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Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

I.

 *BESST BELL* and *MART GRAY*,
They are twa bonny Lassies,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.

Fair *BESST BELL* I loo'd yestreen,
and thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *MART GRAY*'s twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

II.

NOW *BESST*'s Hair's like a Lint Tap,
She smiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phæbus* starts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, saft is her Hand,
Her Waste and Feet's sow genty,
With ilka Grace she can command,
Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

III. AND

III.

AND *MARY*'s Locks are like the *Crow*,
 Her Eye like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, redd-up and brow,
 She kills when e'er she dances:
 Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming tight and tall is;
 And guides her Airs sae gracefou still,
 O *Jove*! She's like thy *Pallas*.

IV.

DEAR *BESSY BELL* and *MARY GRAT*,
 Ye unco' fair opprèss us:
 Our Fancy's jee between you twae,
 Ye are sic bonny Lassies:
 Wae's me! For baith I canna get,
 To ane by Law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.





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