



Scottish Songs



The Tear Drop

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;
Lang, lang has Joy been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I luv'd;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel, by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were-where happy I hae been-
Down by yon stream, and yon bonnie castle-green;
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.