

As late by a sodger I chanced to pass  
I'll Make Ye Be Fain to Follow Me  
Robert Burns

As late by a sodger I chanced to pass,  
I heard him a courtin a bony young lass;  
My hinny, my life, my dearest, quo he,  
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.  
Gin I should follow you, a poor sodger lad,  
Ilk ane o my cummers wad think I was mad;  
For battles I never shall lang to see,  
I'll never be fain to follow thee.

2. To follow me, I think ye may be glad,  
A part o my supper, a part o my bed,  
A part o my bed, wherever it be,  
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.  
Come try my knapsack on your back,  
Along the king's high-gate we'll pack;  
Between Saint Johnston and bony Dundee,  
I'll mak you be fain to follow me.