

My Nannie, O - song lyrics

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MY NANNIE, O!

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The Wint'ry sun the day has closed,
And I'll away to Nannie, O.

The Westlin wind blows loud and chill-
The night's baith, murk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal.
An owre the hills to Nannie, O-

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Dannie, O-

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowar, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few there be?
I'm welcome, ay, to Nannie, O-

My riches a' ' my penny fee.
An I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er trouble me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Come weal, come we, I care na by,
I'll take what heaven will send me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live and love my Nannie, O.