

Burns Robert

"Tam Glen"

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TAM GLEN

(Robert Burns)

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a'is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen ?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow
In poortith I might make a fen';
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna marry Tam Glen ?
There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller:
'Guid day to you'- brute! he comes ben,
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o young men.
They flatter, she says, to deceive me-
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ?
My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me guid hunder marks ten.
But if it's ordain'd I maun take him,

O, wha will I get but Tam Glen?
Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
My heart to my mou gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen!
The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken-
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!
Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry!
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad, I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

tune:Merry Beggars (236)

@Scots @courtship @love

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