

Fife & a' the lands about it.

Violin

Slow

Al-lan by his grief excited, Long the victim of despair;

5 6 6 6 5 6 6 8 7 5 6 5 3

This deplord his pafsion flighted, Thus addrefs'd the scornful fair:

6 6 5 6 7 5 5 3

Fife and all the lands about it, Un-de-fir-ing I can see;

6 5 6 6

Joy may crown my days without it, Not my charmer without thee.

FIFE AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

ALLAN by his grief excited,
 Long the victim of despair,
 Thus deplor'd his passion slighted,
 Thus address'd the scornful fair :
 Fife and a' the lands about it,
 Undefiring I can see ;
 Joy may crown my days without it,
 Not, my charmer, without thee.

Must I then for ever languish,
 Still complaining, still endure ;
 Can her form create an anguish
 Which her soul disdains to cure !
 Why, by hopeless passion fated,
 Must I still those eyes admire,
 Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
 In her presence I expire.

Would thy charms improve their power,
 Timely think, relentless maid !
 Beauty is a short-liv'd flower,
 Destin'd but to bloom and fade !
 Let that Heaven, whose kind impression
 All thy lovely features shew,
 Melt thy soul to soft compassion,
 For a suff'ring lover's woe.

See my colour quickly fading,
 To a sad portentous pale :
 See cold death thy scorn upbraiding,
 O'er my vital frame prevail.
 Vain, alas ! expostulation,
 'Tis not thine her love to gain ;
 But with silent resignation,
 Bid adieu to life and pain.