Lass o Glenshee

One fine summers day, when the heather was blooming

And the silent hills hummed wi' the honey-lade bee

I met a fair maid as hameward was roaming

A herding her sheep on the hills o Glenshee

I kissed and caressed her, and said, my dear lassie

If you will but gang to St. Johnstone wi' me

There's nane o' the fair shall set foot on the causeway

Wi' clothing mair fine than the lass o' Glenshee

A carriage o' pleasure ye shall hae to ride in

And folks shall say madam when they speak to thee

An' servants ye'll hae for to beck at your biddin’

I'll mak you my lady, sweet lass o' Glenshee

Oh mock nae me, sir, wi' your carriage to ride in

Nor think that your grandeur I value a flea

I would think mysel' blessed in a coatie o' plaidin'

Wi' an innocent herd on the hills o' Glenshee.

Oh leave me sweet lad, for I’m sure I would blunder

An' set a' the gentry a-laughin' at me

They are book-taught ill manners baith auld and young yonder

A thing we ken nocht o' up here in Glenshee

Dinna think o' such stories and get o’er beside me

Ere Phoebus gaes round my sweet bride you will be

This night, in my arms I will dote on you kindly

She smiled, she consented I took her wi me.

Now years hae gane by since we buskit the gither

And seasons hae changed, but nae change is wi` me

She's ever as fair as the fine summer weather

When the sun's at its height on the hills o' Glenshee