

# 37a. My tocher's the jewel

Koželuch  
Unpublished

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

*p*

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O\_ mei-kle thinks my Love

6

o'\_ my beau-ty, And mei-kle thinks my Love o'\_ my kin; But lit-tle thinks my Love

10

I\_ ken brow-ly, My to-cher's the jew-el has charms\_ for him. It's a' for the ap-ple he'll

14

nou-rish the tree; It's a' for the hin - ey he'll che - rish the bee; My lad-die's sae mei-kle in

18

love wi' the sil - ler, He can-na hae love\_ to spare\_ for me.

*p*

*mf*

*p*

*p*

### ***O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.***

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

O MEIKLE thinks my Love o' my beauty,  
 And meikle thinks my Love o' my kin;  
 But little thinks my Love I ken brawlie,  
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.  
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;  
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;  
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,  
 He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,  
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;  
 But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning,  
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.  
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,  
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;  
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,  
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.