

## A Scotch SONG, Sung by Mrs. Willis at the THEATRE.

Ken you, who comes here, The Laird of aw the Clan; Whom Ise Love\_\_ but fear, Be -

cause a muck - le Man: But what if he's Great, He des - cends\_ from his State, And re -

ceive him,\_ re - ceive him\_ as you can. Come my Bon - ny Blith\_ Lads,\_ Shew your

best\_ Lukes and Plads, Our Laird is\_\_\_\_\_ here;\_ Whom we\_\_\_\_\_ shou'd Love, And

who\_\_\_\_\_ shou'd ap - prove,\_\_\_\_\_ Our Re - spect as well as Fear, For the

Laird\_\_\_\_\_ is\_\_\_\_\_ here\_\_\_\_\_ whom we Love and\_\_\_\_\_ Fear.