

THE WIDOW.

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THE widow can bake, the widow can brew,  
 The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,  
 And mony braw things the widow can do ;  
 Then hey for the widow, my laddie.

What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,  
 Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town,  
 Wi' naething but draw in you stool and sit down,  
 And sport wi' the widow, my laddie ?

Then till 'er, and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,  
 Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead ;  
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed  
 Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,  
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,  
 But ruins the wooer that's thowless and cauld,  
 Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

# The Widow.

19

*Violin* Pizz:

*Lively*

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew, The widow can shape and the

Pizz: 6

Col' arco

widow can sew And many bra things the widow can do; Then hây for the widow my Laddie.

5 6 Col' arco

What could you wish better your pleasure to crown, Than a widow, the bonniest toast in the town, Wi'

6 7 7 6

naething but draw in your stool and sit down, And sport wi' the widow my Lad - - die.

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