

Lesley Bailie — A Scots Ballad —

Tune, My bonie Lizzie Bailie —

The bonie Lesley Bailie

O she's gaen o'er the Border,
She's gaen, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther. —

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever.

For Nature made her what she is,
And never made anither. —

Thou, bonie Lesley, art a queen,
Thy subjects we, before thee:

Thou, bonie Lesley, art divine
The hearts o' men adore thee. —

The very Hell he could na scath
That ever wad belang thee;

He'd look into thy bonie face,
And say, I canna wrang thee. —

The Powers aboon will ay tak care,
Misfortune sha'na steer thee:

Thou

Thou art sae fuid & like themsel,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

My bonie Lesley Baikie,
Come back to Caledonie,
That we may brag we ha'e a lass,
O there's name again sae bonie.

The foregoing Ballad was composed as I galloped from
Cumberstrees to town, after spending the day with the
Family of Mayfield.