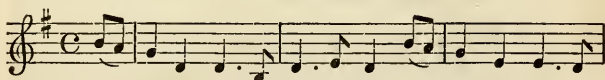
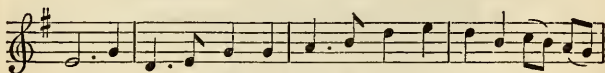


MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

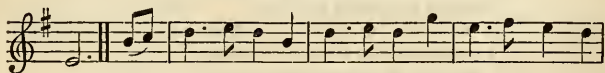
There was an old and simple song, of which the verses ended with 'My dearie, an thou die.' It was superseded by an elegant song of Robert Crawford, which appeared in both the *Tea-table Miscellany* and the *Orpheus Caledonius*; in the latter case, with an air evidently the representative of one inserted in the Skene Manuscript, under the title of *O Sillie Soul alace!* In repeating the song, however, in this place, a copy given as the genuine old one by Mr Stenhouse, and which may certainly be accepted as such, is preferred. Amongst modern lovers of our national melodies, it will be recognised as the tune adopted for a song of recent date, beginning, 'What ails this heart o' mine?'



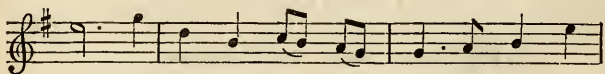
Love never more shall give me pain, My fan-cy's fix'd on



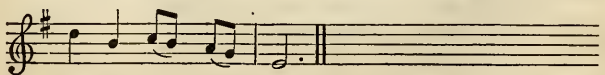
thee; Nor ev - er maid my heart shall gain, My Peggie, if thou



dee. Thy beau - ties did such pleasure give, Thy love's so true to



me; With - out thee I shall nev - er live, My



dearie, if thou dee.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggie, if thou dee.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me ;
Without thee I shall never live,
My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray !
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see :
Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggie, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage ;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this that, like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me ;
And, when its destined day is done,
With Peggie let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasures share,
Ye who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair :
Restore my Peggie's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me ;
Oh, never rob them from those arms—
I'm lost if Peggie dee !