

Burns Robert

"O Mallys Meek"

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O, Mally's Meek

(Robert Burns)

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet!

CHORUS

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair
Mally's ev'ry way complete.
It were mair meet, that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon!
An 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon!
Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes tumbling down her swan-like neck,
And her twa eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck!

tune: O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet (226)

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