Frenet Ha'

Bauldie Scrimezour



Quhair wile I lay my hede, Quhair lay my bodie doune, Qhairfor na am I died, Sen' wandrin' I bene bown; O! Marie ze war fairer than ony goud or gear; O! bot my hert is sairer than't has bene mony zeir.

O! blythsom was the wi time, That I hae spent wi thee, Aft kiss't that cheik o' thyne, As ze sat on my knee. But cauld's thy bodie now Marie, O! dull thy blinkin' E'e, Quhairfor do I here tarry, An' canna win to thee. He sat doune on a stane, His hame was far awa; He sicht an' made a mane, An sicht O! Frenet Ha'. Syne drew his schairp Sword frae its shethe, It gleitert wi' the Sun, An ay he cry'd dear Mary, My Love to thee I come.