

Robert Burns, I Maun Hae A Wife

I Maun Hae a Wife

I maun hae a wife, whatsoe'er she be
An' she be a woman, that's enough for me.
cho: Buy broom besoms! Wha will buy them noo?
Fine heather ringers, better never grew.
If that she be bonnie, I shall think her right,
If that she be ugly, where's the odds at night?
O, an' she be young, how happy I shall be
If that she be auld, the sooner she will dee.
If that she be fruitfu', O what joy is there!
If she should be barren, less will be my care.
If she like a drappie, she and I'll agree,
If she dinna like it, there's the mair for me.
Be she green or greym be she black or fair
Let her be a woman, I shall seek nae mair.

Collected by Robert Burns

Note: A nice counterpoise to several old maid songs. See also

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