

The Birks of Endermay,

A favorite Original Scotch Song,

for the
Voice, Harpsichord or Piano-forte.

Price 6d.

London, Printed at A. Bland & Wellers, Music Warehouse No. 23, Oxford Street.

Slow

The smiling Morn the breathing Spring, in - vites the tuneful

Birds to sing, and while they warble from each spray, Love melts the u - ni

verfal lay. Let us A - man - da time - ly wife, like them im - prove the

Hour, that flies and in soft Rap - - tures waste, the Day, a -

- mong the Birks of En - der - may.

Soon wears the Summer of the Year,
 And Love like Winter will appear,
 Like this your lively Bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant Shade;
 Our Taste for Pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd Songsters charm no more,
 And when they droop and we decay,
 Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

Primo

Slow

Secondo

Slow

What beauties does Flora disclose? How sweet are her smiles up-on Tweed? Yet
 Mary's still sweeter than those; Both nature and fancy exceed. Not daisy nor
 sweet blushing rose, Not all the gay flowers of the field, Not Tweed gliding
 gently thro' those, Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

2

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant every bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let's see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing.

3

How does my love pass the long day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep.
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To ease the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

4

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray!
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed!
 Is it on the sweet winding Tay,
 Or pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

CORN RIGGS

Slowly

My Pa-tie is a lo-ver gay, His mind is ne-ver mud-dy; His
 My Pate is a lo-ver gay, His mind ne'er mud-dy;
 breath is sweet-er than new Hay, His face is fair and rud-dy.
 His breath sweeter than new Hay, His face is fair and rud-dy.
 His fhape is hand-some, mid-dle fize; He's ftate-ly in his wawk-ing: The
 His fhape handsome, mid-dle fize; He's ftate-ly wawk-ing:
 thi-ning of his een fur-prife, 'Tis heav'n to hear him taw-king.
 The fhining of his een furprife, 'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on the bawk,
 Where YELLOW corn was growing,
 There mony a KINDLY word he spake,
 That fet my heart a glowing.
 He KISS'D, AND vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd ME BEST of ony;
 That gars me like to fing finfyne,
 O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens OF a filly mind
 Refuse WHAT MAIST they're wanting,
 Since we FOR yielding are design'd,
 We chafely shou'd be granting;
 Then I'll COMply, and marry Pate,
 And syne my COCKER nony,
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where corn riggs are bonny.

N.B. The Words and Syllables in CAPITALS are to be left out in the Second Voice Part.