

Her e'en did glint sae bonnie blue,
Her neck was like the driven snow,
She had a heart baith kind and true,
As pure as earth can ever know.

He met her in her father's ha',
He watched the glances o' her e'e,
And aye the mair o' her he saw,
The mair o' her he wished to see.

And now he gangs just like a ghaist,
'Mang oowie glens he aften strays;
He derno on the moorland waste,
And cries on death to end his days.

His coggie clean he canna scart,
He scunners at his very kail;
At mirkest hour he'll eerie start,
And wake the echoes wi' his wail.

His hair he never kames ava,
It's kink'd and matted round his croon,
Belyve, he'll tak' his pipe and blaw,
And gape and glower up at the moon.

He wears nae ribbon at his knee,
And when he gangs to kirk or mill,
He looks as sad as sad can be,
And a' for love o' Lucy Hill.

But Lucy ken'd, in spite o' fate,
That Andrew lo'ed her unco weel,
Now they are wed, though unco blate—
She frae his back did cut the creel.