37b. My tocher's the jewel

Allegretto

Violin

Voice

O mei-kle thinks my Love

Piano

Violoncello

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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,
My tocher's the jewel ye wad buy;
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
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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?
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never shed a tear for me.

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:
Wou'd ne'er bestow a thought on me.

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.

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.

When'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.

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.

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.

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.

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