

AIR OF THE EWE-BUCHTIN'S BONNIE.

[In connection with this song at page 313, it was stated that Mr Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe published it with an air which had been composed for it by his father at a surprisingly early period of life. With some difficulty a copy of this rare sheet has been recovered. It bears the title of 'Absence: the words by Lady Grizell Baillie the air composed for the flageolet by the late Charles Sharpe of Hoddam, Esq., when seven years old: Edinburgh, 1838.' The beauty and suitableness of the air, apart from the singularity attending its composition, recommend it for being reprinted in this collection.]

O, the ewe-bucht-in's bon-nie, baith
 e'en-ing and morn, When our blithe shepherds play on the
 bog-reed and horn; While we're milking, they're liltin', baith
 pleas-ant and clear—But my heart's like to break when I
 think on my dear. O the shepherds take pleasure to
 blow on the horn, To raise up their flocks o' sheep
 soon i' the morn; On the bon-nie green banks they feed
 pleas-ant and free, But, a-las, my dear heart, all my
 sigh-ing's for thee!