

# My Love she's but a lassie yet.

AIR — *My love she's but a lassie yet* — Blake's edition of select Scottish Airs.

Vivace.

My Love she's but a lassie yet, My Love she's but a lassie yet; We'll let her stand a

year or twa, She'll no be half sae saucy yet. I rue the day I sought her, O, I

rue the day I sought her, O; Wha gets her needs na say he's wood, But he may say he's bought her, O.

2.

The deil's got in our lasses now,  
 The deil's got in our lasses now;  
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,  
 Gude faith! they make us asses now:—  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,  
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,  
 Whane'er I spake, she turn'd her back,  
 And sneer'd: "Ye're mair than forty, O."

3.

Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!  
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!  
 Tho' crouse a-field I gaed to woo,  
 I'm hame come back a gawky now!  
 I rue the day I sought her, O,  
 I rue the day I sought her, O;  
 Wha gets her needs na say he's wood,  
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.