

Robert Burns "Whistle O'er The Lave O't"

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Whistle O'er the Lave O't
(Robert Burns)
First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, speir nae mair,
But - whistle o'er the lave o't!
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child:
Wiser men than me's beguil'd-
Whistle o'er the lave o't!
How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see-
Whistle o'er the lave o't!
Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
I could write (but Meg may see't)
Whistle o'er the lave o't!
tune: Whistle o'er the lave o't (235)
filename[WHSTLAVE
play.exe WHSTLAVE
ARB
===DOCUMENT BOUNDARY===

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