

Tam Glen

My heart is a-breaking, dear Tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith I might mak a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen!

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Dumeller-
"Gude day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blows o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen!

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen!

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'd gie me gude hunder marks ten;
But, if it's ordain'd I maun take him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen!

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten';
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written "Tam Glen"!

The last Halloween I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come, counsel, dear Tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie ye my bonie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.