

My Tocher's The Jewel

O, meikel thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

(much)
(much)
(I know perfectly well)
(dowry's)

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee!
My laddie's sae meikle in luve wi' the siller
He canna hae luve to spare for me!

(honey)
(so much, money)
(cannot have)

Your proffer o' luve's an airle - penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune may try.

(earnest - money)
(would)
(if)
(so, another)

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree:
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An ye'll crack ye're credit wi' mair nor me!

(timber)
(from)
(more)

Note: The second last couplet of the first stanza and the final two of the second are old, the remainder is from Burns.