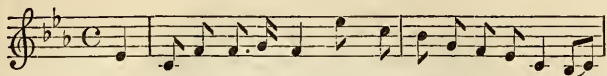
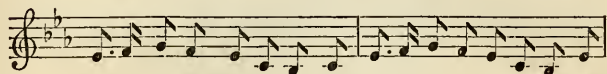


## THE WAUKIN' O' THE FAULD.

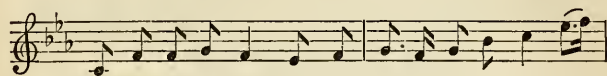
In the old rural economy of Scotland, it was necessary for a shepherd and one of the female servants of the farm to keep up a night-watch upon the ewe-bughts or fold, in order to prevent the weaned lambs from getting back to their dams. In the mild twilight nights of July, it was no great hardship to stay from eve till dewy morn in the open air, and when the pair were of congenial minds, still more if they were declared lovers, it was of course considered as a luxury. The occasion is commemorated in a charming song by Ramsay, which forms the opening of his *Gentle Shepherd*.



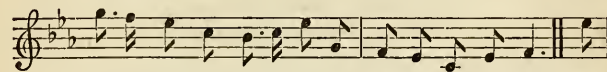
My Peg-gie is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens; Fair



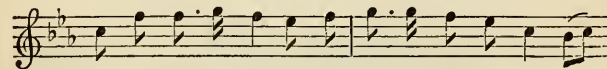
as the day, and sweet as May, Fair as the day, and always gay: My



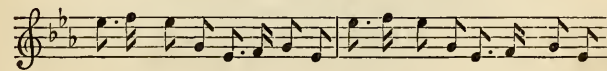
Peg-gie is a young thing, And I'm nae ve-ry auld, And



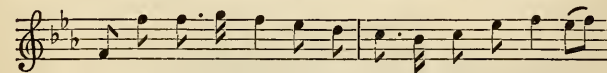
weel I like to meet her at The waukin' o' the fauld. My



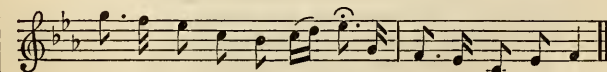
Peg-gie speaks sae sweetly When-e'er we meet a-lane, I



wish nae mair to lay my care, I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare: My



Peg-gie speaks sae sweetly, To a' the lave I'm cauld, But



she gars a' my spir-its glow At waukin' o' the fauld.

## SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

My Peggie is a young thing,  
 Just enter'd in her teens ;  
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
 Fair as the day, and always gay :  
 My Peggie is a young thing,  
 And I'm nae very auld,  
 And weel I like to meet her at  
 The waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggie speaks sae sweetly  
 When'er we meet alane,  
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
 I wish nae mair o' a' that 's rare :  
 My Peggie speaks sae sweetly,  
 To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
 But she gars a' my spirits glow  
 At waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggie smiles sae kindly  
 When'er I whisper love,  
 That I look down on a' the toun,  
 That I look down upon a croun :  
 My Peggie smiles sae kindly,  
 It maks me blithe and bauld,  
 And naething gi'es me sic delight  
 As waukin' o' the fauld.

My Peggie sings sae saftly  
 When on my pipe I play,  
 By a' the rest it is confest,  
 By a' the rest, that she sings best :  
 My Peggie sings sae saftly,  
 And in her sangs are tauld,  
 With innocence, the wale o' sense,  
 At waukin' o' the fauld.