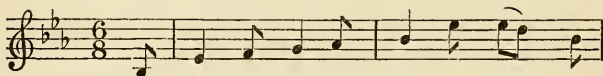
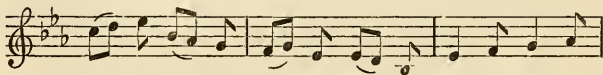


## THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

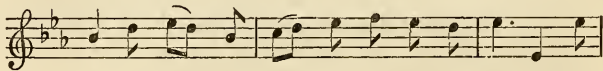
In Herd's Collection is a long rambling dialogue song, of not much merit, but sustained by a melody of uncommon beauty, and, for a Scotch sentimental air, animation. After the song had been in a great measure laid aside, the air retained popularity, and of late years it has been insured a sort of immortality by being adapted for the melody of Burns's charming song, *A Rose-bud by my early walk*. The present editor, unwilling to see the original rustic song entirely perish, has here condensed and purified it, so as to fit it for modern society.



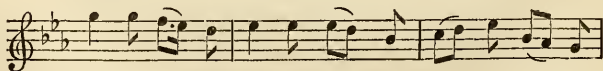
The shep - herd's wife cries o'er the lee, Cries



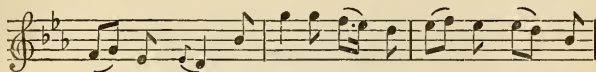
o'er the lee, cries o'er the lee, The shepherd's wife cries



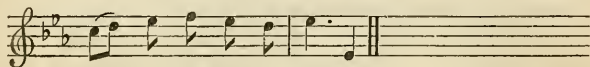
o'er the lee, Will ye come hame a - gain e'en, jo? What



shall I ha'e gin I come hame, Gin I come hame, gin



I come hame, What shall I ha'e gin I come hame, Gin



I come hame a - gain e'en, jo?

The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,  
 Cries o'er the lee, cries o'er the lee,  
 The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,  
 Will ye come hame again e'en, jo?

What shall I ha'e gin I come hame,  
 'Gin I come hame, gin I come hame,  
 What shall I ha'e gin I come hame,  
 Gin I come hame again e'en, jo?

Ye'll ha'e a panfu' o' plumping porridge,  
 And butter in them, and butter in them,  
 Ye'll ha'e a panfu' o' plumping porridge,  
 Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.

Ha ha how, that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame, I winna come hame;  
 Ha ha how, that's naething that dow,  
 I winna come hame again e'en, jo!

Ye'll ha'e your wifie's welcome smile,  
 Her welcome smile, her welcome smile,  
 Ye'll ha'e your loving wifie's smile,  
 Gin ye'll come hame again e'en, jo.

Ha ha now, that's something that dow,  
 I will come hame, I will come hame;  
 Ha ha now, that's something that dow,  
 I will come hame again e'en, jo.