

### My Tocher's The Jewel

O Meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,  
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;  
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie  
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,  
It's a' for the hinny he'll cherish the bee,  
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,  
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,  
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',  
Sae ye wi anither your fortune may try.  
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,  
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.