

# Whistle Owre The Lave O't

Robert Burns  
(as sung by Emily Smith)

Let me ryke up an' dight that tear  
An' gan wi me an' be my dear  
An' let your every care or fear  
Whistle owre the lave o't

Chorus:

For I am a fiddler tae ma trade  
An o' a' the tunes that I e'er I played  
The sweetest yet tae wife or maid  
Was whistle owre the lave o't

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there  
An' o' sae nicely we will fare  
We'll bowse about til daddie care!  
An whistle owre the lave o't

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke  
An' sun oorsels about the dyke  
An' at your leisure when ye like  
We'll whistle owre the lave o't

But bless me wi yer heavenly chairms  
An' while I kittle hair on thairms  
Hunger, cauld an a' sic hairms  
May whistle owre the lave o't

Scots:

Ryke - reach  
Dight - wipe  
Kirns - harvest homes  
Bowse - booze  
Banes - bones  
Pyke - pick  
Kittle hair on thairms - stir up fiddle strings  
A' sic - all such