

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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My Lassie She's Bonnie

My Lassie She's Bonnie
(Murray Shoolbraid)

My lassie she's bonnie, sae bonnie is she,
She's fairer than a' the green leaves on the tree;
Than a' the green leaves when the wud it is new;
She's blyth and she's bonnie, and lo'es me sae true.

And in the cauld winter, when frosty winds blaw,
And the tress are bowed down wi' their plaidie o' snaw,
Nae maitter the weather, in bield or in byre,
We'll hap us fu' snug, wi' our love for a fire.

My lassie she's bonnie, she's braw and she's ticht,
Her een's like the sea and her hair's like the nicht;
Her face is a jewel, but I tell ye plain
Though her body be mine, yet her c*** is her ain.

The music lets you repeat the very last line. Bowdlerised,
we get

... and I tell ye plain, There's nae ither on earth I
wad hae for my ain.

by myself [c. 1964]; for public performance I bowdlerised the
last line, which was a deliberate try at using a four-letter
word in a correct, if not entirely noble, sense. MS
MS

apr96