

Cauld is the e'enin blast  
Bonie Peg-a-Ramsay  
Robert Burns, 1795

Cauld is the e'enin blast,  
O' Boreas o'er the pool,  
An' dawin' it is dreary,  
When birks are bare at Yule.

2. Cauld blows the e'enin blast,  
When bitter bites the frost,  
And, in the mirk and dreary drift,  
The hills and glens are lost:

3. Ne'er sae murky blew the night  
That drifted o'er the hill,  
But bonie Peg-a-Ramsay  
Gat grist to her mill.