

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Country Lass

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In simmer, when the hay was mawn
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the ley
And roses blaw in ilka bield
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel
Says;-'I'll be wed, come o't what will!'
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild
'O guid advisement comes nae ill.

'It's ye hae woers monie ane,
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken!
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.
There's Johnie o the Buskie-Glen,
Fu is his barn, fu is his byre.
Tak this frae me, my bonie hen:
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire!
For Johnie o the Buskie-Glen
I dinna care a single flie:
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae love to spare for me.
But blythe's the blink o Robie's e'e,
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink o him I wad na gie
For Buskie-Glen and a'his gear.

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!
The canniest gate, the strife is sair.
But ay fu-han't is fechin best
A hungry care an unco care
But some will spend and some will spare
An wilfu folk maun hae their will
Syne as ye brew, ny maiden fair,
keep mind that Ye maun drink the yill!

'O, gear will buy me rigs o land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye!
gut the tender heart o leesome loove
The gowd and siller canna buy!
We may be poor, Robie and I
Light is the burden luvve lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and joy:

What mair hae Queens upon a throne?

(or, for the non-Scots amang us,)

In simmer, when the hay was mawn
And corn wav'd green in ilka [every] field,
While claver [clover] blooms white o'er the ley [pasture]
And roses blaw in ilka bield [sheltered spot]
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel [shed]
Says;- 'I'll be wed, come o't what will!'
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild [old age]
'O guid [of good] advisement comes nae ill.

It's ye hae woers monie ane, [many a one]
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken!
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale [sensibly choose]
A routhie butt, [a well stocked kitchen] a routhie ben. [parlour]
There's Johnie o the Buskie-Glen,
Fu [full] is his barn, fu is his byre. [cowshed]
Tak this frae me, my bonny hen:
It's plenty beets [fans] the luvver's fire!

'For Johnie o' the Buskie-Glen
I dinna care a single flie [fly]:
He lo'es sae weel his craps [crops] and kye, [cattle]
He has nae love to spare for me.
But blythe's the blink [glance] o' Robie's e'e, [eye]
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:
Ae blink [glance] o' him I wad na gie [give]
For Buskie-Glen and a' his gear. [wealth]

O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught! [fight]
The canniest gate, [quietest manner] the strife is sair. [sore]
But ay fu-han't [full handed] is fechin [fighting] best
A hungry care an unco [very great] care
But some will spend and some will spare
An wilfu folk maun hae their will
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
keep mind that Ye maun drink the yill! [ale]

'O, gear will buy me rigs [ridges] o land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye!
but the tender heart o leesome [gladsome] loove
The gowd and siller [gold and silver] canna buy!
We may be poor, Robie and I
Light is the burden luvve lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and joy:
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?

ARB, AF