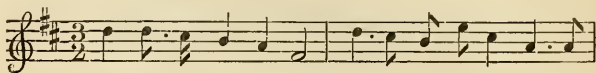
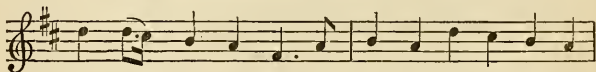


AYE WAUKIN' O!

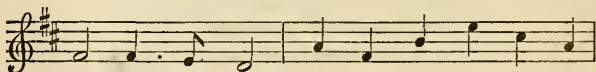
There are various versions of this simple old song, but none so good as the following, which was taken from recitation many years ago, and inserted in a collection edited by Mr Robert Chambers in 1829. Burns furnished an improved version to Johnson's *Museum*.



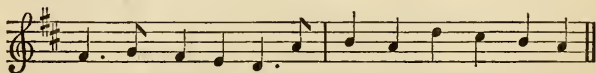
O spring's a pleasant time, Flowers o' ev' - ry col - our—The



sweet bird builds her nest, And I lang for my lov - er.



Aye wau - kin' O, Wau - kin' aye, and wear - y,



Sleep I can get nane, For think - in' o' my dear - ie.

O spring's a pleasant time,
 Flowers o' every colour—
 The sweet bird builds her nest,
 And I lang for my lover.
 Aye waukin' O,
 Waukin' aye, and weary,
 Sleep I can get nane,
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.

O I'm wat, wat,
O I'm wat and weary ;
Yet fain I'd rise and run
If I thought to meet my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eerie ;
Sleep I can get nane,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on ;
A' the lave are sleeping ;
I think on my love,
And blear my een wi' greeting.

Feather-beds are soft,
Painted rooms are bonnie ;
But a kiss o' my dear love
Is better far than ony.

O for Friday's night,
Friday at the gloaming !
O for Friday's night !
Friday's lang o' coming.
