

Meg O' The Mill

O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
She gotten a coof wi' a claut o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdifu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the gude fellow, and taen the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving,
The lair did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing-horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailin',
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But gie me my love, and a fig for the warl'!