

A COUNTRIE LASSIE.

IN finimer when the hay was mawn,
 And corn wav'd green on ilka field,
 While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
 And rofes blaw in ilka bield ;
 Blythe Bessie in the milking fhiel,
 Says, I'll be wed come o't what will :
 Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
 O' gude advifement comes nae ill.

Its ye ha'e woers mony 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 bonnie hen,
 Its plenty heets the luyer's fire.

For Johnny o' the Buskie-glen
 I dinna care a fingle flee ;
 He lo'es fae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae loove to spare for me.
 But blythe's the blink o' Robie's ee,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear ;
 Ae blink o' him I wad na gi'e
 For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

O, thoughtless lassie, life's a faught,
 The canniest gate the strife is fair,
 But 'ay fu' han't is fechtin best,
 A hungry care's an unco care.
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 An' wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ;
 Syne as ye brew, my 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 ;
 But the tender heart o' leefome loove,
 The gowd and filler canna buy.
 We may be poor, Robie and I,
 Light is the burden loove lays on ;
 Content and loove brings peace and joy ;
 What mair hae queens upon a throne ?

A Country Lassie!

Violin

Moderately Slow

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Blythe Befsie in the milking shiel, Says I'll be wed, come o't what will; Out

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fpak a dame in wrinkled eild, O' gude advifement comes nae ill.

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