

O when she cam' ben she bobbed fu' law
When She Cam' Ben She Bobbed
Robert Burns, 1792

|: O when she cam' ben she bobbed fu' law, :|
And when she cam' ben, she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne denied she did it at a'.

2. |: And was na Cockpen right saucy witha'? :|
In leaving the daughter of a lord,
And kissin' a collier lassie an' a'!

3. |: O never look down, my lassie, at a', :|
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete,
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

4. |: Tho' thou has nae silk, and holland sae sma', :|
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handiwork,
And lady Jean was never sae braw.