

Here's to thy health, my bonie lass (song)

Tune—"Laggan Burn."

HERE'S to thy health, my bonie lass,
 Gude nicht and joy be wi' thee;
 I'll come nae mair to thy bower-door,
 To tell thee that I lo'e thee.
 O dinna think, my pretty pink,
 But I can live without thee:
 I vow and swear I dinna care,
 How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me,
 Thou hast nae mind to marry;
 I'll be as free informing thee,
 Nae time hae I to tarry:
 I ken thy frien's try ilka means
 Frae wedlock to delay thee;
 Depending on some higher chance,
 But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
 But that does never grieve me;
 For I'm as free as any he;
 Sma' siller will relieve me.
 I'll count my health my greatest wealth,
 Sae lang as I'll enjoy it;
 I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
 As lang's I get employment.

But far off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And, aye until ye try them,
 Tho' they seem fair, still have a care;
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal' at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee;
 For the man that loves his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

Robert Burns