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Muirland Meg

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(Robert Burns, in Merry Muses of Caledonia)

Amang our young lassies there's Muirlan' Meg,
She'll beg or she'll work, and she'll play or she'll beg;
At thretteen her maidenhead flew to the gate,
And the door o' her cage stands open yet.
 And for a sheep-cloot she'll do't, she'll do't,
 And for a sheep-cloot, &c.
 And for a toop-horn, she'll do't to morn,
 And merrily turn and do't and do't.

Her kittle black een they wad thirl ye thro',
Her rose-bud lips cry kiss me just now;
The curls and links o' her bonny black hair,
Wad put you in mind, that the lassie has mair.
 And for, &c.

An armfu' o' love is her bosom sae plump;
A span o' delight is her middle sae jimp;
A taper white leg, and a thumpin thie,
And a fiddle near by, can ye play a wee?
 And for, &c.

Love's her delight, and kissing's her treasure,
She'll stick at nae price, an ye gie her good measure;
As lang's a sheep-fit an as girt's a goose egg.
O that's the measure o' Muirlan' Meg.
 And for, &c.

Sung by Oscar Brand and by Ewan MacColl

AJS
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