

**Auld Rob Morris**

There's Auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,  
He's the King o' gude fellows, and wale o' auld men;  
He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,  
And ae bonie lass, his dautie and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh! she's an Heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;  
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed,  
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;  
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane;  
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,  
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!  
O how past describing had then been my bliss,  
As now my distraction nae words can express.