

Hector MacNeill (1746-1818)

4 *The Wee Thing; or, Mary of Castle-Cary*

A Ballad.

'Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye mine ain thing?
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white; 5
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red, red her ripe lips! And sweeter than roses: —
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea; 10
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw tree.

Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-white;
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses: 15
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!'

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
She never loo'd ony, till ance she loo'd me.' 20

'Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary:
Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee: —
Fair as your face is, war't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!'

'It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary; 25
It was then your true love I met by the tree:
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.'

Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee! — 30
'Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and your scorning:
Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Awa wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling. —
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing, 35
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling ee!

'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
Is it my true love here that I see!
'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!' 40

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