

Lassie

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie dae wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her puir Jenny for siller an' lan'.

He's ayeways complainin' frae mornin' tae evenin',
He hoasts an he hirples the weary day lang;
He's doylt an he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
O, weary's the night wi' a crazy auld man.

He hums an he hankers, he frets an he cankers,
I never can please him dae a' that I can;
He's peevish, he's jealous o' a' the young fellas, -
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie on me she taks pity,
I'll do my endeavour tae follow her plan;
I'll cross him, I'll wrack him, until I heartbrak him
An then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.