

M Y B O Y T A M M Y.

<p>W H A R hae ye been a' day, my boy Tammy ? I've been by burn and flow'ry brae, Meadow green and mountain grey, Courting o' this young thing Just come frae her mammy.</p> <p> And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy ? I gat her down in yonder how, Smiling on a broomy know, Herding ae wee lamb and ewe For her poor mammy.</p> <p> What faid ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy ? I prais'd her een so lovely blue, Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou, I pree'd it aft as ye may true, She faid, " she'd tell her mammy."</p>	<p>I held her to my beating heart, my young, my smiling lammy ! I hae a house—it cost me dear, I've walth o' plenifhan and geer, Ye'fe get it a' was't ten times mair, Gin ye will leave your mammy.</p> <p>The smile gaed aff her bonny face, " I maun nae leave my mammy, " She's gi'en me meat, she's gi'en me claife, " She's been my comfort a' my days, " My father's death brought mony waes, " I canna leave my mammy.</p> <p>" We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, " My ain kind-hearted lammy ; " We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claife, " We'll be her comfort a' her days." The wee thing gies her hand, and says, " There, gang and ask my mammy !"</p>
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Has she been to the kirk with thee, my boy
 Tammy ?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee;
 But, oh ! she's but a young thing
 Just come frae her mammy.

My Boy Tammy.

Violin

Slow

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