

Whistle o'er the Lave o't

First when Maggie was my care,
Heav'n, I thought was in her air;
Now we're married spier nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave o't!

(inquire no more)
(the others)

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child
Wiser men than me's beguil'd;
Sae whiste o'er the lave o't!

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree,
I care na by how few may see
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

(agree)
(not)

Wha I wish were maggot's meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write But Meg wad see't
Whistle o'er the lave o't!

(who)
(would)