

*A SONG. Set by Mr. AKEROYDE.*



Wo'as me poor Lass! what mun I do? Gin— I did my bon - ny Saw - ney slight,  
 When he was kind I made a Strife, Yet— I then de - ny'd with mick - le Woe;

He now gangs a bli - ther Lass to woo, And I a - lene poor Lass ligs ev' - ry Night.  
 For he su'd as gin, he begg'd for Life, And al - most dy'd poor Lad! when I said no:

Curse on Fick - le - ness and Pride, By which we sil - ly Wo - men are un - done: What my  
 Well I keen'd, he woo'd to wed, Yet fear'd to own, I lov'd the can - ny Loon; Ah would

Saw - ney begg'd and I de - ny'd A - lass! I \_\_\_\_\_ long to grant, but now he's gone.  
 he have stay'd he might have sped, Waa's me! why \_\_\_\_\_ would my Saw - ney gang so soon.