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Anonymous

***The Bonny Scot: Or, the Yielding Lass* (1688)**

To an Excellent New Tune.

As I sat at my spinning-wheel,
a bonny Lad there passed by,
ken'd him round, and I lik'd him well,
geud Faith he had a bonny Eye:
My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
But still I trun'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Most gracefully he did appear,
As he my presence did draw near,
And round about my slender Waste,
He clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd:
To kiss my Hand he down did kneel,
As I sate at my Spinning-Wheel.

My Milk-white Hand he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small,
And said, there was no Lady fair,

The Salamanca Corpus: *The Bonny Scot* (1688)

That ever could with me compare:
These pleasing words my Heart did feel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

Altho' I semeingly did chide,
Yet he would never be deny'd,
But did declare his love the more,
Untill my Heart was wounded sore,
That I my Love could scarce conceal;
But yet I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

A for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-Wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonders Mead:
My panting Heart strange Flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He stopt and gaz'd and blithly said,
Now speed thee weel my bonny Maid,
But if thou'st to the Hay-cock go,
I'll learn thee better Work, I trow;
Geud Faith I lik'd him passing weel,
But still I turn'd my Spinning-Wheel.

He lowly vail'd his Bonnet oft,
And sweetly Kist my Lips so soft,
Yet still between each honey Kiss.
He urg'd me gang to further bliss;
'Till I resistless Fire did feel,
Then let alone my Spinning-Wheel.

Among the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bonny Lad I lay,
What Damsel ever could deny,
A Youth with such a Charming Eye?
The Pleasure I cannot reveal,
Is far surpast the Spinning-Wheel.