

The siller tongue an' bashfu' air,  
 May tell ye I belie him ;  
 But a'-thing is nae gude that's fair ;  
 Flee the traitor, flee him, Lassie,  
 Flee the traitor, flee him.

Flow'rets fresh an' rosy, quo' she ;  
 Fairy han's to pu' 'em ;  
 I' my bow'r sae cozy, quo' she ;  
 Ilka day I'll strew 'em.  
 There he can lie an' sweetly daut,  
 The willin' heart I gie' him ;  
 There's blessin's i' the verra thought !  
 What-for should I flee him? quo' she ;  
 What-for should I flee him ?

Rude's the night an' dreary lassie ;  
 Winter win's are chillin' ;  
 Whar' gae ye sae weary, lassie,  
 In a night sae killin' ?  
 "O luve," she said, an' spak' nae mair,  
 "Puir maidens gin ye see him ;  
 Seek mercy in a teeger's lair,  
 But flee the traitor, flee him, quo' she ;  
 Flee the traitor, flee him !"