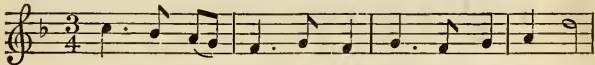
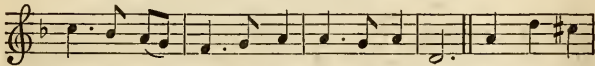


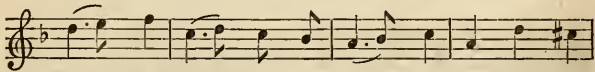
# WANDERING WILLIE.



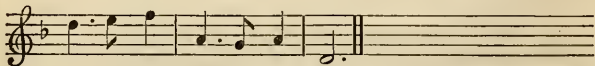
Here a - wa', there a - wa', wan - der - ing Wil - lie,



Here a - wa', there a - wa', here a - wa' hame! Lang have I



sought thee, dear have I bought thee, Now I have



got - ten my Wil - lie a - gain!

<sup>1</sup> In a direction contrary to the course of the sun.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,  
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame !  
Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,  
Now I have gotten my Willie again !

Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie ;  
Through the lang muir I have followed him hame.  
Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us ;  
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa', there awa', wandering Willie,  
Here awa', there awa', here awa' hame !  
Come, love, believe me, nothing can grieve me,  
Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

For this beautiful song—verses and air—we are indebted to the collections of Herd and Oswald. Burns, who admired the latter extremely, composed to it a ballad of his own, representative of the feelings of his friend Mrs M'Lehose (Clarinda) regarding the husband who had deserted her.