

# GEMS OF SCOTTISH SONG,

CHIEFLY BY  
ROBERT BURNS.



## CONTENTS.

Amang the Rigs o' Barley.  
And sae will we yet.  
Auld Robin Gray.  
Auld Langsyne.  
Banks o' Doon.  
Gloomy Winter's noo awa'.  
Green Grows the Rashes, O.  
Highland Mary.  
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen.  
John Anderson, my Jo.  
Kelvin Grove.

My Love she's but a Lassie yet.  
My Nannie, O.  
Nae Luck about the House.  
Oh, Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me.  
Robin.  
Scots wha ha'e.  
The Birks o' Aberfeldy.  
The Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn.  
The Highland Plaid.  
Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut.

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## BANKS O' DOON.

Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care ;  
Thou'lt break my heart thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flow'ring thorn,  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonny Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly say did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
And my fauce lover stole my rose,  
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

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GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

There's nought but care on every han',  
In every hour that passes O ;  
What signifies the life o' man,  
If 'twere na' for the lasses, O.

Green grow the rashes, O !  
Green grow the rashes, O !  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.

The war'ly race may riches chase,  
And riches still may fly them, O ;  
But tho' at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
Green grow, &c.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,  
 My arms about my dearie, O ;  
 And war'ly cares and war'ly men,  
 May a' gae tapsalterie, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O !  
 The wisest man the warl e'er saw,  
 He dearly lo'ed the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears,  
 Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 And then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow, &c.

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### MY NANNIE, O.

Behind yon hill where Lugar flows,  
 'Mang moors and mosses many, O,  
 The wintry sun the day has closed,  
 And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill ;  
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,  
 But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,  
 And o'er the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young ;  
 Nae artfu' wiles tae win ye, O ;  
 May ill befa' the flatt'ring tongue  
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,  
As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;  
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O,  
But what care I how few there be,  
I'm welcome aye tae Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O ;  
But I'm as blithe that hands his plough,  
An' ha'e nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care nae by,  
I'll tak' what Heav'n will sen' me O ;  
Nae ither care in life have I  
But live, an' love my Nannie, O.

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#### WILLIE BREW'D A PECK A MAUT.

O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam' to pree ;  
Three blither hearts that lee-lang night  
Ye wadna' find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
But jist a drappie in our e'e.  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
An' aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
 Three merry boys I trow are we,  
 And mony a night we've merry been,  
 And mony may we hope to be !

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie ;  
 She shines sae bright to while us hame ;  
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
 A cuckold, coward loun is he ;  
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three !

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#### AMANG THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
 When corn-rigs are bonnie,  
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
 I held awa' to Annie :  
 The time flew by wi' tentless heed,  
 Till 'tween the late and early,  
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed  
 To see me throught the barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,  
 An' corn rigs are bonnie,  
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
 The moon was shining clearly,  
 I set her down with wi' right good-will  
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

I kent her heart was a' my ain ;  
I lo'ed her most sincerely,  
I kissed and kissed her o'er again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I locked her in my fond embrace ;  
Her heart was beating rarely ;  
My blessings on that happy place  
Amang the rigs o' barley.  
But by the moon and stars sae bright,  
That shone that hour sae clearly ;  
She aye shall bless that happy night,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

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### SCOTS WHA HAE.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour !  
See the front of battle lour !  
See approach proud Edward's pow'r,  
Chains and slavery !

Wha wad be a traitor knave ?  
Wha wad fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw ?  
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',  
Let him follow me.

By Oppression's woes and pains !  
 By your sons in servile chains !  
 We will drain our dearest veins,  
                     But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low !  
 Tyrants fall in every foe !  
 Liberty's in every blow !  
                     Let us do or die.

### HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
     The Castle o' Montgomery,  
 Green be your woods and fair your flowers,  
     Your waters never drumlie.  
 There Simmer first unfaulds her robes,  
     And there the longest tarry ;  
 And there I took the last farewell  
     Of my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gray green birk,  
     How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
 As underneath their fragrant shade  
     I clasp'd her to my bosom !  
 The golden hours on angel wings  
     Flew o'er me and my dearie—  
 For dear to me as light and life,  
     Was my dear Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace  
     Our parting was fu' tender,  
 And pledging aft to meet again,  
     We tore ourselves asunder.



But oh ! fell **Death's** untimely frost  
That nipt my flower so early ;  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly ;  
And clos'd, for aye, the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly.  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
The heart that loe'd me dearly ;  
But still, within my bosom's core,  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

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### JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
When we were first acquaint,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonnie brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is bauld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw,  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither ;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither.  
Now, we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Now, Simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,  
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,  
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie will ye go,  
 Will ye go, will ye go,  
 Bonnie lassie will ye go  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy?

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,  
 The little birdies blithely sing,  
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing,  
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,  
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,  
 O'er hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,  
 White o'er the linns the burnie pours,  
 And rising weets wi' misty showers  
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,  
 They ne'er shall draw a wish from me,  
 I'm homely blest wi' love and thee,  
 To the birks of Aberfeldy.

## GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

Gloomy winter's now awa',  
 Saft the western breezes blow ;  
 'Mang the birks of Stanley shaw  
 The mavis sings fu' cheerie, O.

Sweet the crow-flower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonny sel',  
     My young, my artless dearie, O.  
 Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunnie brae,  
 Blythely spend the gowden day  
     'Midst joys that never weary, O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,  
 Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs wi' downy buds  
     Adorn the banks sae briery, O.  
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,  
 Feath'ry brackens fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
     And ilka thing is cheerie, O.  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna' bring,  
     Unless wi' thee my dearie, O.

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### NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

And are ye sure the news is true?  
 And are ye sure he's weel?  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark?  
     Mak' haste, set by your wheel.  
 Is this a time to talk o' wark;  
     When Colin's at the door?  
 Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,  
     And see him safe ashore.

For there's nae luck aboot the house,  
 There's nae luck ava ;  
 There's little pleasure in the house  
 When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and make a clean fire-side,  
 Put on the muckle pat ;  
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,  
 And Jock his Sunday's hat ;  
 And mak' their shoon as black as slaes,  
 Their hose as white as snaw,  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 He likes to see them braw.

There are twa hens upon the bank  
 Been fed this month and mair,  
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about  
 That Colin weel may fare.  
 And spread the table neat and clean,  
 Gar ilka thing look braw,  
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,  
 For he's been lang awa'.

Come gi'e me down my bigonets,  
 My bishop-satin gown,  
 And rin and tell the Bailie's wife  
 That Colin's come to town.  
 My Sunday shoon they maun go on,  
 My hose o' pearl blue,  
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,  
 His breath like caller air !  
 His very foot has music in't  
 When he comes up the stair,

And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
 That thrilled through my heart,  
 They're a' blawn by; I ha'e him safe,  
 Till death we'll never part.  
 But wha puts parting in my mind,  
 It may be far awa',  
 The present moment is our ain,  
 The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
 I ha'e nae mair to crave;  
 Could I but live to make him blest,  
 I'm blest aboon the lave.  
 And will I see his face again?  
 And will I hear him speak?  
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,  
 In troth I'm like to greet.

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### AND SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down, my cronies, and gi'e me your crack,  
 Let the win' take the care o' this life on its back,  
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit  
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will  
 we yet.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of peh,  
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself;  
 Since the bounty of Providence is new ev'ry day,  
 As we journey through life, let us live by the way.

Then bring us a tankard of nappy good ale,  
 For to comfort our hearts, and enliven oursel's,  
 We'll aye be provided for the langer we sit,  
 For we've drank thegither monie a time, and sae  
     will we yet.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his store,  
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year o'er,  
 Our seed time and harvest we ever will get,  
 For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae  
     will we yet.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,  
 And success to his forces by land and by sea,  
 His enemies to triumph we ne'er will permit,  
 Britons aye ha'e been victorious, and sae will  
     we yet.

Let the glass keep its course, an' go merrily roun',  
 For the sun has to rise tho' the moon it go doon,  
 'Till the house be rinnin' round about there's time  
     enough to flit,  
 When we fell, we aye got up again, and sae will  
     we yet.

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## THE HIGHLAND PLAID

Lowland lassie, wilt thou go,  
 Where the hills are clad wi' snow ;  
 Where, beneath the icy steep,  
 The hardy shepherd tends his sheep,  
 Ill nor wae shall the betide,  
 When row'd with my Highland plaid.

Soon the voice of cheery Spring,  
Will gar a' our plantings ring ;  
Soon our bonny heather braes,  
Will put on their Simmer claes,  
On the mountain's sunny side,  
We'll lean us on my Highland plaid.

When the simmer spreads the flow'rs,  
Busks the glen in leafy bow'rs,  
Then we'll seek the caller shade,  
Lean us on the primrose bed ;  
While the burning hours preside,  
I'll screen thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Then we'll leave the sheep and goat,  
I will launch the bonny boat,  
Skim the loch wi' canty glee,  
Rest the oars to pleasure thee !  
When chilly breezes sweep the tide,  
I'll hap thee wi' my Highland plaid.

Lowland lads may dress mair fine,  
Woo in words mair saft than mine ;  
Lowland lads hae mair of art,  
An' may boast an honest heart ;  
Whilk shall ever be my pride ;  
O, row thee in my Highland plaid.

Bonny lad, ye've been sae leal,  
My heart would break at our farewell,  
Lang your love has made me fain,  
Take me, take me for your ain,  
'Cross the Firth, away then glide,  
Young Donald and his Lowland bride.

## OH! NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI ME.

Oh ! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi me ?  
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ;  
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,  
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?  
 No longer drest in silk and sheen,  
 No longer deck'd with jewels rare,  
 Say, canst thou quit the busy scene,  
 Where thou art fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,  
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind ?  
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,  
 Nor shrink before a wintry wind ?  
 Oh ! can that soft, that gentle mien,  
 Extremes of hardships learn to bear,  
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,  
 Where thou art fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Nanny, canst thou love so true,  
 Through perils keen with me to go ;  
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,  
 To share with him the pang of woe ?  
 Say, should disease or pain befall,  
 Wilt thou assume the nurses care,  
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

Oh ! Nanny, when thy love shall die,  
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?  
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,  
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?



And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay  
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear,  
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,  
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

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## THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O were I able to rehearse,  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd blaw it out as loud and fierce,  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw.

The ewie wi' the crooked horn,  
 Weel deserved baith grass and corn,  
 Sic a ewie ne'er was born,  
 Here about, nor far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keel,  
 To mark upo' her hip or heel;  
 Her crooked horn it did as weel,  
 To ken her by amo' them a'.

A better, nor a thriftier beast,  
 Nae honest man cou'd weel hae wist,  
 For, silly thing, she never mist  
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind of stock,  
 And now the laddie has a flock,  
 O' mair than thirty head to ca'.

The neist I ga'e to Jean, and noo  
 The bairn's sae bra', has fauld sae fu',  
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,  
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Yet for Monday last, for a' my keeping,  
 I canna' speak it without greeting,  
 A villain came, when I was sleeping,  
     An' staw my ewie, horn an a'.

I sought her sair upon the morn,  
 And down beneath a buss o' thorn,  
 I got my ewie's crooked horn;  
     But, ah ! my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,  
 I've sworn and ban'd as well as said it,  
 Tho' a the world should forbid it,  
     I wad gie his neck a thraw.

O had she died o' croop or cauld,  
 As ewies die when they are auld,  
 It wad na' been, by many fauld,  
     Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,  
 Frae her and hers, sae aften shorn,  
 The loss o' her we could hae born,  
     Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.

But this poor thing to loose her life,  
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,  
 I'm really fear'd that our gudewife  
     S'all never win aboon't ava'.

### KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,  
 Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O  
     Where the rose in all its pride  
     Decks the hollow dingle's side,  
 Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

We will wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,  
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,  
    Where the glens rebound the call  
    Of the lofty waterfall,  
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.  
Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonnie lassie, O,  
Where so oft beneath its shade, bonnie lassie, O,  
    With the songster in the grove,  
    We have told our tale of love,  
And have sportive garlands wove, bonnie lassie, O.  
Ah! I soon must bid adieu, bonnie lassie, O,  
To this fairy scene and you, bonnie lassie, O,  
    To the streamlet winding clear,  
    To the fragrant scented brier,  
E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.  
For the frowns of fortune low'r, bonnie lassie, O,  
On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,  
    Ere the golden orb of day,  
    Wake the warblers from the spray,  
From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.  
And when on a distant shore, bonnie lassie, O,  
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,  
    Will you Helen, when you hear,  
    Of your lover on his bier,  
To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O?

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#### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at  
    hame,  
And a' the world to sleep are gane;  
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and he sought me  
for his bride ;

But saving a crown he had naething beside !  
To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea ;  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He hadna' been gane a week but only twa,  
When my father brake his arm, and our cow was  
stown awa',

My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna' work, and my mother couldna'  
spin ;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna'  
win ;

Auld Robin maintained them baith, and wi' tears  
in his e'e,

Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O, marry me!"

My heart it said nay—I look'd for Jamie back ;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wrack,

The ship it was a wrack, why didna' Jamie dee ?  
Oh ! why was I spared to cry, wae's me ?

My father urged sair ; my mither didna' speak,  
She looked in my face till my heart was like to  
break,

So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was at  
the sea,

Now auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,  
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,  
I saw my Jamie's wrath, for I couldna' think it he,  
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;  
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,  
 I wished I were dead ; but I'm no like to dee,  
 Oh ! why do I live to say, waes me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena' to spin ;  
 I darena' think on Jamie, for that would be a sin  
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,  
 For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.  
 Nae langer she wept—her tears were a' spent—  
 Despair it was come, and she thought it content,  
 She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,  
 And she dropp'd like a lily bröke down by the hail.

### MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 My love she's but a lassie yet,  
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,  
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.

I rue the day I sought her, O ;  
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;  
 Wha gets her needna' say he's woo'd,  
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet,  
 Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,  
 But here I never mist it yet.

We're a' dry wi' the drinking o't,  
 We're a' dry wi' the drinking o't,  
 The minister kiss'd the fidler's wife,  
 And couldna' preach for thinking o't.

## O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 O'er the moor amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonny lassie,  
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither,  
 Says I, my dear where is thy hame,  
 In moor or dale, pray tell me whither?  
 She says, I tent the fleecy flocks  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.  
 We lay down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather,  
 She left her flocks at large to rove  
 Amang the bonny blooming heather.  
 While thus we lay, she sung a sang,  
 Till echo rang a mile and farther,  
 And aye the burden o' the sang  
 Was o'er the moor amang the heather.  
 She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,  
 I couldna' think on any ither;  
 By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
 The bonny lass amang the heather.

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## AULD LANGSYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 An' days o' langsyne?  
 For auld langsyne, my dear,  
 For auld langsyne;  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld langsyne.

We twa hae run about the braes,  
 An' pu'd the gowans fine ;  
 But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,  
 Sin' auld langsyne.

We twa hae paidel't in the burn,  
 When summer days were prime ;  
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,  
 Sin' auld langsyne.

An' here's a hand my trusty friend,  
 And gie's a hand o' thine,  
 And we'll tak' a right gude-willie waught,  
 For auld langsyne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
 As sure as I'll be mine ;  
 An' we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,  
 For auld langsyne.

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### I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,  
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue ;  
 I got my death frae twa sweet een,  
 'Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.  
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright ;  
 Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,  
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white ;  
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled ;  
 She charmed my soul, I wistna' how ;  
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,  
 Cam' frae her een sae bonnie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed,  
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow ;  
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead  
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

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### ROBIN.

There was a lad was born in Kyle,  
 But whatna' day or whatna style,  
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while,  
 To be so nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';  
 Robin was a rovin' boy,  
 Rantin' rovin' Robin !

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane,  
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,  
 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win',  
 Blew hansel in on Robin !

The gossip keekit in his loof,  
 Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,  
 This waly boy will be na' coof,  
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll ha'e misfortunes great and sma',  
 But aye a heart aboon them a';  
 He'll be a credit tae us a';  
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak' nine,  
 I see by ilka score and line,  
 This chap will dearly like our kin',  
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.