

Vithsdoll's Welcome home.

Violin

Sicily

The noble Maxwels and their pow'rs, Are coming o'er the bor-der, And
 they'll gae big Terreagles tow'rs and fet them a' in or-der. And they declare Ter-
 -reagles fair, For their a-bode they chuse it, Theirs not a heart in a' the land, But's
 lighter at the news o't, And they declare, Terreagles fair, For their abode they chuse it, There's
 not a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't.

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NITHSDALL'S WELCOME HAME.

THE noble Maxwels and their pow'rs
Are coming o'er the border;
They'll gae to big Terreagles' tow'rs,
And fet them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't,

*And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.*

Tho' stars in skies may difappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near,
That brings us pleafant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May ha'e a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' forrow.

The weary, &c.