The Lass of Cessnock Banks

The Lass of Cessnock Banks
(Robert Burns)

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and mien!
Our lasses a' she far excels-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phoebus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

She's stately like yon youthful ash,
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn,
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When ev'ning Phoebus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her hair is like the curling mist,
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
When flow'r-reviving rains are past-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her bosom's like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murm'ring streamlets flow-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen:
They tempt the taste and charm the sight-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phoebus sinks behind the seas-
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush,
That sings on Cessnock banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush -
An she has twa sparkling, roguish een!

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Tho matching Beauty's fabled Queen:
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace-
An chiefly in her roguish een!

Tune: If He be a Butcher Neat and Trim (11)
ARB

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