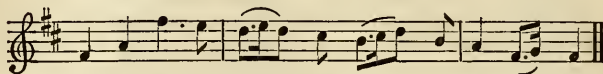


arms about her lil - y neck, And kissed and clapped her



there fu' lang; My words they were na mon - y feck.

On Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At gloaming, when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane ;
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kissed and clapped her there fu' lang ;
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ;
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brig o' Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomielaw,
 Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter frosts and snaw begin
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when ye sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring,
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glint o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shiel.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh and kiss, and dance and sing,
And gar the langest day seem short.