

Charles Kingsley (1819-75)

11 *Scotch Song*

Oh, forth she went like a braw, braw bride
To meet her winsome groom,
When she was aware of twa bonny birds
Sat biggin' in the broom.

The tane it built with the green, green moss, 5
But and the bents sae fine,
And the tither wi' a lock o' lady's hair
Linked up wi' siller twine.

'O whaur gat ye the green, green moss, 10
O whaur the bents sae fine?
And whaur gat ye the bonny broun hair
That ance was tress o' mine?'

'We gat the moss fra' the elditch aile,
The bents fra' the whinny muir,
And a fause knight threw us the bonny broun hair, 15
To please his braw new fere.'

'Gae pull, gae pull the simmer leaves,
And strew them soft o'er me;
My token's tint, my love is fause,
I'll lay me doon and dee.' 20

1847

(From *Poems*. London: Macmillan, 1889)