

Lori Watson, Merl

The yella-haired laddie hes handsome and fine
Wi cheeks like the red rose, his een how they shine
An saftly he sings as the merl on the tree
An dearly Id lo him gin he wid lo me
My faither has riches an men at his ca
The yella-haired laddie hes naithin at a
It maks him sae bashful an little kens he
how dearly Id lo him gin he wid lo me
Theres mealy moud Andrew cams up fae the mill
An lang Will the fairmer cams doon fae the hill
They crack wi ma faither o markets an kye
As gin wi their siller my love they could buy
Theres Adam the factor, he scrapes an he bows
An cas on the starns a tae witness his vows
But he coorts my tocher an sae he is free
Tae mairry my tocher, hell neer mairry me
The maid she sang freely as she milket her kye
The yella-haired laddie stood listenin near by
Though mither should flyt an though faither should ban
The yella-haired laddie wid be my guid man
She sang wi sae saft and enchantin a soond
That silvans an faeries, unseen, danced aroon
The laddie sprang forth, an eer she kent who
Hed sealed a her wishes wi kisses sae true