

wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say? In the bon - nie green forest a -

yont the wide sea, I'll big thee a bow'r, love, where nae ane can see; And

there will I daut thee, the lang sim - mer day; O! wilt thou gang wi' me then,

Jeanie, love, say?

The cheerie hours then love will a' be our ain,
To rest when we're weary and crack when we're fain,
And nae to ca'd wrang though 'twere a' the lang day,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

In the sweet simmer months, when the leaf's on the tree;
To pu' the pyrola thou'lt wander wi' me,
And watch at the gloamin' the sun's partings ray,—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Syne when the cauld blast whistles down the brown dell,
And the lang winter's nights are baith stormy and snell,
Wi' tales o' langsyne then we'll while them away—
O! wilt thou gang wi' me then, Jeanie, love, say?

Wi' the tear in her e'e she has braided her hair,
And busked hersel' though her boöm was sair;
For her friends a' forbade, but her heart it said gae,
And wi' young Cape Hopeburn, Jean o' Lenhope's away!