JEMMY OF THE GLEN.
WORDS AND MUSIC BY MRS POWNALL. 25

Moderato.

Where gently flows sweet

winding Tay the Val'ies gladd'ning with its stream, o'er every copse and ev'ry Brae o'er

ev'ry copse and ev'ry Brae I mourn and Jem-my is my Theme, he left my cot fall

Whitfun Eve and vow'd he'd soon be back a-gain but ah poor Mar-y

he'll deceive I ne'er shall see the Lad a-gain Bonny Jem-my
The Lassies all when I complain
Wi scornfull fannus my mist'ries hin
But ah had they beheld my Swain
Too sure, like me they'd been undone
Then do not blame an artless Maid
But pray ye ne'er my Jemmy ken
Or hear those Vows my heart betray'd
To figh for Jemmy of the Glen.

Bonny Jemmy &c.

If Fane he seek, 'mid hostile strife
Or Gayly gangs, fair Glasgows Pride
Some fatal Ball may end his life
Or City Dame become his wife
Or if on Tays green kourn he tread
Some Lordling's Child his heart may win
And far from me my Shepherd wed
I ne'er shall see the Lad again.

Bonny Jemmy &c.
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Wi scornfull fanns my mist'ries thin
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