

### O Steer Her Up An' Haud Her Gaun

O steer her up, an' haud her gaun,  
Her mither's at the mill, jo;  
An' gin she winna tak a man,  
E'en let her tak her will, jo.  
First shore her wi' a gentle kiss,  
And ca' anither gill, jo;  
An' gin she tak the thing amiss,  
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, an' be na blate,  
An' gin she tak it ill, jo,  
Then leave the lassie till her fate,  
And time nae langer spill, jo:  
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,  
But think upon it still, jo:  
That gin the lassie winna do't,  
Ye'll find anither will, jo.