

## AN THOU WERT MY AIN THING.

An thou wert my ain thing, O, I would love thee,  
 I would love thee; An thou wert my ain thing, how  
 dear - ly would I love thee! Then  
 I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd se - cure thee  
 from all harms; For a - bove mor - tal  
 thou hast charms: How dear - ly do I  
 love thee!

An thou wert my ain thing, O,  
 I would love thee, I would love thee;  
 An thou wert my ain thing,  
 How dearly would I love thee!

Then I would clasp thee in my arms,  
Then I'd secure thee from all harms ;  
For above mortal thou hast charms :  
    How dearly do I love thee !

Of race divine thou needs must be,  
Since nothing earthly equals thee,  
So I must still presumptuous be,  
    To shew how much I love thee.

The gods one thing peculiar have,  
To ruin none whom they can save ;  
O, for their sake, support a slave,  
    Who only lives to love thee !

To merit I no claim can make,  
But that I love, and, for your sake,  
What man can more, I'll undertake,  
    So dearly do I love thee.

My passion, constant as the sun,  
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,  
Till fates my thread of life have spun,  
    Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

This beautiful song, with its fine air, appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, excepting the second verse, which was added in a repetition of the song in Thomson's *Orpheus Caledonius*. It was regarded by these editors as a song of unknown authorship, and so it remains to this day.

*An Thou wer Myn Own Thing* is the name of a tune in the manuscript Lute-book, written by Gordon of Straloch in the year 1627.