

9. I love my Love.

Slow.

My San - dy gied to me a ring, was a' be - set wi' dia - monds fine, but
 My San - dy brak a piece of gow'd, while down his cheeks the saut tears row'd, he

I gied him a bet - ter thing, I gied my heart in plegde o' his ring, } 1-2. My
 took a hauf and gied it me, and I'll keep it till the hour I die.

San - dy, O, my San - dy, O! My bon - ny, bon - ny San - dy, O! Tho' the
 love that I owe to thee I dare na show, yet I love my love in se - cret, my San - dy, O!