74. Tibbie Fowler

Koželuch

Unpublished

Scherzando

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen, There's o'er mony woo-in at her.
Filth

Filth

Woo in at her, pu' in at her, Court in at her, canna get her.

Woo in at her, pu' in at her, Court in at her, canna get her.

Filth y elf, it's for her pelf, That a' the lads are woo in at her.

Filth y elf, it's for her pelf, That a' the lads are woo in at her.
TIBBIE FOWLER O' THE GLEN.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - TIBBIE FOWLER.

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her,
Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her.
Wooing at her, pu'in at her,
Courtin' at her, canna get her:
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf,
That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowin o'er the water;
Twa came down the land dyke side,
There's two and thirty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

There's seven but, and seven ben,
There's seven in the pantry wi' her;
Twenty head about the door,
There's a' ane and forty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pendles in her lugs,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High-heel'd shoon and siller tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae black,
An she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upo' Tintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
An she want the pennie siller;
A fly may fall her in the air,
Before a man be even till her.
Wooing at her, &c.