

My Love She's but a Lassie Yet

A ^A My Love she's but a lassie yet,
^{E7} A lightsome lovely lassie yet;
^A It scarce wad do to sit and woo
^D Down by the stram sae glassy yet.

D ^A But there's a braw time coming yet,
^{Bm} Where we may gang a roaming yet;
^A An' hint wi' glee O' joys to be
^D When fa's the modest gloaming yet.

M ^A She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
^{E7} She's neither plump nor gaucy yet;
^A But just a jinking, bonny blinking,
^D Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

D ^A But O her artless smile's mair sweet,
^{Bm} Than hinny or than marmalete;
^A An' right or wrang, ere it be lang,
^D I'll bring her to a parley yet.

A I'm jealous o' what blesses her,
 The very breeze that kisses her,
E7
A **D** The flowery beds on which she treads,
A
 Though wae for ane that misses her.

A Then O to meet my lassie yet,
 Up in yon glen sae grassy yet;
Bm
A For all I see are nought to me,
D **A** Save her that's but a lassie yet.

