

DUNCAN DAVISON.

THERE was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she gae'd o'er the moor to spin ;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison ;
 The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win ;
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly scoor,
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she fet the wheel between ;
 But Duncan sware a haly aith
 That Meg shou'd be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O! we will big a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
 When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink, and no be drunk,
 A man may fight, and no be flain ;
 A man may kifs a bonny lafs,
 And ay be welcome back again.

Duncan Davison.

Violin

Lively

There was a la's, they ca'd her Meg, And she gaid o'er the

muir to spin; There was a lad that follow'd her, They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The Muir was drigh, and Meg was skiegh, Her favour Duncan cou'd na win: For

wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she fhook the temper pin.

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