

*A SCOTCH SONG in the Play call'd Love at first Sight:
Set by the late Mr. JER. CLARK.*



The Ro - sey Morn lukes blith_ and Gay, The Lads_ and_ Las - ses
on_ the Plain; Her bon - ny, bon - ny sports pass
o'er_ the Day, And leave_ poor Jen - ny_ tol_ com plain:
My Saw - dy's grown a_ faith less Loon, And gi - ven, gi - ven Mog - gy that
wild_ Heart;_ Which_ eance he swore was_ aw
my_ own, But now weese me_ I've_ scarce a_ part.

Gang thy gate then perjur'd *Sawndy*,
Ise nea mere will Mon believe;
Wou'd Ise nere had trusted any,
They faw Thieves will aw deceive:
But gin ere Ise get mere Lovers,
Ise Dissemble as they do;
For since Lads are grown like Rovers,
Pray why may na Lasses too.