

# Saw ye my Father?

Violin

Slow

6 6 5 8

7 6 9 8 7 6 #

6 5 7 5 4 3

6 5 5 9 8 6 5 4 3 4 3

## O! SAW YE MY FATHER.

O! SAW ye my father, or faw ye my mither,  
Or faw ye my true love John?

I faw not your father, I faw not your mither,  
But I faw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,  
And the bells they ring, ding dong;  
He's met wi' some delay, that caufeth him to stay,  
But he will be here ere long.

The furly auld carl did naething but fnarl,  
And Johnny's face it grew red:  
Yet tho' he often sigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd,  
Till all were asleep in bed.

Up Johnny rose, and to the door he goes,  
And gently tirl'd the pin:  
The lassie taking tent, unto the door she went,  
And she open'd, and let me in.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,  
And is my Johnny true!  
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysel,  
Sae lang shall I like you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,  
And craw when it is day;  
Your neck shall be like the bonny beaten gold,  
And your wings of the filver gray.

The cock prov'd false, and untrue he was,  
For he crew an hour o'er soon;  
The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,  
And it was but a blink of the moon.