

Poortith Cauld And Restless Love

O poortith cauld, and restless love,
Ye wrack my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Chorus-O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Depend on Fortune's shining?

The world's wealth, when I think on,
It's pride and a' the lave o't;
O fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't!
O why, &c.

Her e'en, sae bonie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye,
She talks o' rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the simple cotter's fate!
He woos his artless dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make him eerie,
O why, &c.