

### Bessy And Her Spinnin' Wheel

O Leeze me on my spinnin' wheel,  
And leeze me on my rock and reel;  
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
And haps me biel and warm at e'en;  
I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal,  
O leeze me on my spinnin' wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot;  
The scented birk and hawthorn white,  
Across the pool their arms unite,  
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
And little fishes' caller rest;  
The sun blinks kindly in the beil',  
Where blythe I turn my spinnin' wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale;  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
Delighted, rival ither's lays;  
The craik amang the claver hay,  
The pairtrick whirring o'er the ley,  
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,  
Amuse me at my spinnin' wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
Aboon distress, below envy,  
O wha wad leave this humble state,  
For a' the pride of a' the great?  
Amid their flairing, idle toys,  
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessy at her spinnin' wheel?