THE WAEFU' HEART.

AIR—The Waefu' Heart.

GIN living worth could win my heart,
You would na speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And, O! what a heart was that to lose,—
But I maun no repine.

Yet, O! gin heaven in mercy soon
Would grant the boon I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,
Since Jamie's in his grave.
And see! his gentle spirit comes
To show me on my way;
Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,—
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear;
And O! wi' what good will
I follow wheresoe'er ye lead!
Ye canna lead to ill.

She said; and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheek possess'd;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,—
Her sorrows sunk to rest.[1]

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1 In the notes to the "Scots Musical Museum," vol. iii. p. 228, Mr Stenhouse says: "Both the words and music of this elegant and pathetic song were taken from a single sheet, printed in London about the year 1788, and sold by Joseph Dale, No. 19, Cornhill, '*sung by* MASTER KNYVETT.' From this circumstance, I am led to conclude that it is a modern Anglo-Scottish production, especially as it does not appear in any of the old collections of our songs. If it be an imitation of the Scottish style however, it is a very successful one."