

MY AIN BONNIE LASS O' THE GLEN

Gin ony tak her an' her kye,  
He'll glunsh\* at himsel' for a coof.

My daddie's nae doyt, tho' he's auld,  
The winklot is pawkie an' gleg;  
When the lammies are pit i' the fauld,  
They're fear'd that I'm aff to my Meg.  
My mither sits spinnin'—ae blink  
O' a smile in her kind, bonnie ee;  
She's minded o' mony a link  
She, stowlins, aft took ower the lea

To meet wi' my daddie himsel',  
Tentie jinkin' by lea an' by shaw;  
She fu's up his pipe then hersel',  
That I may steal cannie awa'.  
O leeze me o' gowany swaird,  
An' the blink o' the bonnie new mune!  
An' the cowl stown out o' the yaird  
That trots like a burnie in June!

My Meg she is waitin' abeigh—  
Ilk spunkie that flits through the fen  
Wad jealously lead me astray  
Frae my ain bonnie lass o' the glen.  
My forbears may groan i' the mools,  
My daddie look dour an' fu' din;  
Wee Love is the callant wha rules,  
An' my Meg is the wifie I'll win.

\*Glunsh—frown.