

O, meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty  
My Tocher's the Jewel  
Melody - The Highway to Edinburgh  
Robert Burns, 1791

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 hiney he'll cherish the bee!  
My Laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller,  
He canna hae luve to spare for me!

2. 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,  
An ye'll crack ye're credit wi' mair nor me!