

Robert Burns (1759-96)

7 *Last May a Braw Wooer*

Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,  
And sair wi' his love he did deave me:  
I said there was naething I hated like men —  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,  
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me. 5

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,  
And vow'd for my love he was dying;  
I said he might die when he liked for Jean:  
The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,  
The Lord forgie me for lying! 10

A weel-stockèd mailen, himsel' for the laird,  
And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:  
I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd;  
But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,  
But thought I might hae waur offers. 15

But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less,  
The deil tak his taste to gae near her!  
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,  
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,  
Guess ye how, the jad! I could bear her. 20

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,  
I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock;  
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there?  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,  
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock. 25

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,  
Lest neebors might say I was saucy;  
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,  
And vow'd I was his dear lassie. 30

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
Gin she had recover'd her hearin',  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet —  
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin' a swearin',  
But, heavens! how he fell a swearin'. 35

He beggèd for Gudesake I wad be his wife  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:  
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,  
I think I maun wed him to-morrow. 40

1795

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