

*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 to com plain:
My Sawn - 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.