

Unknown

"Country Lass"

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THE COUNTRY LASS

In simmer, when the hay was mawn
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the ley
And roses blaw in ilka bield
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says;-'I'll be wed, come o't what will!'
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild
'O guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woosers monie ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken!
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There's Johnie o the Buskie-Glen,
Fu is his barn, fu is his byre.
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen:
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire!
For Johnie o the Buskie-Glen
I dinna care a single flie:
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me.
But blythe's the blink o Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o him I wad na gie
For Buskie-Glen and a'his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!
The canniest gate, the strife is sair.
But ay fu-han't is fechin best
A hungry care an unco care
But some will spend and some will spare
An wilfu folk maun hae their will
Syne as ye brew, ny maiden fair,
keep mind that Ye maun drink the yill!

'O, gear will buy me rigs o land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye!
gut the tender heart o leesome loove
The gowd and siller canna buy!

We may be poor, Robie and I
Light is the burden luve lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and joy:
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?

@Scots @love
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