

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Affettuoso.

HECTOR' MACNEIL.



1. I lo'e na a lad-die but ane..... He
lo'es na a las-sie-but me;.... He's will-in' to make me his
ain,.... And his ain I am will-in' to be.... He coft me a roke-lay o'
blue..... And a pair o' mit-tens o' green;.... He
vow'd that he'd ev-er be true,.... And I plighted my troth yes-green..

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
Their land, and their lordly degree,
I carena for aught but my dear,
For he's ilka thing lordly to me.
His words mair than sugar are sweet,
His sense drives ilka fear far awa';
I listen, poor fool, and I greet,
Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries wi' a jeer,
"Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say,
Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear;
What's gowd to a heart that is wae?
Our laird hath baith honors and wealth,
Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;
Now we, though we've naething but health,
Are cantie and feal evermair."

O, Menie! the heart that is true
Has something mair costly than gear;
Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
Ye warldings, gae hoard up your store,
And tremble for fear aught ye tyne;
Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
True love is the guardian of mine.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
Wae's me, can I take it amiss?
My laddie's unpractised in guile,
He's free aye to daut and to kiss!
Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,
And this night I am Jamie's for life.