

My love, she's but a lassie yet
Robert Burns, 1789

|: My love, she's but a lassie yet, :|
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet;
|: I rue the day I sought her, O! :|
Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O.

2. |: Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet, :|
Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,
But here I never miss'd it yet,
|: We're a' dry wi' drinkin o't, :|
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife;
He could na preach for thinkin o't.