

Robert Burns

"Ill 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

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