

As I gaed up by yon gate-end  
Pretty Peg  
Robert Burns, 1794

As I gaed up by yon gate-end,  
When day was waxin' weary,  
Wha did I meet come down the street,  
But pretty Peg, my dearie!

2. Her air sae sweet, an' shape complete,  
Wi' nae proportion wanting,  
The Queen of Love did never move  
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

3. Wi' linked hands we took the sands,  
Adown yon winding river;  
Oh, that sweet hour and shady bower,  
Forget it shall I never!