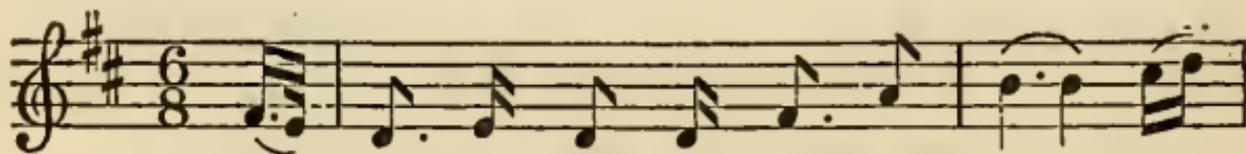
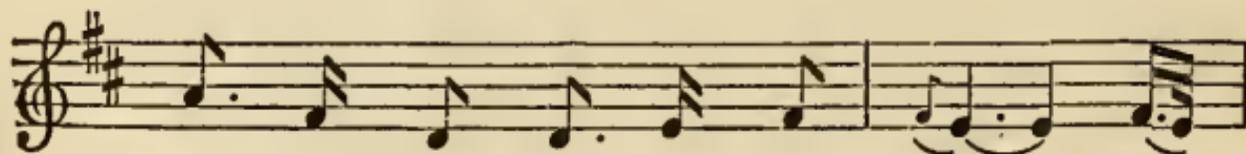


I LO'E NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.



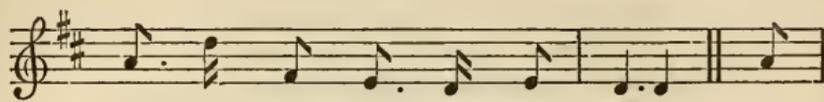
I lo'e ne'er a lad - die but ane, He



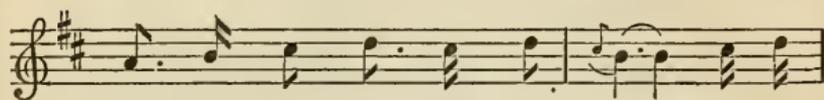
lo'es ne'er a lass - ie but me: He's



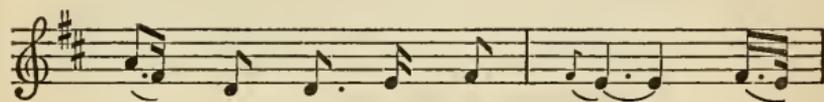
pro - mised to mak me his ain, And his



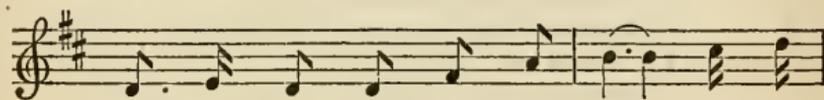
ain I am will - ing to be. He



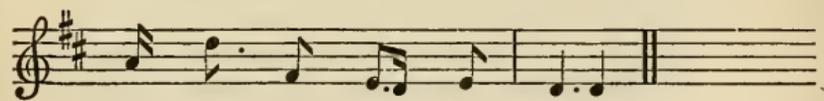
coft me a roke - lay o' blue, And a



pair o' mit - tens o' green; The



price was a kiss o' my mou'; And I



paid him the debt yes - treen.

I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He lo'es ne'er a lassie but me :
 He's promised to mak me his ain,
 And his ain I am willing to be.
 He coft me a rokelay o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens o' green ;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou' ;
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordly degree ;
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me :

His words are sae sugar'd, sae sweet !
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa' !
 I listen—poor fool ! and I greet ;
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa' !
 Dear lassie, he cries wi' a jeer,
 Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;
 Though we've little to brag o'—ne'er fear ;
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae ?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care ;
 Now we, though we've naething but health,
 Are cantie and leal evermair.
 O Marion ! the heart that is true,
 Has something mair costly than gear ;
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue—
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldlings, gae hoard up your store,
 And tremble for fear ought you tyne ;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 While here in my arms I lock mine !
 He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—
 Wae's me, can I tak it amiss ?
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss !
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks—I ha'e gi'en my consent,
 And this night I am Jamie's for life.

The first verse of this song, and another verse not reproduced here, are stated by Ritson to have been composed by 'J. D. ;' but Burns ascribes them to Mr John Clunie, minister of Borthwick, Edinburghshire. This reverend gentleman, who is remembered as a good singer of Scotch songs, died on the 13th April 1819, at the age of sixty-two. The remaining verses were the composition of Hector Macneill.