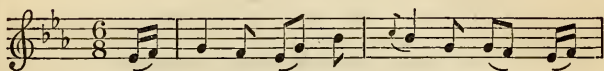
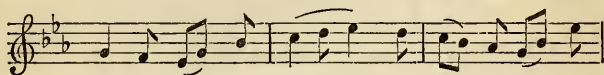


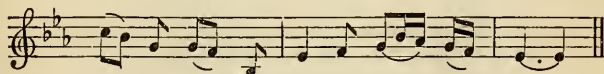
THE SILLER CROUN.



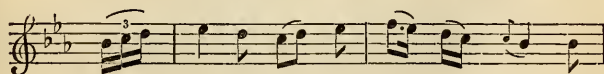
And ye sall walk in silk at - tire, And



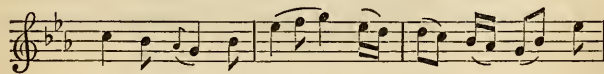
sil - ler ha'e to spare, Gin ye'll con - sent to



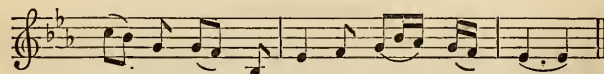
be his bride, Nor think o' Don - ald mair.



Oh, wha wad buy a silk - en gown, Wi'



a puir brok - en heart? Or what's to me a



sil - ler croun, Gin frae my love I part?

And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown,
Wi' a puir broken heart ?
Or what 's to me a siller croun,
Gin frae my love I part ?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
Far dearer is to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
I'll lay me down and dee ;
For I ha'e pledged my virgin troth,
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart,
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
He gratefu' took the gift ;
Could I but think to seek it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For langest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me ;
And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
I'll lay me down and dee.

This beautiful song, with its air, was printed in a sheet about 1780, and the name or names of author and composer have never come to the knowledge of the world.