

Bess and her Spinning Wheel:

Violin

Slow

O leeze me on my spinning wheel, And leeze me on my rock and

reel; Frae tap to tae that cleeds me been, And haps me fiel and warm at e'en;

I'll fet me down and sing and spin, While leigh descends the fimmer fun; Bleft

wi' content, and milk and meal, O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

BESS AND HER SPINNIN-WHEEL.

O LEEZE me on my spinnin-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me been,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
 I'll fet me down and fing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer fin,
 Bleft wi' content and milk and meal,
 O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my thackit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Acrofs the pool their arms unite ;
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes callor rest ;
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
 Where blyth I turn my spinnin-wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
 And Echo cons the doolfu' tale,
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays ;
 The craik amang the claver hay,
 The pairtrick whirrin o'er the lea,
 The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
 Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma' to fell, and lefs to buy,
 Aboon distrefs, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great ?
 Wi' a' their flairing idle toys,
 Wi' a' their glitt'ring dinfome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel ?