

## Highland Laddie, Highland Lassie

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 -