

Burns Out Bright

"I'll Mak You Be Fain To Follow Me"

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I'll Mak You be Fain to Follow Me
(Robert Burns)
As late by a sodger I chanced to pass,
I heard him a courtin a bony young lass;
My hinny, my life, my dearest, quo he,
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.
Gin I should follow you, a poor sodger lad,
Ilk ane o my cummers wad think I was mad;
For battles I never shall lang to see,
I'll never be fain to follow thee.
To follow me, I think ye may be glad,
A part o my supper, a part o my bed,
A part o my bed, wherever it be,
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.
Come try my knapsack on your back,
Along the king's high-gate we'll pack;
Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.
Tune: I'll mak you be fain to follow me (304)
Filename[FOLLOWME
Play.exe FOLLOWME
ARB
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