

A Scotch SONG.



Fye *Jock-ey* ne-ver prat-tle more so like a *Loon*, No Re-bel e'er shall gar my Heart to Love:



Saw-ney was a Loy-al Scot tho' dead and___ gone, And *Jen-ny* in her *Dad-dy's* way with



muck-le Joy shall move: Laugh at the *Kirk-A-pos-tles* & the Can-ting swarms, And



fight with bon-ny Lads that love their Mo-nar-chy and King, Then *Jen-ny* fresh and blith___ shall___



take thee in her Arms, And give thee twan-ty Kis-ses, and per-haps a bet-ter thing.