

Robert Burns, Bonie Lesley

BONIE LESLEY

(Robert Burns)

O, Saw ye bonie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther!
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!
Thou airt a queen, fair Lesley-
Thy subjects, we before thee!
Thou art divine, fair Lesley-
The hearts o' men adore thee.
The Deil he could na skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee,
He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say:-'I canna wrang thee!
The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee:
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonie.

Tune: The Colliers Dochter (339)

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