

Robert Burns (1759-96)

6 *The Lass that made the Bed to me*

Tune — *The Lass that made the Bed to me.*

I.

When Januar' wind was blawing cauld,
As to the north I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

II.

By my good luck a maid I met, 5
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

III.

I bow'd fu' low, unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie; 10
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bade her mak a bed for me.

IV.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips, 15
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye soun'."

V.

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head. 20

VI.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And, to salute her wi' a kiss,

I put my arms about her neck.

VII.

“Haud off your hands, young man,” she says, 25
 “And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae onie love for me,
 O wrang na my virginitie!”

VIII.

Her hair was like the links o’ gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie; 30
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

IX.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see;
Her limbs the polish’d marble stane, 35
 The lass that made the bed to me.

X.

I kiss’d her owre and owre again,
 And aye she wist na what to say,
I laid her between me and the wa’ —
 The lassie thought na lang till day. 40

XI.

Upon the morrow when we rase,
 I thank’d her for her courtesie;
But aye she blush’d, and aye she sigh’d,
 And said, “Alas! ye’ve ruin’d me.”

XII.

I clasp’d her waist, and kiss’d her syne, 45
 While the tear stood twinkling in her e’e;
I said, “My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye aye shall mak the bed to me.”

XIII.

She took her mither’s Holland sheets,
 And made them a’ in sarks to me: 50

Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

XIV.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me;
I'll ne'er forget, till the lady I die, 55
The lass that made the bed to me!

1795

(From *The Complete Works of Robert Burns*. Vol. 2.
Glasgow, 1870)