First when Mag-gy was my care, Heav'n, I thought, was in her air; Now we're mar-ried, spier nae mair, But
whistle o'er the lave o't. Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, Sweet and harmless as a child,

Wiser men than me's beguil'd, So whistle o'er the lave o't.

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FIRST WHEN MAGGY WAS MY CARE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T.

First when Maggy was my care,  
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;  
Now we're married, spier nae mair,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,  
Sweet and harmless as a child;  
Wiser men than me's beguil'd,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,  
How we love, and how we gree;  
I carena by how few may see,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,  
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;  
I could write, - but Meg maun see't,  
Whistle o'er the lave o't.