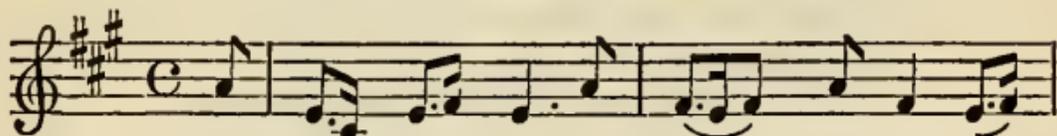


WOE'S MY HEART THAT WE SHOULD SUNDER.



With brok - en words and down - cast eyes, Poor



Col - in spoke his pas - sion ten - der, And



part - ing with his Griz - zy cries, Ah woe's my heart that



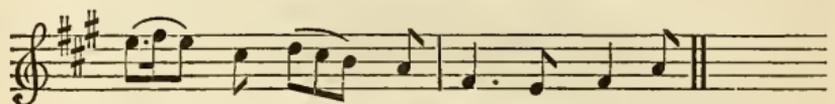
we should sun - der; To oth - ers I am



cold as snow, But kin - dle with thine



eyes like tin - der, From thee with pain I'm forced to go, It



breaks my heart that we should sun - der.

With broken words and downcast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender,
 And parting with his Grizzy cries,
 Ah woe's my heart that we should sunder ;
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder,
 From thee with pain I'm forced to go,
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chained to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty now my love shall hinder,
 Nor time, nor place, shall ever change
 My vows, though we're obliged to sunder.
 The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit, and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present though we sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder,
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me, though we sunder.

Ye powers, take care of my dear lass,
That as I leave her I may find her.
When that blessed time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

This song was composed by Ramsay, to supersede a homely one which had long possessed popular favour. An air under the title of *Alace my Heart that we should Sunder* appears in Playford's Collection, 1700. There is also one, essentially different from the above, in the Skene Manuscript, under the title of *Alace this Night that we suld Sinder*.