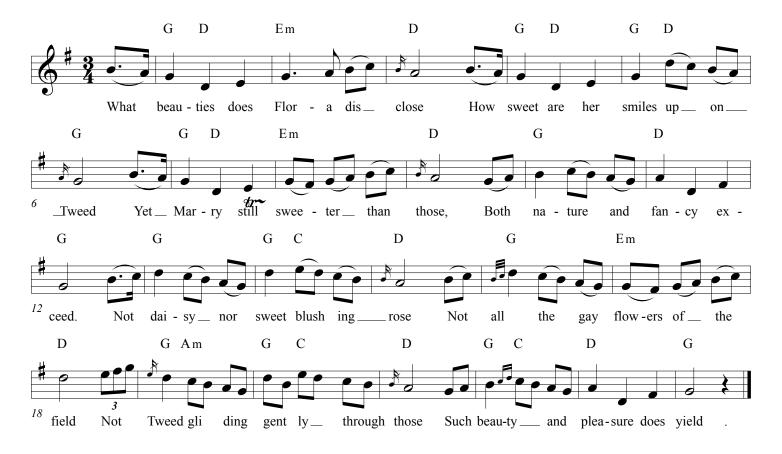
Tweed Side

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



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?