

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her e'e,
As Robbie tauld a tale o' love
Ae e'ening on the lily lea?

(not, jump)
(not, eye)
(told)
(one evening)

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
His cheek to hers he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

(each)

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O canst thou think to fancy me,
Or wilt thou leve thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent the farms wi' me.'

(love)
(mother's cot)
(tend)

'At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee;
But stray amang the heather-bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.'

(not)
(nothing)
(among)
(tend)

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had ane will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet coset,
And love was aye between the twa.

(no, refuse?)
(two)

This song was written for Jean McMurdo, daughter of John McMurdo.