

### Lassie Wi' The Lint-White Locks

Chorus.-Lassie wi'the lint-white locks,  
Bonie lassie, artless lassie,  
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,  
Wilt thou be my Dearie, O?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,  
And a' is young and sweet like thee,  
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,  
And say thou'lt be my Dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the, &c.

The primrose bank, the wimpling burn,  
The cuckoo on the milk-white thorn,  
The wanton lambs at early morn,  
Shall welcome thee, my Dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the welcome simmer shower  
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,  
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower,  
At sultry noon, my Dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the, &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,  
The weary shearer's hameward way,  
Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,  
And talk o' love, my Dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the, &c.

And when the howling wintry blast  
Disturbs my Lassie's midnight rest,  
Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,  
I'll comfort thee, my Dearie, O.  
Lassie wi' the, &c.