

Tweed Side

From the Ely Playter Diary - York, UC - Circa 1815
Chord suggestions by Ian Bell



G D Em D G D G D

What beau-ties does Flor-a dis-close How sweet are her smiles up-on-

G G D Em D G D

⁶ Tweed Yet-Mar-ry still swee-ter-than those, Both na-ture and fan-cy ex-

G G G C D G Em

¹² ceed. Not dai-sy-nor sweet blush-ing-rose Not all the gay flow-ers of the

D G Am G C D G C D G

¹⁸ field Not Tweed gli-ding gent-ly-through those Such beau-ty-and plea-sure does yield .

The warblers are heard in the grove - The linnet, the lark and the thrush
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove - With music enchant every bush
Come, let us go forth to the mead - Let us see how the primroses spring
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed - And love while the featherer'd folks sing

How does my love pass the long day? Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray - While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmur should tell her to rest - Kind nature indulging my bliss
To ease the soft pain of my breast - And steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel - No beauty with her canb compare
Love's graces all round her do dwell - She's fairest where thousands are fair
Say charmer, where do thy flocks stray? Oh! tell me at noon where they feed
Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay - Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?