

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Bessy and Her Spinning Wheel

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O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel!
And leeze me on my rock and reel,
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
I'll set me down, and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the summer sun,
Blest wi content, and milk and meal-
O, leeze me on my spinnin-wheel
On ilka hand the burnies trot,
And meet below my theekit cot.
The scented birk and hawthorn white
Across the pool their arms unite,
Alike to screen the birdie's nest
And little fishes' caller rest.
The sun blinks kindly in the biel,
Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.
On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And Echo cons the doolfu tale.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays.
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin-wheel.
Wi sma'to sell and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state
For a'the pride of a'the great?
Amid their flaring, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome Joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel?

ARB