

A YOUNG LASS'S SOLILOQUY.

AN' so it seems it is reported,
That I hae ne'er been woo'd nor courted,

But de'il speed lies;

The bonny lads came flocking round me,
Enough in conscience to confound me,

Like hives of bees.

But I was cald as winter snaw,
An' nae return would ever shaw

For a' their favours;

An' now ye see ye hae been wrang,
Nae mair o' me ye'll make a fang,

But had ye'r clavers.

Yet out o' spite I'll tell the rest,
An' which o' them I liked best,

Wha was fae clever,

To

To melt this icy breast o' mine,
To take my heart without design,
An' keep it ever.

It was a lad wi' yellow hair,
Wi' rosy cheeks, an' forehead fair,
An' light blue een;

The like o' him on hill or dale,
In borough's town, or country vale,
Was never seen.

O vow but he was proud an' faucy,
An' better loo'd anither lassie,

Wha had some filler;
But I hae five an five good nails,
An', ere my strength or courage fails,
I'll wi' them till her.