



MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon
 lea? Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming, Sought she the burnie
 where flowers the haw-tree? Her hair it is lint white, her skin it is milk-white, Dark
 is the blue o' her soft rolling ee, Red red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses, Where
 could my wee thing wander frae me.

²
 w nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 or saw I your true love down by yon lea ;
 I met wi' my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
 down by the burnie where flowers the haw tree ;
 fair it was lint white, her skin it was milk white,
 dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee ;
 were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses —
 sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

¹
 It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
 Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow and blood-red his cheek grew
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his wild rolling ee
 Ye see rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorn,
 Defend ye fause traitor, fuloudly ye lie.

⁷
 as nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 was nae my true love ye met by the tree ;
 and is her leal heart, modest her nature,
 she never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
 it has she sat when a bairn on my knee :
 as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

⁵
 Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling —
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid faing her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.
 Is it my wee thing is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 Ill never mair wander, dear laddie frae thee.

