

Last May, a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen
The Braw Wooer
Melody - "The Lothian Lassie"
Robert Burns, 1795

Last May, a braw wooer cam doun the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said, there was naething I hated like men
The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me, believe me;
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

2. He spak o' the darts in my bonie black e'en,
And vow'd for my love he was diein,
I said, he might die when he liked for Jean
The Lord forgie me for liein, for liein;
The Lord forgie me for liein!

3. A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers;
I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd;
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers;
But thought I might hae waur offers.

4. But what wad ye think?-in a fortnight or less
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!
He up the Gate-slack to my black cousin, Bess
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her;
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her.

5. But a' the niest week, as I petted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;
But wha but my fine fickle wooer was there,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

6. But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neibours might say I was saucy;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

7. I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',
And how her new shoon fit her auld schachl't feet,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But heavens! how he fell a swearin.

8. He begged, for gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him tomorrow, tomorrow;
I think I maun wed him tomorrow.