

Her Answer

O tell na me o' wind an' rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
I winna let ye in, jo.

Chorus-I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures,
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed-
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel Fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting, Woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo!
I tell you now, &c.