Gie My Love Brose

Gie My Love Brose

cho: O gie my love brose, lasses;
O gie my love brose' and butter,
For nane in Carrick wi' him
Can gie a c*** its supper.

Jenny sits up i' the laft,
Jockie wad fain a been at her;
But there cam a wind out o the west
Made a' the winnocks to clatter,

The laverock lo'es the grass,
The paetrick lo'es the stibble:
And hey, for the gardiner lad,
To gully awa wi' his dibble!

My daddie sent me to the hill
To pu' my minnie some heather;
An drive it in your fill,
Ye're welcome to the leather.

The Mouse is a merry wee beast,
The Moudiewart wants the een;
And O, for a touch o' the thing
I had in my nieve yestreen.

We a' were fou yestreen,
The night shall be its brither;
And hey, for a roaring pin
To nail twa wames the gither!

Collected (?) by Robert Burns
See notes on Nicht Owre
ARB