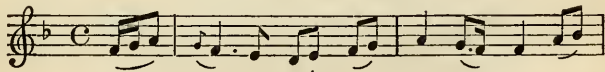
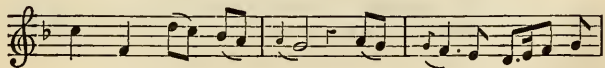


DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

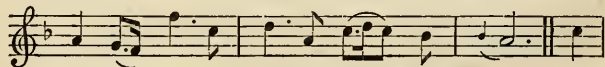
This song by Crawford appeared with its air in the *Orpheus Caledonius*. In the present and other modern reprints, an improved version of the last verse, from the pen of Burns, is adopted.



When trees did bud, and fields were green, And



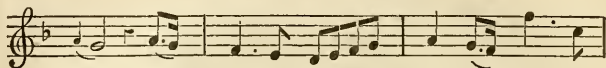
broom bloom'd fair to see; When Ma - ry was com -



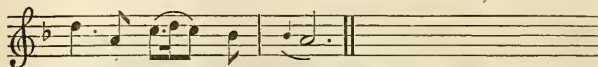
plete fif - teen, And love laugh'd in her e'e; Blithe



Davie's blinks her heart did move To speak her mind thus



free: Gang down the burn, Da - vie, love, And



I will fol - low thee.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her e'e ;
 Blithe Davie's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burnside ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white ;
 Her een were bonnie blue ;
 Her looks were like the morning bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
 And through the flow'ry dale ;
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And love was aye the tale.

With, Mary, when shall we return,
 Sic pleasure to renew ?

Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
 And aye will follow you.¹

¹ Burns was informed that the air of this song was composed by David Maigh, who, in his time, had been keeper of the blood-hounds to the Laird of Riddel, in Roxburghshire.