

## Bonnie Jean

(Tune: There was a Lass)

There was a lass and she was fair,  
At kirk and market to be seen,  
When a' the fairest maids were met,  
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammy's wark  
And aye she sang sae merrilie;  
The blythest bird upon the bush.  
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

(labour),  
(so)

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
That bless the little lintwhite's nest;  
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
And love will break the soundest rest.

(linnet's)

Young Robbie\* was the brawest lad,  
The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

(finest)

(oxen, cattle)  
(horses)

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,  
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down;  
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,  
Her heart was tint, her peace was stoun!

(went, cattle sale)

(long, knew)  
(lost, stolen)

As in the bosom of the stream,  
The moon beam dwells at dewy e'en;  
So trembling pure was tender love  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

(evening)

And now she works her mammy's wark,  
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
Yet wist na what her ail might be,  
Or what wad make her weel again.

(labour)

(knew not, ailment)  
(would, well)