

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers
The Gard'ner Wi' His Paidle
Melody - "The Gardener's March"
Robert Burns, 1789

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

2. The crystal waters gently fa',
The merry bards are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blow
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

3. When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare;
Then thro' the dews he maun repair
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.

4. When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best,
The Gard'ner wi' his paidle.