

### A Health To Ane I Loe Dear

Chorus-Here's a health to ane I loe dear,  
Here's a health to ane I loe dear;  
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,  
And soft as their parting tear-Jessy.

Altho' thou maun never be mine,  
Altho' even hope is denied;  
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,  
Than ought in the world beside-Jessy.  
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn thro' the gay, gaudy day,  
As hopeless I muse on thy charms;  
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,  
For then I am lockt in thine arms-Jessy.  
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,  
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;  
But why urge the tender confession,  
'Gainst Fortune's fell, cruel decree?-Jessy.  
Here's a health, &c.