

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows  
My Nanie, O  
Robert Burns, 1783

Behind yon hills where Lugar\* flows,  
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

2. The westlin wind blows loud an' shill;  
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;  
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,  
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

3. My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;  
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

4. Her face is fair, her heart is true;  
As spotless as she's bonie, O:  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

5. A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O;  
But what care I how few they be,  
I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

6. My riches a's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a' my Nanie, O.

7. Our auld guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;  
But I'm as blythe that hands his pleugh,  
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

8. Come weel, come woe, I care na by;  
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O:  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.