

Mally's Meek, Mally's sweet
O, Mally's Meek
Robert Burns, 1795

Chorus:

Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet;
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Chorus:

2. It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon;
An' 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon,

Chorus:

3. Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinklin down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck,

Chorus: