

O Whistle, And I'll Come To You, My Lad - song lyrics

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O Whistle, and I'll Come to You, My Lad.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad:
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back yett be ajeë;
Syne up the back style, and let nae body see,
And come as ye were nae coming to me,
And come as ye were nae coming to me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my fan.
At kirk or at merket, whene'er you meet me.
Gang by me as though that ye cared nae a flie;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye were nae looking at me,
Yet look as ye were sue looking at me.

O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad,
O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad;
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad,
Thy Jeany will venture wi' ye, my lad.
Ay vow and protest that ye care nae for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court nae anither though joking ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.