60. Young Jockey was the blythest lad

Young Jockey was the blythest lad, In a' our town or here a wa: Fu'

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blythe he whis - tled at the gaud, Fu' light ly dane'd he

in the ha'. He roos'd my een sae bon my blue, He

roos'd my waist sae gen ty sma; An' ay my heart cam_
Young Jockey was the blythest lad,
In a' our town or here awa:
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

He roos'd my een sae bonie blue,
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma';
An' ay my heart cam to my mou',
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain,
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.

An' ay the night comes round again,
When in his arms he taks me a',
An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

**YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BYTHEST LAD.**

**BY ROBERT BURNS.**

**AIR. - YOUNG JOCKEY WAS THE BLYTHEST LAD.**