19. I had a horse and I had nae mair

Koželuch
Thomson 2nd Set (1798), 49

Andantino

O poor-th' cauld, and rest-less love, Ye wreck my peace be-tween ye; Yet

Poor-th' a' could for-give, An 'twere-na for my Jean-ie.
19. I had a horse and I had nae mair

O why should Fate's pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? Or

why sae sweet a flow'r as love, De- on Fortune's shining.
O POORTITH CAULD, AND RESTLESS LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining.

This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonie blue betray,
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him;
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate,
He wooes his simple dearie:
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.