

In simmer when the hay was mawn  
Country Lassie  
Robert Burns, 1792

In simmer when the hay was mawn,  
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,  
While claver blooms white o'er the ley,  
And roses blaw in ilka bield,  
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel  
Says:-"I'll be wed, come o't what will!"  
Out spake a dame in wrinkled eild:  
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill."

2. "It's ye hae woovers monie ane,  
And lassie, ye're but young, ye ken!  
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale  
A routhie butt, a routhie ben.  
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-Glen,  
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre.  
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen:  
It's plenty beets the luvver's fire!"

3. "For Johnnie o' the Buskfie-Glen  
I dinna care a single flie:  
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,  
He has nae love to spare for me.  
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,  
And weel I wat he lo'es me dear:  
Ae blink o' him I wad na gie  
For Buskie-Glen and a' his gear."

4. "O thoughtless lassie, life's a faught!  
The canniest gate, the strife is sair.  
But ay fu'-han't is fechtin best:  
A hungry care's an unco care.  
But some will spend, and some will spare,  
An' wilfu' folk maun hae their will.  
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,  
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill!"

5. "O gear will buy me rigs o' land,  
And gear will buy me sheep and kye!  
But the tender heart o' leesome loove  
The gowd and siller canna buy!  
We may be poor, Robie and I;  
Light is the burden luve lays on;  
Content and loove brings peace and joy:  
What mair hae Queens upon a throne?"