

A Cold Frosty Morning.

Violin

Slow

When in-nocent pas-time our pleasure did crown, Up-on a green

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meadow or under a tree E'er An-nie be came a fine la-dy in town, How

6 5 4 3 6 6 9 8 6 5 4 3 6 8 #

lovely and loving and bon-ny was she: Rouze up your reafon my

6 5 4 3 b7 4 b7 8 3 b 6 9 8 5 4 3 3

beauti-ful Annie, Let no new whim ding thy fan-cy a-jee Oh! as thou art

6 5 b5 5 3 b 6 9 8 5 5 # b b5

bonny be faithful and canny, And fa-vour thy Jemie wha dotes u-pon thee.

10 9 7 5 8 6 b5 6 6 5 4 3

COLD FROSTY MORNING.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
 E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonnie was she!
 Rouse up your reason, my beautiful Annie,
 Let no new whim ding thy fancy ajee,
 O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! should a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchafing thine.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me;
 O! as thou art bonnie, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs or monkies draw tears from those een
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny.
 And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled Sany,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at those bennifons promis'd to me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonnie, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka sweet hour
 That flade away fastly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry, had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.