

### The Tear-Drop

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e;  
Lang, lang has Joy been a stranger to me:  
Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,  
And the sweet voice o' Pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I luv'd;  
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I pruv'd;  
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,  
I can feel, by its throbbings, will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were-where happy I hae been-  
Down by yon stream, and yon bonie castle-green;  
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,  
Wha wad soon dry the tear-drop that clings to my e'e.