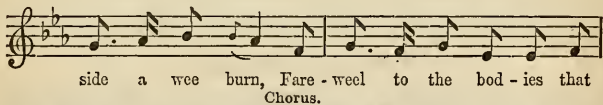
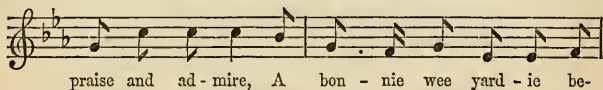
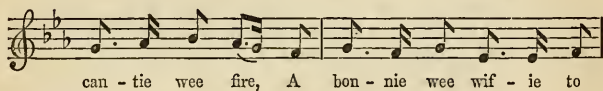
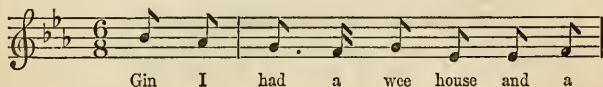
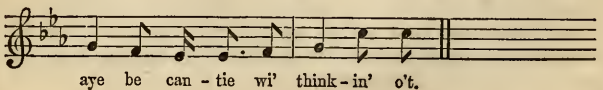
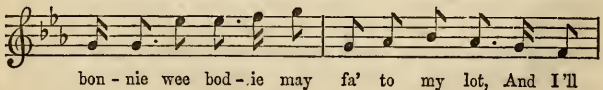
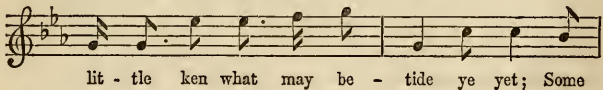
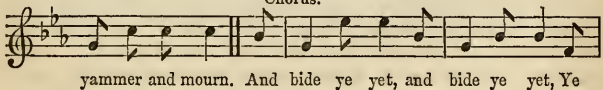


BIDE YE YET.

We are indebted to Herd for the preservation of this cheerful little song, and to Johnson for giving us its air.



Chorus.



Gin I had a wee house and a cantie wee fire,
A bonnie wee wife to praise and admire,
A bonnie wee yardie beside a wee burn,
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet ;
Some bonnie wee bodie may fa' to my lot,
And I'll aye be cantie wi' thinkin' o't.

When I gang afield and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wife fu' neat and fu' clean ;
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That'll cry Papa, or Daddie, to me.

And if there ever should happen to be
A difference atween my wee wife and me ;
In hearty good-humour, although she be teased,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleased.