

WILLY'S RARE, AND WILLY'S FAIR.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny ;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade,
 The night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live long winter's night,
 I'll lie twin'd of my marrow.

O ! came you by yon water fide ?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily ?
 Or came you by yon meadow green ?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy ?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
 She fought him brade and narrow ;
 Sine, in the clifting of a craig,
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

Willy's Rare.

83

Violin

Slow

Wil-ly's rare and Willy's fair, And

6

Wil-ly's wond'rous bon-ny; And Willy hegt to.

6 6 5 8 4 6 6

marry me, Gin e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny, Oh gin

5 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 6

e'er he mar-ry'd o-ny.

b7 6 5 8 4