

ELLEN PEAR.

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Ellen is my apple ripe, Ellen is my pear,
Ellen is my heart's delight, I love her a' the year;
Ellen is my bonnie lass, fairer than the May—
Ellen's cheek is like the rose, I love her a' the day.

When the dews o' gloamin' fa' on the budding
flow'r—

Ellen's lips are sweeter far, I love her every hour.
Ellen's eyes are like the stars, fu' o' heaven's light,
Ellen is my ain true love, I love her day and night.

Some may lo'e the golden dross, some may lo'e
th ewine,

Some may tread the warrior's path, and some wi'
tinsel shine;

Heaven grant me Ellen's love, Ellen's heart and
hand,

Then I'll be, though e'er sae poor, the richest in
the land.

Other lads may try to win glances frae her e'e—
Other lads can never steal my Ellen's love frae
me.

When the spring comes round again, dancing in
her pride,

Ellen will be a' my ain, she'll be my bonnie bride.