpublished

Vivace

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

4

7

First when Mag-gy was my care, Heav'n, I thought, was in her air; Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But

10

whis-tle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harm-less as a child;

13

Wi-ser men than me's be-guil'd, So whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

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Whis-tle o'er the lave o't.

FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggy was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, spier nae mair,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree;
I carena by how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I could write, - but Meg maun see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.