


Sawney is a bonny lad

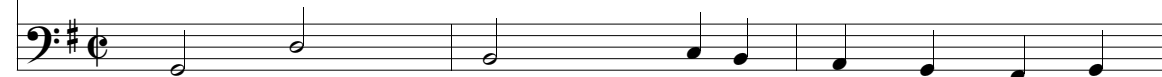
Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Soprano



1. Saw-ney is a bon-ny, bon-ny lad, But Saw-ney kens it
2. When a-nent your love you come, Ah! Saw-ney, were you

Continuo




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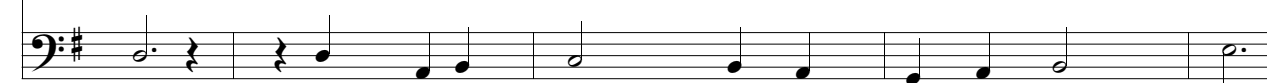
well; And Saw-ney might a boon have had, But Saw-ney loves to
true? What tho' I seem to frown and gloom, I ne'er cou'd gang from



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tell: He weens that I mun love him soon, Gin lo-vers now are rare;
you: Yet still my tongue, do what I can, With mi-ckle woe de-nies;



But I'd as leif have none, as one Whom twen-ty, twen-ty share.
Wa's me, when once we like a man, It boots not to be wise.

