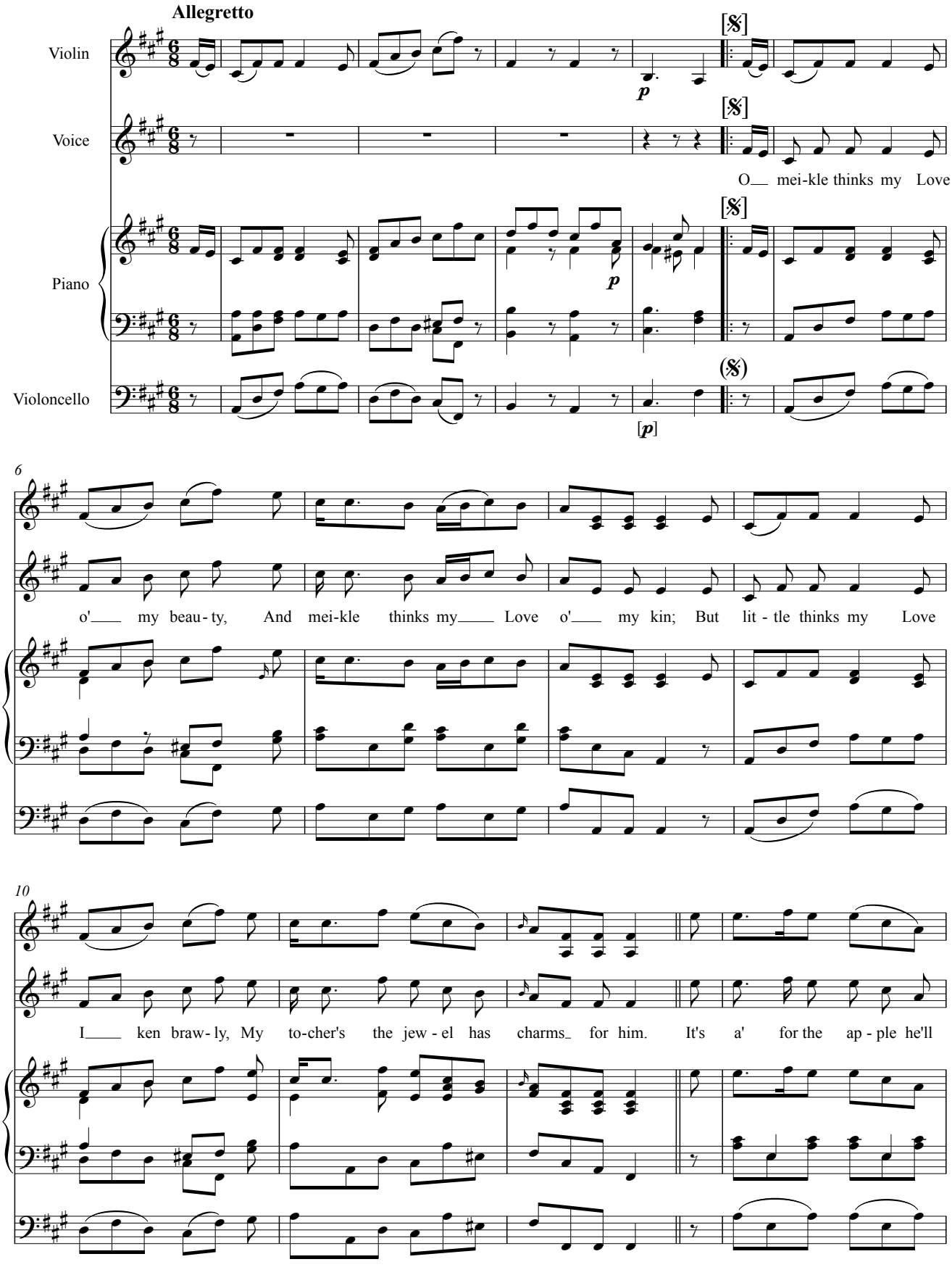
37b. My tocher's the jewel

Koželuch

Thomson 3rd Set (1799), 73



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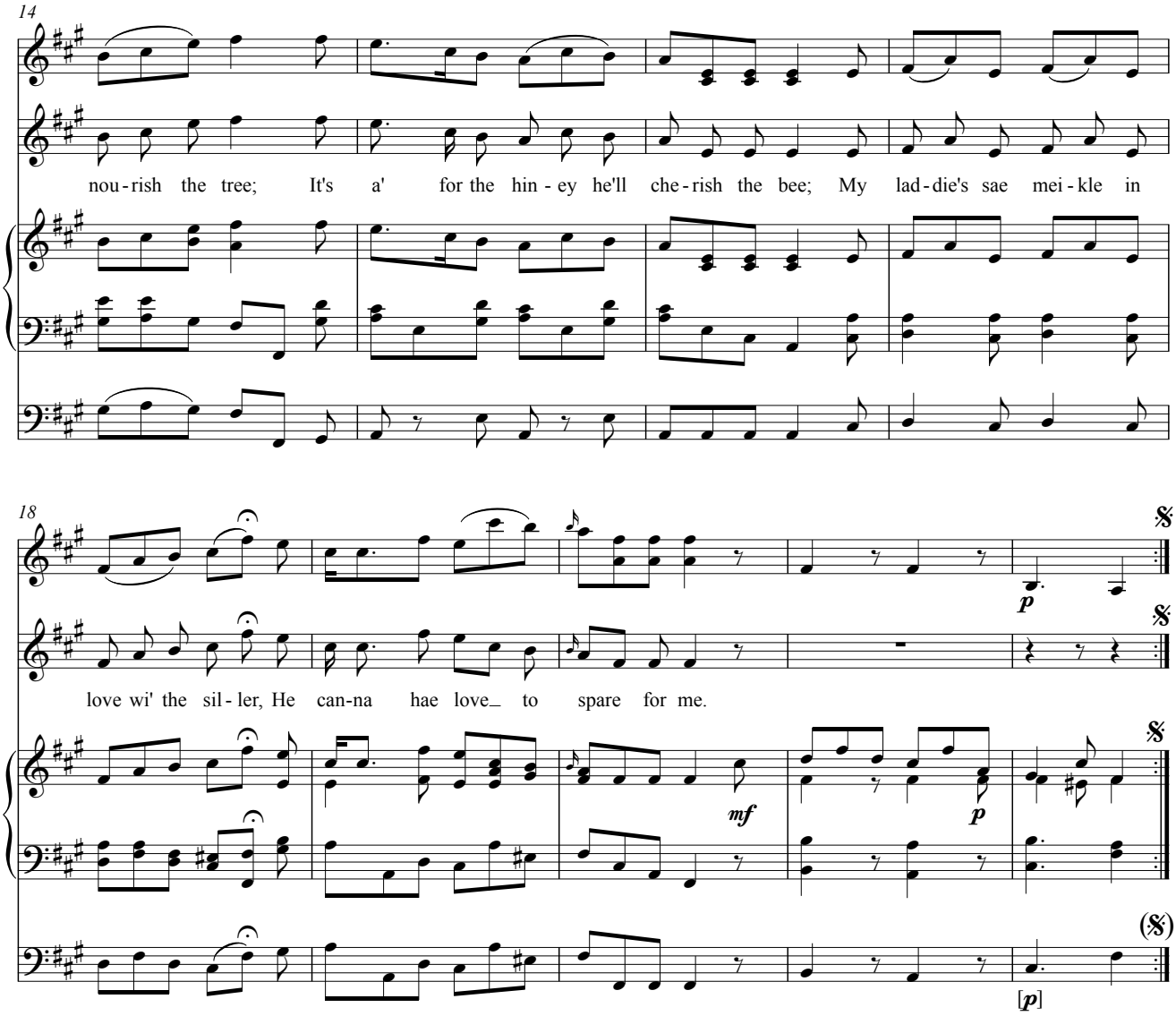

O MEIKLE THINKS MY LOVE O' MY BEAUTY.

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.

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DID EVER SWAIN A NYMPH ADORE.

WRITTEN

BY CHARLES LORD BINNING.*

THE SAME AIR.

DID ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore?
Was ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never shed a tear for me.
My cheeks, *&c.*

If Nanny call'd, did Robin stay,
Or linger when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say,
And all she ask'd was quickly done:
I always thought on her, but she
Wou'd ne'er bestow a thought on me.
I always, *&c.*

To let her cows my clover taste,
Have I not rose by break of day?
When did her heifers ever fast,
If Robin in his yard had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I never welcome was to her.
Tho' to my fields, *&c.*

If Nanny ever lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did give her two;
Did not her lambs in safety sleep
Within my folds in frost and snow?
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.
Have they not, *&c.*

Whene'er I climb'd our orchard trees,
The ripest fruit was kept for Nan'.
Oh how those hands that drown'd her bees
Were stung! I'll ne'er forget the pain:
Sweet were the combs as sweet could be,
But Nanny ne'er look'd sweet on me.
Sweet were, *&c.*

If Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill:
Full as they were I brought them home,
Her corn I carry'd to the mill:
My back did bear her sacks, but she
Would never bear the sight of me.
My back did bear, *&c.*

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week her pidgeons have
Eat up a peck of pease at least?
Her little pidgeons kiss, but she
Would never take a kiss from me.
Her little pidgeons, *&c.*

Must Robin always Nanny woo?
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,
If Nanny does not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.
If no relief, *&c.*

**Grandfather to the present Earl of Haddington. He died at Naples greatly lamented.*

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