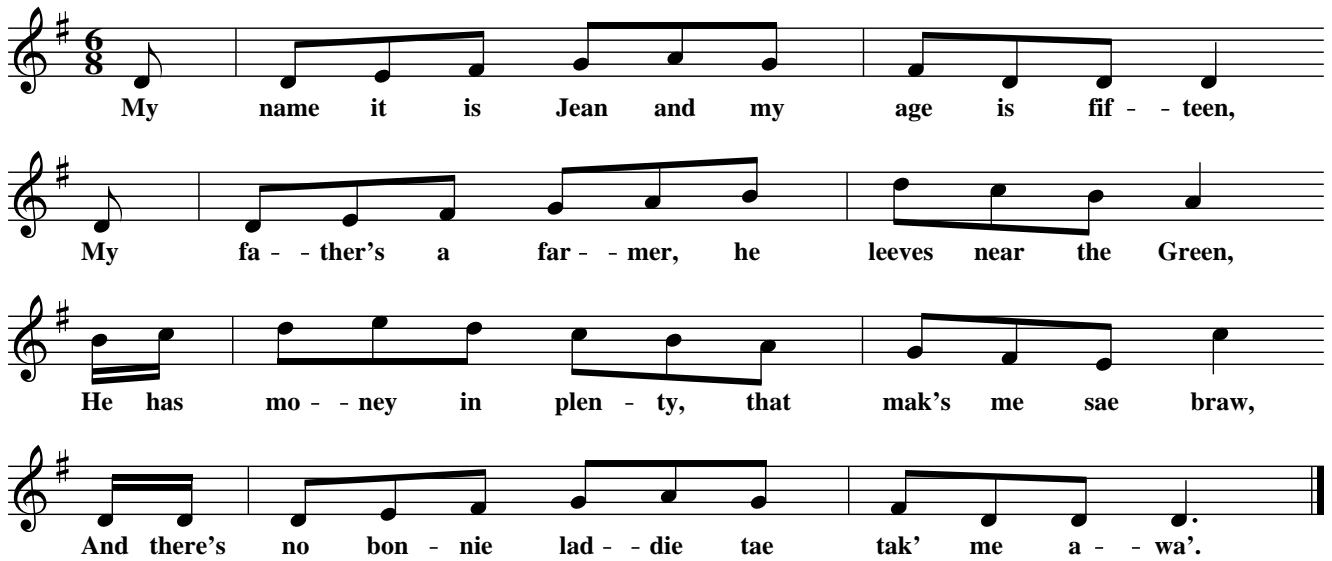


Nae Bonnie Laddie tae Tak' Me Awa'



My name it is Jean and my age is fif - - teen,
My fa - - ther's a far - - mer, he leeves near the Green,
He has mo - - ney in plen - ty, that mak's me sae braw,
And there's no bon - nie lad - - die tae tak' me a - - wa'.

My name it is Jean and my age is fifteen,
My father's a farmer, he leeves near the Green,
He has money in plenty, that mak's me sae braw,
And there's no bonnie laddie tae tak' me awa'.

When I rise in the morning my spirits is low,
The very first thing tae the taypot I go,
With my toes in the ashes I sit by the wa'
And sigh for a laddie tae tak' me awa'.

My shoes they are made o' the 'lastic so strong,
That they are admired by both old and young,
A sixpence would cover my heels, they're so sma',
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie tae tak' me awa'.

It's ten times a day I luk in the glass,
I think tae mysel' I'm a gye bonnie lass,
Wi' my hands on my hanches I gie a "Ha, ha!"
Saying, "Is there nae bonnie laddie tae tak' me awa'?"

At church every Sunday I'm sure to be there,
But the clergy ne'er mentions in preachin' or prayer,
In preachin' or prayer there's nae word ava
Tae order young men tae tak' lasses awa'.

Each evening at duskis I mak' mysel' clean,
Wi' ruffles an' ribbons as gay as a queen,
Wi' the finest hair cushions and curls sae braw,
Yet there's nae bonnie laddie tae tak' me awa'.

And when I come hame then my mother does cry,
"For as braw as ye're dressed a' the lads pass ye by,
Ere I was your age I had lads twenty-twa,
But I think ne'er a laddie will tak' ye awa'."

This speech o' my mother's it mak's me quite mad,
For tae think that I'm courted by never a lad,
Yet I hope the time's comin' when it will end a'
And some bonnie laddie will tak' me awa'.

Then be not offended at what I hae said,
For it's but the language o' every young maid,
It's the wish o' a' wishes o' yin and o' a'
That some bonnie laddie will tak' them awa'.