

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

O! this is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't,
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me wi' the trigging o't.

Then farewell my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me ;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When Hymen moulds me into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay ;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

This is no mine ain House

Violin

Lively

O this is no mine ain houfe, I ken by the rigging o't, Since

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ain houfe I like to guide, and please me wi' the trigging o't.

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