



The Lawland Lads think they are fine
But oh they're vain and idle gaudy
How much unlike the graceful mein
And manly looks o' my Highland Laddie

If I were free at will to choose
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady
I'd tak' young Donald without trows
Wi' bonnet blue and Highland plaidie

*Oh my bonnie bonnie Highland Laddie
Oh my bonnie bonnie Highland Laddie
When I was sick and like to die
He rowed me in his Highland plaidie*

O'er Bently Hill wi' him I'll run
And leave my Lawland kin and daddy
Frae winters chill and summers sun
He'll screen me in his Highland plaidie

A painted room, a silken bed
Maun please a Lawland Lord and Lady
But I could kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in his Highland plaidie

Nae greater joy I'll ever pretend
Than that his love prove true and steady
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end
While heaven preserves my Highland Laddie

*Oh my bonnie bonnie Highland Laddie
Oh my bonnie bonnie Highland Laddie
When I was sick and like to die
He rowed me in his Highland plaidie*

- Robert Burns -