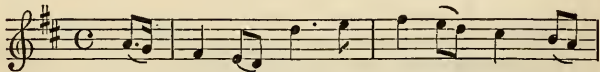
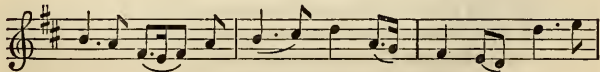


## THE LAST TIME I CAM O'ER THE MUIR.

The Skene Manuscript, written about 1630, contains an air entitled *Alas, that I Cam o'er the Muir, and left my Love behind me*, which, with some modifications, had survived to the time of Ramsay. He, probably finding it fitted with words unrepresentable to delicate ears, composed a new song to the air, altering the idea expressed in its title. This is not one of Allan's best productions; but even Burns failed to supersede it with new verses.



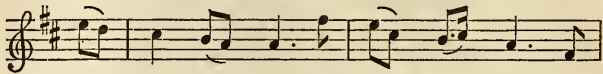
The last time I cam o'er the muir, I



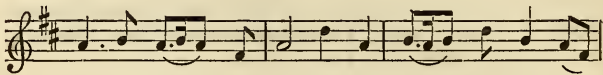
left my love be - hind me; Ye powers! what pains do



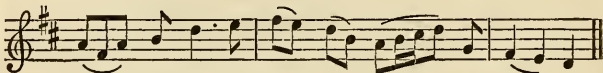
I en - dure When soft i - de - as mind me!



Soon as the rud - dy morn dis - played The



beam - ing day en - su - ing, I met be - times my



love - ly maid In fit re - treats for woo - ing.

The last time I cam o'er the muir,  
 I left my love behind me ;  
 Ye powers ! what pains do I endure  
 When soft ideas mind me !  
 Soon as the ruddy morn displayed  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shades we lay,  
 Gazing and chastely sporting,  
 Until the sun's last setting beam  
 Was in the ocean glowing.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 Even kings, when she was nigh me ;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me,  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me ;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter :

Since she excels in ev'ry grace,  
 In her my love shall centre.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The neist time I gang o'er the muir,  
 She shall a lover find me ;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me ;  
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom ;  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.