

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
The Laddie's Dear Sel'  
Robert Burns, 1789

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
That he from our lassies should wander awa';  
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favor'd witha',  
An' his hair has a natural buckle an' a'.

2. His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue,  
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;  
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,  
And his clear siller buckles, they dazzle us a'.

3. For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;  
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted an' braw;  
But chiefly the siller that gars him gang till her,  
The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'.

4. There's Meg wi' the mailen that fain wad a haen him,  
And Susie, wha's daddie was laird o' the Ha';  
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,  
-But the laddie's dear sel', he loes dearest of a'.