

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Posie

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O, luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen!  
O, luve will venture in, where wisdom ance hath been!  
But I will doun yon river rove amang the wood sae green,  
And a' to pu a posie to my ain dear May!

The primirose I will pu, the firstling o the year,  
And I will pu the pink, the emblem o my dear,  
For she's the pink o womankind, and blooms without a peer-  
And a'to be a posie to my ain dear May!

I'll pu the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,  
For it's like a baumy kiss o her sweet, bonie mou.  
The hyacinth's for constancy wi its unchanging blue-  
And a'to be a posie to my ain dear May!

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,  
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there.  
The daisy's for simplicity an unaffected air-  
And a'to be a posie to my ain dear May!

The hawthorn I will pu, wi its locks o siller gray,  
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o day;  
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away-  
And a'to be a posie to my ain dear May!

The woodbine I will pu, when the e'ening star is near,  
And the diamond draps o dew shall be her een sae clear!  
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear-  
And a'to be a posie to my ain dear May!

I'll tie the posie round wi'the silken band o luve,  
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'above,  
That to my latest draught o life the band shall ne'er remove  
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May!

ARB