

Merry Muses of Caledonia by Robert Burns

Sing, Up wi't, Aily

Sing, Up wi't, Aily, Aily;
Doun wi kimmerland jock;
Deil ram their lugs, qo Willie,
But I hae scoored her dock! Encore!

They Teuk Me to the Haly Band

hey teuk me to the haly band,
For playin bye my wife, Sir;
An lang an sair they lectur'd me,
For hadin sic a life, Sir.
I answered in na mony wirds,
"What deel needs a' this clatter;
"As lang as she coud keep the grip
"I aye was mowin at her."

Ken ye na Oor Lass, Bess?

ken ye na oor lass, Bess?
An ken ye na oor lass, Bess?
Between her lily white thies
She's biggit a magpie's nest.

An ken ye na oor lad, Tam?
An ken ye na oor lad, Tam?
He's on o a three-fitted stool,
An up to the nest he clamb.

An what did he there, think ye?
An what did he there, think ye?
He brak a' the eggs o the nest,
An the white's ran doun her thie

Blythe Will an Bessie's Weddin

There was a weddin ower in Fife,
An mony ane frae Lothian at it;
Jean Vernor there maist lost her life,
For love o Jamie Howden at it.
Blythe Will an Bessie's weddin,
Blythe Will an Bessie's weddin,

Haed I been Will, Bess haed been mine,
An Bess an I haed made the weddin.
Richt sair she grat, an wet her cheeks,
An naething pleased that we coud gie her;
She tint her hert in Jeamie's breeks,
It cam nae back to Lothian wi her.

Tammie Tamson too was there,
Maggie Birnie was his dearie,
He pat it in amang the hair,
An puddled there till he was weary.
When e'enin cam the toun was thrang,
An beds were no to get for siller;

When e'er they fand a want o room,
They lay in pairs like breid an butter.
Twa an twa they made the bed,
An twa an twa they lay the gither;
When they haed na room eneuch,
Ilk ane lap on abuin the tither.

The Reels o Bogie

You lads an lasses a' that dwell
In the toun o Strathbogie,
Whene'er you meet a pretty lass,
Be shuir you tip her coggie.

The lads an lasses toy an kiss,
The lads ne'er think it is amiss
To bang the holes whereout they piss,
An that's the reels o Bogie.

There's Kent, an Keen, an Aiberdeen,
An the toun o Strathbogie,
Where every lad mey have his lass,
Nou that I've got my coggie.

They spreid wide their snaw-white thies
An rowe aboot their wanton een,
An when they see your pintle rise
They'll dance the reels o Bogie.

A trooper gaun ower the lea,
He swore that he wad steer me,
An lang before the brak o day,
He giggled, goggled near me.

He put a stiff thing in my hand,
I could not bear the bangin o't
But lang before he went awa
I suppled baith the ends o't.

His pintle was o largest size,
Indeed it was a banger,
He socht a prize between my thies
Till it became a hanger.

Haed you but seen the wee bit skin -
He haed to put his pintle in,
You'd sworn it was a chitterlin
Dancin the reels o Bogie.

He turned aboot to fire again
An gie me t'other sally,
An as he fired I ne'er retired
But received him in my alley.

His pebbles they went thump, thump,
Against my little wanton rump,
But suin I left him but the stump
To dance the reels o Bogie.

Said I, young man, mair you can't dae,
I think I've granted your desire,
By bobbin on my wanton clue,
You see your pintle's a' on fire.

When on my back I work like steel
An bar the door wi my left heel,
The mair you fuck the less I feel,
An that's the reels o Bogie.

The Bonniest Lass

The bonniest lass that ye meet neist
Gie her a kiss an a' that,
In spite o ilka pairish priest,
Repentin stool, an a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
Their mim-mou'd sangs an a' that,
In time an place convenient,
They'll do't themsels for a' that.

Your patriarchs in days o yore,
Haed their handmaids an a' that;
O bastard gets, some haed a score
An some haed mair than a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
Your langsyne saunts, an a' that,
Were fonder o a bonnie lass,
Than you or I, for a' that.

King Davie, when he waxed auld,
An's bluid ran thin, an a' that,
An fand his cods were growin cauld,
Could not refrain, for a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
To keep him warm an a' that,
The dochters o Jerusalem
Were waled for him, an a' that.

Wha wadna peety thae sweet dames
He fumbled at, an a' that,
An raised their bluid up into flames
He couldna droun, for a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
He wanted pith, an a' that;
For, as to what we shall not name,
What could he dae but claw that.

King Solomon, prince o divines,
Wha proverbs made, an a' that,
Baith mistresses an concubines
In hundreds haed, for a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
Tho a preacher wice an a' that,
The smuttiest sang that e'er was sung
His Sang o Sangs is a' that.

Then still I swear, a clever chiel
Should kiss a lass, an a' that,
Tho priests consign him to the deil,
As reprobate, an a' that.

For a' that an a' that,
Their cantin stuff, an a' that,
They ken nae mair wha's reprobate
Than you or I, for a' that.

Oor John's Brak Yestreen

Twa neebor wifes sat i' the sun,
A twynin at their rocks,
An they an airgument began,
An a' the plea was cocks.

'twas whether they were sinnens strang,
Or whether they were bane?
An how they rowed aboot your thoum,
An how they stan't themlane?

First, Raichie gae her rock a rug,
An syne she clawed her tail;
When oor Tam draws on his breeks,
It waigles like a flail.

" Says Bess, "they're bane I will maintain,
"An pruif in haun I'll gie;
"For oor John's it brak yestreen,
"An the margh ran doun my thie."

Brose an Butter

Brose an Butter
Gie my Love brose, brose,
Gie my Love brose an butter;
An gie my Love brose, brose,

Yestreen he wanted his supper.
Jenny sits up i' the laft,
Jocky wad fain a been at her;
There cam a win' oot o the wast
Made a' the windaes to clatter.

Gie my Love brose &c.

A dow's a denty dish;
A goose is hollow within;
A sicht wad mak you blush,
But a' the fun's to fin'.

Gie my &c.

My Dadie sent me to the hill,
To powe my minnie some heather;
An drive it in your fill,
Ye're welcome to the leather.

Gie my &c.

A moose is a merry wee beast;
A modewurck wants the een;
An O for the touch o the thing
I haed i' my nieve yestreen.

Gie my Love &c.

The lark she loes the gress;
The hen she loes the stibble;
An hey for the Gar'ner lad,
To gully awa wi his dibble.--

There Cam a Cadger

There cam a cadger oot o Fife,
I watna how they ca'd him;
He played a trick to oor gudewife,
When fient a body bad him.

Fal, lal, &c.
He teuk a lang thing stoot an strang,
An strack it in her gyvel;
An ay she swore she fand the thing
Ge borin by her nyvel.

Fal, lal, &c.

Cuddy the Cooper

There was a cooper they ca'd him Cuddy,
He was the best cooper that ever I saw;
He cam to girth oor landlady's tubbie,
He banged her buttocks again the wa'.

Cooper qo she, hae ye ony money?
The deevil a penny, qo Cuddy, at a!
She teuk oot her purse, an she gied him a guinea,
For bangin her buttocks again the wa'.

Comin Ower the Hills o Coupar

Donald Brodie met a lass,
Comin ower the hills o Coupar,
Donald wi his Hieland hand
Graipit a' the bits about her.

Comin ower the hills o Coupar,
Comin ower the hills o Coupar,

Donald in a sudden wrath
He ran his Hieland durk into her.
Weel I wat she was a quine,
Wad made a body's mooth to watter;
Oor Mess John, wi's auld grey pow,
His haly lips wad licket at her.

Up she started in a fricht,
Throu the braes what she could bicker:
Let her gang, qo Donald, nou
For in him's nerse my shot is siccar.
Kate Mackie cam frae Parlon craigs,
The road was foul tweesh that an Couper;
She shaw'd a pair o handsome legs,
When Hieland Donald he overtook her.

Comin ower the muir o Couper,
Comin ower the muir o Couper,

Donald fell in love wi her
An rowed his Hieland plaid about her.
They teuk them to the Logan steps
An set them doun to rest thegither,

Donald laid her on her back
An fired a Hieland pistol at her.
Lochleven Castle heard the rair,
An Falkland-hoose the echo sounded;
Hieland Donald gae a stare,
The lassie sixed, but was nae wounded.

Denty Davie

Bein pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down
An weel I wat he was worth his room,
My ain dear denty Davie.

O leeze me on his curly pow,
Bonnie Davie, denty Davie;
Leeze me on his curly pow,
He was my denty Davie.

My minnie laid him at my back,
I trow he lay na lang at that,
But turned, an in a vera crack
Produced a denty Davie.

Then in the field amang the pease,
Behin' the hoose o Cherrytrees,
Again he wan atweesh my thies,
An, splash! gaed oot his gravy.

But haed I gowd, or haed I land,
It should be a' at his command;
I'll ne'er forget what he pat i' my hand
, It was a denty Davie.

Put Butter In My Donald's Brose

Put butter in my Donald's brose,
For weel dis Donald fa' that;
I loe my Donald's tartans weel
His naked erse an a' that.

For a' that, an a' that,
An twice as meikle's a' that,
The lassie gat a skelpit doup,
But wan the day for a' that.

For Donald swore a solemn aith,
By his first hairy gravat!
That he wad fecht the battle there,
An stick the lass, an a' that.

His hairy ballocks, side an wide,
Hang like a beggar's wallet;

A pentle like a roarin-pin,
She nichered when she saw that!!!

Then she turned up her hairy cunt,
An she bade Donald claw that;
The deevil's dizzen Donald drew,
An Donald gied her a' that.

Duncan Macleerie

Duncan Macleerie an Janet his wife,
They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife;
But instead o a knife they coft but a bleerie;
We're very weel saird. qo Duncan Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie haes got a new fiddle,
It's a' strung wi hair, an a hole in the middle;
An ay when he plays on't, his wife leuks sae cheary,
Very weel duin, Duncan, qo Janet Macleerie.

Duncan he played till his bow it grew greasy;
Janet grew fretfu, an unco uneasy.
Hoot, qo she, Duncan, ye're unco suin weary;
Play us a pibroch, qo Janet Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie played on the herp,
An Janet Macleerie danced in her sark;
Her sark it was short, her cunt it was hairy,
Very weel danced, Janet, qo Duncan Macleerie.

Epitaph for Johannes Fuscus Hic Jacet Quondam Horologiorum Faber

In Mauchline Lament him,
Mauchline husbands a',
He aften did assist ye!
Tho ye haed bidden years awa

Your wifes wad ne'er hae miss't ye.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as bye ye pass
To schuil in bands thegither,
O tread but lichtly on the gress,
Perhaps he was your faither!

Key: Johannes Fuscus: "Dark-avisit John", ie John Broun

Epitaph for Hugh Logan, esq., o Laight

Here lyes Squire Hugh--ye harlot crew,
Come mak your watter on him,
I'm shuir that he weel pleased wad be
To think ye pished upon him.

Errock Brae

O Errock stane, mey never maid,
A maiden by thee gae,
Nor e'er a stane o stanin graith,
Gae stanin ower the brae.

An tillin Errock brae, young man,
An tillin Errock brae,
An open fur an stanin graith,
Maun till the Errock brae.

As I sat by the Errock stane,
Surveyin far an near,
Up cam a Cameronian,
Wi a' his preachin gear.

He flang the Bible ower the brae,
Amang the rashy gerse;
But the solemn league an covenant
He laid below my erse.

But on the edge o Errock brae,
He gae me sic a sten,
That ower, an ower, an ower we rowed,
Till we cam to the glen.

Yet still his pentle held the grip,
An still his ballocks hang;
That a Synod coud na tell the erse
To wham they did belang.

A Prelate he lowps on before,
A Catholic behin',
But gie me a Cameronian,
He'll mowe a body blin'.

Gie the Lass Her Fairin

O gie the lass her fairin lad,
O gie the lass her fairin,
An something else she'll gie to you,
That's waly worth the wearin;

Syne cowp her ower amang the creels,
When ye hae taen your brandy,

The mair she bangs the less she squeels,
An hey for houghmagandie.

Then gie the lass a fairin, lad,
O gie the lass her fairin,
An she'll gie you a hairy thing,
An o it be na sparlin;

But cowp her ower amang the creels,
An bar the door wi baith your heels,
The mair she bangs the less she squeels,
An hey for houghmagandie.

To Alexander Findlater

Dear Sir, oor Lucky humbly begs
Ye'll pree her caller, new-laid eggs:
Lord grant the Cock mey keep his legs,
Abuin the Chuckies;
An wi his kittle, forket clegs,
Claw weel their dockies!

Haed Fate that curst me in her ledger,
A Poet puir, & poorer Gager,
Created me that feathered Sodger,
A generous Cock,
How I wad craw & strut an roger
My kecklin Flock!

Burkit wi mony a bien, braw feather,
I wad defied the warst o weather:
When corn or bear I could na gaither
To gie my burdies;
I'd treated them wi caller heather,
An weel-knoozed hurdies.

Nae cursed CLERICAL EXCISE
On honest Natur's laws & ties;
Free as the vernal breeze that flees
At early day,
We'd tasted Natur's richest joys,
But stint or stey.--

But as this subject's something kittle,
Oor wicest way's to say but little;
An while my Muse is at her mettle,
I am, maist fervent,
Or mey I dee upon a whittle!
Your Freend & Servant

ROBT BURNS The Fornicator

A new Sang Ye jovial boys wha love the joys,
The blissful joys o Lovers,
Yet daur avow, wi dauntless brou,
When the bony lass discovers, I
 pray draw near, an lend an ear,
An welcome in a Frater,
For I've lately been on quarantine,
A pruiven Fornicator.

Before the Congregation wide,
I passed the muster fairly,
My handsome Betsy by my side,
We gat oor ditty rarely;
But my downcast ee did chance to spy
What made my lips to watter,
Thae limbs sae clean where I between
Commenced a Fornicator.

Wi ruefu face an signs o grace
I payed the buttock-hire,
But the nicht was dark an throu the park I could not but convoy her;
A partin kiss, I could not less,
My vows began to scatter,
My Betsy fell-lal de dal lal lal,
I am a Fornicator.

But for her sake this vow I mak,
An solemnly I swear it,
That while I own a single croun
She's welcome for to share it;
An my roguish boy his Mither's joy
An the darlin o his Pater,
For him I boast my pains an cost,
Altho a Fornicator.

Ye wenchin blades whase hirelin jades
Have tipt you aff blue-joram,
I tell you plain, I dae disdain
To rank you in the Quorum;

But a bony lass upon the gress
To teach her esse Mater,
An no reward but fond regaird,
O that's a Fornicator.

Your warlike Kings an Heros bauld,
Great Captains an Commanders;
Your mighty Caesars famed o auld,
An conquerin Alexanders;
In fields they focht an laurels bocht,
An bulwarks strang did batter,
But still they graced oor noble list,
An ranked Fornicator!!!

The Jolly Gauger

There was a jolly gauger, a gaugin he did ride,
An he haes met a beggar doun by yon river side.

An weel gang nae mair a rovin wi ladies to the wine,
When a beggar wi her meal-pocks can fidge her tail sae fine.

Amang the broom he laid her; amang the broom sae green,
An he's fa'n to the beggar, as she haed been a queen.

An we'll gang &c.

My blessins on thee, laddie, thoo's duin my turn sae weel,
Wilt thoo accept, dear laddie, my pock an pickle meal?

An weel, &c.

Sae blythe the beggar teuk the bent, like ony bird in spring,
Sae blythe the beggar teuk the bent, an merrily did sing.

An weel, &c.

My blessins on the gauger, o gaugers he's the chief,
Sic kail ne'er crost my kettle, nor sic a joint o beef.

An weel, &c.

O Gin I Haed Her

O gin I haed her,
Ay gin I haed her,
O gin I haed her,
Black altho she be.
I wad lay her bale,
I'd gar her spew her kail;
She ne'er soud keep a mail,
Till she dandled it on her knee.

She says, I am licht
To manage maiters richt,
That I've nae micht or wecht
To fill a lassie's ee;

But wad she tak a yokin,
I wad put a cock in;
A quarter o't to flocken,
I wad frankly gie.

She Gripet at the Girttest O't

Oor bride flate, an oor bride flang,
But lang before the laverock sang,
She pay't him twice for every bang,
An gripet at the girttest o't.

Oor bride turned her to the wa',
But lang before the cock did craw,
She teuk him by the ballocks an a',
An gripet at the girttest o't.

Godly Girzie

The nicht it was a haly nicht,
The day haed been a haly day;
Kilmarnock gleamed wi candle licht,
As Girzie hameward teuk her wey.

A man o sin, ill mey he thrive!
An never haly-meetin see!
Wi godly Girzie met belyve,
Amang the Craigie hills sae hie.

The chiel was wicht, the chiel was stark,
He wad na wait to chap nor ca',
An she was faint wi haly wark,
She haed na pith to say him na.

But ay she glowred up to the muin,
An ay she sixed maist piouslie;
"I trust my hert's in heeven abuin,
"Whare'er your sinfu pentle be."

Green Sleeves

Green sleeves an tartan ties
Mark my true love whare she lies:
I'll be at her or she rise,
My fiddle an I thegither.

Be it by the chrystal burn,
Be it by the milkwhite thorn;
I shall rouse her in the morn,
My fiddle an I thegither.

Grizzel Grimme

Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
Weel kend on Cluden-side:
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
O meikle fame an pride.

When gentles met in gentle bowers
An nobles in the ha',
Grim Grizzle was a mighty Dame,
The loodest o them a'.

Where lawless Riot raged the nicht
An Beauty durst na gang,
Grim Grizzel was a mighty Dame
Wham nae man e'er wad wrang.

Nor haed Grim Grizzel skill alane
What bower an ha' require;
But she haed skill, an meikle skill,
In barn an eke in byre.

Ae day Grim Grizzel walked forth,
As she was wont to dae,
Along the banks o Cluden fair,
Her cattle for to view.

The cattle shat ower hill an dale
As cattle will incline,
An sair it grieved Grim Grizzel's hert
Sae muckle muck tae tine.

An she haes ca'd on John o Clods,
O her herdsmén the chief,
An she haes ca'd on John o Clods,
An telled him a' her grief:--

"Nou wae betide thee, John o Clods!
I gie thee meal an fee,
An yet sae meickle muck ye tine
Micht a' be gear to me!

"Ye claut my byre, ye sweep my byre,
The like was never seen;
The very chaumer I lie in
Was never hauf sae clean.

"Ye ca' my kye adoon the loan
An there they a' discharge:
My Tammie's hat, wig, heid an a'
Was never hauf sae lairge!

"But mind my wirts nou, John o Clods,
An tent me what I say:

My kye shall shite or they gae oot,
That shall they ilka day.

"An mind my wirds nou, John o Clods,
An tent nou wha ye serve;
Or back ye'se to the Colonel gang,
Aither to steal or starve."

Then John o Clods, he leuked up
An syne he leuked doun;
He leuked east, he leuked west,
He leuked roon' an roon'.

His bunnet an his rowantree club
Frae aither hand did fa';
Wi lifted een an open mooth
He naething said at a'.

At length he found his tremblin tongue,
Within his mooth was fauld:--
"Ae silly wurd frae me, madam,
Gin I daur be sae bauld.

"Your kye will at nae biddin shite,
Let me dae what I can;
Your kye will at nae biddin shite,
O onie earthly man.

"Tho ye are great Lady Glaur-hole,
For a' your pouer an are
Tho ye are great Lady Glaur-hole,
They winna let a fart."

"Nou wae betide thee, John o Clods!
An ill daith mey ye dee!
My kye shall at my biddin shite,
An that ye suin shall see."

Then she's taen Hawkie by the tail,
An wrung wi micht an main,
Till Hawkie rowted throu the wids
Wi agonisin pain.

"Shite, shite, ye bitch," Grim Grizzel roared,
Till hill an valley rang;
"An shite, ye bitch," the echoes roared
Lincluden wa's amang.

Nae Hair On't

Yestreen I wed a lady fair,
An ye wad believe me,
On her cunt there growes nae hair,
That's the thing that grieves me.

It vexed me sair, it plagued me sair,
It put me in a passion,
To think that I haed wad a wife,
Whase cunt was oot o fashion.

There's Hair On't

O, or yestreen I stented graith,
An labored lang an sair on't;
But fient a work, na work wad it,
There's sic a crap o hair on't.

There's hair on't, there's hair on't,
There's thretty thrive an mair on't;
But gin I live to anither year,
I'll tether my grey naigs on't.
An up the glen there rase a knowe,
Below the knowe a lair on't,
I maist haed perished, fit an horse,
I could na see for hair on't.

But I'll plant a stake into the flowe,
That ploomen mey tak care on't;
An lay twa steppin-stanes below,
An syne I'll cove the hair on't.

Ye'se Get a Hole to Hide It In

O will ye speak at oor toun,
As ye come frae the fair?
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;

Will ye speak at oor toun
As ye come frae the fair,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in
, Will haud it a' an mair.

O haud awa your hand, Sir,
Ye gar me ay think shame;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in;
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;

O haud awa your hand, Sir,
Ye gar me ay think shame;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
An think yoursel at hame.

O will ye let abee, Sir;
Toots! nou, ye've rivt my sark,
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;

O will ye let abee, Sir;
Toots! nou, ye've reft my sark;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Whare ye mey work your wark.

O haud awa your hand, Sir,
Ye're like to pit me daft;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;

O haed awa your hand,
Sir, Ye're like to put me daft;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it warm an saft.

O haed it in your hand, Sir,
Till I get up my claes,
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
Ye'se get a hole to hide it in;

O haed it in your hand,
Sir, Till I get up my claes;
An ye'se get a hole to hide it in,
To keep it frae the flaes.

Jenny Macraw

Jenny Macraw was a bird o the gemme,
An mony a shot haed been lowsed at her wame;
Be't a lang bearin airae, or the sherp-rattlin hail,
Still, whirr! she flew aff wi the shot in her tail.

Jenny Macraw to the mountains she's gaen,
Their leagues an their covenants a' she haes taen;
My heid nou, an hert nou, qo she, are at rest,
An for my puir cunt, let the deil dae his best.

Jenny Macraw on a midsummer morn,
She cut aff her cunt an she hang't on a thorn;
There she loot it hing for a year an a day,
But, oh! how leuked her erse when her cunt was awa.

Jockey was a Bonny Lad

My jockey is a bonny lad,
A denty lad, a merry lad,
A neat sweet pretty little lad,
An juist the lad for me.

For when we ower the meidows stray,
He's ay sae lively ay sae gay,
An aft richt canty dis he say,
There's nane he loes like me.

An he's ay huggin ay dawtin,
Ay clappin, ay pressin,
Ay squeezin, ay kissin,
An winna let me be.

I met my lad the ither day,
Friskin throu a field o hey,
Says he, dear Jenny, will ye stey,
An crack a while wi me.

Na, Jockey lad, I daurna stey,
My mither she'd miss me awa;
Syne she'll flyte an scaud a' day,
An play the diel wi me.
But Jockey still continued,
Hoot! Jockey, see my hair is doun,
An leuk you've torn a' my gown,
An how will I gae throu the toun,
Dear laddie tell to me.

He never minded what I said,
But wi my neck an bosom played;
Tho I intreated, begged an prayed
Him no to touzle me.

But Jockey still continued
Huggin, dawtin, clappin, squeezin,
An ay kissin, kissin, kissin,
Till doun cam we.

As braithless an fatigued I lay,
In his airms among the hey,
My bluid fast throu my veins did play
As he lay huggin me;

I thocht my braith wou'd never last,
For Jockey danced sae devilish fast;
But what cam ower, I trow, at last,
There diel ane kens but me.

But suin he wearied o his dance,
O a' his jumpin an his prance,
An confessed ithoot romance,
He was fain to let me be.

Johnie Scott

Whare will we get a coat to Johnie Scott,
Amang us maidens a'?
Whare will we get a coat to Johnie Scott,
To mak the laddie brow:

There's your cunt-hair, an there's my cunt-hair,
An we'll twine it wondrous sma';
An if waft be scarce, we'll cove oor erse,
To mak him kilt an a'.

He's Hoyed Me oot o Lauderdale

There lived a lady in Lauderdale,
She loe'd a fiddler fine;
She loe'd him in her chaumer,
She held him in her mind;

She made his bed at her bed-stock,
She said he was her brither;
But she's hoyed him oot o Lauderdale,
His fiddle an a' thegither.

First when I cam to Lauderdale,
I haed a fiddle guid,
My soundin-pin stuid like the aik
That growes in Lauder-wud;

But nou my soundin-pin's gaen doun,
An tint the fit forever;
She's hoyed me oot o Lauderdale,
My fiddle an a' thegither.

First when I cam to Lauderdale,
Your Ladyship can declare,
I played a bow, a noble bow,
As e'er was strung wi hair;

But downa do's come ower me nou,
An your Ladyship winna consider;
She's hoyed me oot o Lauderdale,
My fiddle an a' thegither.

The Linkin Laddie

Waes me that e'er I made your bed!
Waes me that e'er I saw ye!
For nou I've lost my maidenheid,
An I ken na how they ca' ye.

My name's weel kend in my ain countrie,
They ca' me the linkin laddie;
An ye haed na been as willin as I,
Shame fa' them wad e'er hae bade ye.

The Lass o Liviston

The bonny lass o Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken;
An ay the welcomer ye'll be,
The farther ben, the farther ben,

An she haes it written in her contract
To lie her lane, to lie her lane,
An I hae written in my contract
To claw her wame, to claw her wame.

The bonny lass o Liviston,
She's berry broun, she's berry broun;
An ye winna true her lovely locks,
Gae farther doun, gae farther doun.
She haes a black an a rollin ee,
An a dimplit chin, an a dimplit chin;
An no to pree her rosy lips,
Wad be a sin, wad be a sin.

The bonny lass o Liviston,
Cam in to me, cam in to me;
I wat wi baith ends o the busk,
I made me free, I made me free.

I laid her feet to my bed-stock,
Her heid to the wa', her heid to the wa';
An I gied her her wee coat in her teeth,
Her sark an a', her sark an a'.

Madgie Cam to My Bed-Stock

Madgie cam to my bed-stock,
To see gif I was waukin;
I pat my haun atweesh her feet,
An fand her wee bit maukin.

Fal, lal, &c.

Cunt it was the sowen-pat,
An pentle was the ladle;
Ballocks were the servin-men
That waited at the table.

Fal, lal, &c.

O Saw ye my Maggie?

Saw ye my maggie?
Saw ye my Maggie?
Saw ye my Maggie?
Comin ower the lea?

What mark haes your Maggie,
What mark haes your Maggie
, What mark haes your Maggie,
That ane mey ken her be?

My Maggie haes a mark,
Ye'll finnd it in the dark,
It's in below her sark,
A little abuin her knee.

What wealth haes your Maggie,
What wealth haes your Maggie,
What wealth haes your Maggie,
In tocher, gear, or fee?

My Maggie haes a treasure,
A hidden mine o pleasure,
I'll howk it at my leisure,
It's alane for me.

How loe ye your Maggy,
How loe ye your Maggy,
How loe ye your Maggy,
An loe nane but she?

Ein that tell oor wishes,
Eager glowin kisses,
Then diviner blisses,
In holy ecstasy!--

How meet you your Maggie,
How meet you your Maggie,
How meet you your Maggie,
When nane's to hear or see?

Heevenly joys before me,
Rapture tremblin ower me,
Maggie I adore thee,
On my bended knee!!!

How can I Keep my Maidenheid?

How can I keep my maidenheid,
My maidenheid, my maidenheid;
How can I keep my maidenheid,
Amang sae mony men, O.

The Captain bad a guinea for't,
A guinea for't, a guinea for't;
The Captain bad a guinea for't,
The Colonel he bad ten, O.

But I'll dae as my minnie did,
My minnie did, my minnie did;
But I'll dae as my minnie did,
For siller I'll hae nane, O.

I'll gie it to a bonnie lad,
A bonnie lad, a bonnie lad;
I'll gie it to a bonnie lad,
For juist as guid again, O.

An auld moulie maidenheid,
A maidenheid, a maidenheid;
An auld moulie maidenheid,
The weary wark I ken, O.

The stretchin o't, the strivin o't,
The borin o't, the rivin o't,
An ay the dooble drivin o't,
The farther ye gang ben, O.

Bonnie Mary

Chorus-- Come cowe me, minnie, come cowe me;
Come cowe me, minnie, come cowe me;

The hair o my erse is grown into my cunt,
An they canna win too, to mowe me.
When Mary cam ower the Border,
When Mary cam ower the Border;
As eith 'twas approachin the cunt o a hurchin,
Her erse was in sic a disorder.--

But wanton Wattie cam west on't,
But wanton Wattie cam west on't,
He did it sae tickle, he left nae as meikle
'S a spider wad bigget a nest on't.--

An was nae Wattie a Clinker,
He m-w'd frae the Queen to the tinkler
Then sat down, in grief, like the Macedon chief
For want o mae warlds to conquer.--

An O, what a jewel was Mary!
An O, what a jewel was Mary!
Her face it was fine, & her bosom divine,
An her cunt it was theekit wi glory.--

Come cowe &c.

Muirland Meg

Amang oor young lassies there's Muirland Meg,
She'll beg or she work, & she'll play or she beg,
At thirteen her maidenheid flew to the gate,
An the door o her cage stands open yet.--

Her kittle black een they wad thirl you throu.
Her rose-bud lips cry, kiss me nou;
The curls & links o her bonnie black heir,--
Wad put you in mind that the lassie haes mair.--

An armfu o love is her bosom sae plump,
A span o delyte is her middle sae jimp;
A taper, white leg, & a thumpin thie,
An a fiddle near by, an ye play a wee!--

Love's her delyte, & kissin's her treasure;
She'll stick at nae price, & ye gie her guid measure,
As lang's a sheep-fit, & as girt's a goose-egg,
An that's the measure o Muirland Meg.

Oor Gudewife's Sae Modest

Oor gudewife's sae modest,
When she is set at meat,
A laverock's leg, or a tittlin's wing,
Is mair than she can eat;

But, when she's in her bed at e'en,
Between me an the wa';
She is a glutton deevil,
She swallaes cocks an a'.

The Modiewark

The modiewark haes duin me ill,
An below my apron haes biggit a hill;
I maun consult some learned clerk
About this wanton modiewark.

An O the wanton modiewark,
The weary wanton modiewark;
I maun consult some learned clerk
About this wanton modiewark.

O first it gat between my taes,
Oot ower my gairter neest it gaes;
At length it crap below my sark,
The weary wanton modiewark.

This modiewark, tho it be blin';

If ance its nose you lat it in,
Then to the hilts, within a crack
It's oot o sicht, the modiewark.

When Marjorie was made a bride,
An Willy lay down by her side,
Syne nocht was hard, when a' was dark,
But kickin at the modiewark.

Wha'll Mow Me Nou?

O, I hae tint my rosy cheek,
Likewice my waste sae sma';
O wae gae by the sodger lown,
The sodger did it a'.

O wha'll mowe me nou, my jo,
An wha'll mowe me nou:
A sodger wi his bandileers
Haes banged my belly fou.

Nou I maun thole the scornfu sneer
O mony a saucy quine;
When, curse upon her godly face!
Her cunt's as merry's mine.

Oor dame hauds up her wanton tail,
As due as she gaes lie;
An she misca's a young thing,
The trade if she but try.

Oor dame can lae her ain guidman,
An mowe for glutton greed;
An yet misca' a puir thing,
That's mowin for its breid.

Alake! sac sweet a tree as love,
Sic bitter fruit should bear!
Alake, that e'er a merry erse,
Should draw a sauty teir.

But deevil damn the lousy loon,
Denies the bairn he got!
Or lea's the merry erse he loe'd,
To wier a ragged coat!

O Gat Ye Me wi Naething?

Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
An gat ye me wi naething?
A rock, a reel, a spinnin wheel,
A guid black cunt was ae thing.

A tocher fine, ower muckle far,
When sic a scullion gat it;
Indeed, ower rnuckle far, gudewife,
For that was ay the faut o't.

But haed your tongue nou, Luckie Lang,
O haed your tongue an jander,
I held the gate till you I met,
Syne I began to wander;

I tint my whistle an my sang,
I tint my peace an pleasure,
But your green grave nou, Luckie Lang,
Wad airt me to my treasure.

Nine Inch will Please a Lady

"Come rede me, dame, come tell me, dame,
"My dame come tell me truly,
"What length o graith, when weel ca'd hame,
"Will sair a wumman duly?"

The carlin clew her wanton tail,
Her wanton tail sae ready--
I learned a sang in Annandale,
Nine inch will please a lady.--

But for a koontrie cunt like mine,
In sooth, we're nae sae gentle;
We'll tak tway thoum-breid to the nine,
An that's a sonsy pentle:

O Leeze me on my Chairlie lad,
I'll ne'er forget my Chairlie!
Tway roarin handfus an a daud,
He nidge't it in fou rarely.--

But weary fa' the laithron doup,
An mey it ne'er be thrivin!
It's no the length that maks me lowp,
But it's the dooble drivin.--

Come nidge me, Tam, come nidge me,
Tam, Come nidge me ower the nyvel!
Come lowse & lug your batterin ram,
An thrash him at my gyvel!

The Lassie Gath'rin Nits

There was a lass, an a bonnie lass,
A gath'rin nits did gang;
She pou'd them hiegh,
she pou'd them laich,
She pou'd them whare they hang.
Till tired at length, she laid her down,
An slept the wud amang;

Whan by there cam three lusty lads,
Three lusty lads an strang.
The first did kiss her rosy lips,
He thocht it was nae wrang;

The saicont lowsed her bodice fair,
Laced up wi London whang.
An what the third did to the lass,
I's no put in this sang;
But the lassie waukened in a fricht,
An says, I hae slept lang.

The Patriarch

As honest Jacob on a nicht,
Wi his beloved beauty,
Was duly laid on wedlock's bed,
An noddin at his duty.

Tal de dal &c.

"How lang, she says, ye fumblin wretch,
"Will ye be fuckin at it?
"My eldest wean nicht dee o age,
"Before that ye could get it.

"Ye pech an grane, an groazle there,
"An mak an unco splutter,
"An I maun lie an thole you here,
"An fient a hair the better."

Then he, in wrath, put up his graith,
"The deevil's in the hizzie!
"I mowe you as I mowe the lave,
"An nicht an day I'm bisy.

"I've bairned the servant gypsies baith,
"Forby your titty Leah;
"Ye barren jad, ye put me mad,
"What mair can I dae wi you.

"There's ne'er a mowe I've gien the lave,
"But ye hae got a dizen;

"An damn'd a ane ye'se get again,
"Altho your cunt should gizzen."

Then Rachel calm, as ony lamb,
She claps him on the waulies;
Qo she, "ne'er fash a wumman's clash,
"In trowth ye mowe me braulies.

"My dear 'tis true, for mony a mowe,
"I'm your ungratefu debtor,
"But ance again, I dinna ken,
"We'll aiblens happen better."

Then honest man! wi little wark,
He suin forgat his ire;
The patriarch, he cuist the sark,
An up an till't like fire!

When Princes an Prelates

When princes & prelates & het-heided zealots
A' Europe hae set in a lowe,
The puir man lies doun, nor envies a croun,
An comforts himsel wi a mowe.--

Chorus-- An why shouldna puir folk mowe, mowe, mowe,
An why shouldna puir folk mowe:
The great folk hae siller, & hooses & lands,
Puir bodies hae naething but mowe.--

When Br-nsw-ck's great Prince cam a cruisin to Fr-nce,
Republican billies to cowe,
Bauld Br-nsw-ck's great Prince wad hae shawn better sense,
At hame wi his Princess to mowe.--

An why should na &c.

Oot ower the Rhine prood Pr-ss-a wad shine,
To spend his best bluid he did vow;
But Frederic haed better ne'er forded the watter,
But spent as he docht in a mowe.--

An why &c.

By sea & by shore! the Emperor swore,
In Paris he'd kick up a row;
But Paris sae ready juist leuch at the laddie
An bade him gae tak him a mowe.--

An why &c.

Auld Kate laid her claws on puir Stanislaus,
An Poland haes bent like a bow:

Mey the deil in her erse ram a huge pr-ck o bress!
An damn her in hell wi a mowe!

But truce wi commotions & new-fangled notions,
A bumper I trust you'll allow:
Here's George oor guid king & Charlotte his queen
An lang mey they tak a guid mowe!

Cumnock Psalms

As I leuked ower yon castle wa',
I spied a grey goose & a gled;
They haed a fecht between them twa,
An O, as their twa hurdies gade.--

Chorus Wi a hey ding it in, & a how ding it in,
An hey ding it in, it's lang to day:
Tal laretal, tallarietal Tal larietal, tal larie tay.

She strack up & he strack doun.
Between them twa they made a mowe,
An ilka fart that the carlin gae,
It's fower o them wad fill a bowe.

Wi a hey ding it in &c.

Temper your tail, Carlin, he cried,
Temper your tail by Venus' law;
Dooble your dunts, the dame replied,
Wha the deil can hinder the wind to blaw!

Wi a hey &c.

For were ye in my saidle set,
An were ye weel girt in my gear,
If the wind o my erse blaw you oot o my cunt,
Ye'll never be reckoned a man o weir.--

Wi a hey &c.

He placed his Jacob whare she did piss,
An his ballocks whare the wind did blaw,
An he grippet her fast by the goosset o the erse
An he gae her cunt the common law.

Wi a hey &c.

Green Growe the Rashes, O

A Fragment--

Chorus Green growe the rashes O,
Green growe the rashes O,

The lasses they hae wimble bores,
The widaes they hae gashes O.

In sober oors I am a priest;
A hero when I'm tipsey, O;
But I'm a king an every thing,
When wi a wanton Gipse, O.

Green grove & c.

'twas late yestreen I met wi ane,
An wow, but she was gentle, O!
Ae haun she par roon' my cravat,
The tither to my pentle O.

Green grove &c.

I docht na speak-yet was na fleyed--
My hert played duntie, duntie, O;
An ceremony laid aside, I fairly fun' her cuntie, O.--

Green grove &c.

O wat ye ocht & fisher Meg,
An how she trowed the wabster, O,
She loot me see her carrot cunt,
An sell'd it for a labster, O.

Green grove the rashes, O,
Green grove the rashes, O,
The lassies they hae wimble-bores,
The widaes they hae gashes, O.

Mistress Mary cowed her thing,
Because she wad be gentle, O,
An span the fleece upon a rock,
To waft a Hieland mantle, O.

An heard ye o the coat o airts,
The Lyon brocht oor lady, O,
The crest was, couchant, sable cunt,
The motto-" ready, ready ," O.

An ken ye Leezie Lundie, O.
The godly Leezie Lundie, O,
She mowes like reek throu a' the week,
But finger fucks on Sunday, O.

While Prose-Work an Rhymes

A Ballad While Prose-work & rhymes
Are hunted for crimes,
An things are--the deevil kens how;
Aware o my rhymes,
In these kittle times,
The subject I chuse is a mowe.

Some cry, Constitution!
Some cry, Revolution!
An Politics kick up a rowe;
But Prince & Republic,
Agree on the Subject,
No treason is in a guid mowe.

Th' Episcopal lawn,
An Presbyter band,
Hae lang been to ither a cowe;
But still the prood Prelate,
An Presbyter zealot
Agree in an orthodox mowe.

Puir Juistice, 'tis hinted--
Ill natur'dly squinted,
The Process--but mumowee'll allou--
Puir Juistice haes ever
For cunt haed a favor,
While Juistice could tak a guid mowe.

Nou fill to the brim--
To her, & to him,
Wha willinly dae what they dow;
An ne'er a puir wench
Want a freend at a pinch, Whase failin is only a mowe.

I Rede You Beware o the Ripples

I rede you beware o the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o the ripples, young man;
Tho the saidle be saft, ye needna ride aft,
For fear that the girdin beguile ye, young man.

I rede you beware o the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o the ripples, young man;
Tho muisic be pleasure, tak muisic in measure,
Or ye mey want win' i' your whistle, young man.

I rede you beware o the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o the ripples, young man;
Whate'er ye bestow, dae less than ye dow,
The mair will be thocht o your kindness, young man.

I rede you beware o the ripples, young man,
I rede you beware o the ripples, young man;
Gif you wad be strang, an wish to live lang,
Dance less wi your erse to the kipples, young man.

Act Sederunt o the Session

A Scots Ballad--

In Edinburgh toun they've made a law,
In Edinburgh at the Coort o Session
That standin pr-cks are fauteurs a',
An guilty o a hiech transgression.--

Chorus Act Sederunt o the Session,
Descreat o the Coort o Session,
That standin pr-cks are fauteurs a',
An guilty o a hiech transgression.

An they've provided dungeons deep.
Ilk lass haes ane in her possession;
Until the wretches wail an weep,
They there shall lie for their transgression.--

Chorus Act Sederunt o the Session,
Decreat o the Coort o Session,
The rogues in pourin tears shall weep,
By act Sederunt o the Session.--

There Cam a Soger

There cam a soger here to stey,
He swore he wadna steer me;
But, lang before the brak o day,
He cuddled-muddled near me:

He set a stiff thing to my wame,
I docht na bide the bends o't;
But lang before the grey morn cam,
I soupled baith the ends o't.--

We're A' Gaun Southie, O

Callum cam to Campbell's coort,
An saw ye e'er the mak o't;
Payed twenty shillins for a thing,
An never got a straik o't.

We're a' gaun southie, O.
We're a' gaun there;
An we're a' gaun to Mauchlin fair,
To sell oor pickle hair.

Payed twenty shillins for a quine,
Her name was Kirsty Lauchlan;
But Callum teuk her by the cunt,
Before the laird o Mauchline.

Callum cam to Kirsty's door,
Says, Kirsty are ye sleepin?
No sae soun as ye wad trow,
Ye'se get the thing ye're seekin.

Callum haed a peck o meal,
Says, Kirsty, will ye draik it?
She whippet aff her wee white-coat,
An birket at it nakit.

Bonnie lassie, braw lassie,
Will ye hae a soger?
Then she teuk up her duddie sark,
An he shot in his Roger.

Kind kimmer Kirsty,
I be wi a' my hert, O,
An when there's ony pentles gaun,
She'll ay get a pairt, O.

Ode to Spring

When maukin bucks, at early fucks,
In dewy gress are seen, Sir;
An birds, on bous, tak aff their mowes,
Amang the leaves sae green, Sir;

Latona's son leuks liquorish on Dame Natur's grand impetus,
Till his p-gae rise, then westward flees
To r-ger Madame Thetis.

Yon wanderin rill that marks the hill,
An glances ower the brae, Sir,
Glides by a bower where mony a flouer
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir;

There Damon lay, wi Sylvia gay,
To love they thocht no crime, Sir;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
While Damon's a-se beat time, Sir.--

First, wi the thrush, his thrust & push
Haed compass lairge & lang, Sir;
The blackbird next, his tunefu text,
Was bolder, clear & strang, Sir;

The linnet's lay cam then in play,
An the lark that soared abuin, Sir;
Till Damon, fierce, mistimed his a-,
An f'd quite oot o tune, Sir.--

Supper isna Ready

Roseberry to his lady says,
"My hinnie an my succour,
"O shall we dae the thing you ken,
"Or shall we tak oor supper?"
Fal, lal, &c.

Wi modest face, sae fou o grace,
Replied the bonny lady;
"My noble lord dae as you please,
"But supper is na ready."
Fal, lal, &c.

Tail Todle

Oor gudewife held ower to Fife,
For to buy a coal-riddle;
Lang or she cam back again,
Tammie gart my tail todle.
Tail todle, tail todle;
Tammie gart my tail todle;
At my erse wi diddle doddle,
Tammie gart my tail todle.

When I'm deid I'm oot o date;
When I'm seek I'm fou o trouble;
When I'm weel I step about,
An Tammie gars my tail todle.

Jenny Jack she gae a plack,
Helen Wallace gae a boddle,
Qo the bride, it's ower little
For to mend a broken doddle.

He Till't an She Till't

He till't, an she till't,
An a' to mak a lad again;
The auld beld carl,
Whan he wan on did nod again;
An he dang, an she flang,
An a' to mak a laddie o't;
But he bored an she roared,
An coudna mak a lassie o't.

Toddlin Hame

By David McCulloch o Ardwell, Galloway

When wice Solomon was young man o micht,
He was canty, & liked a lass ilka nicht;
But when he grew auld that he was na in trim,
He cried oot, "In faith, Sirs! I dout it's a sin!"
Toddlin hame, toddlin hame,
Sae roond as a neep we gang toddlin hame.--

But we're no come to that time o life yet, ye ken;
The bottle's hauf-oot - but we'll fill it again:
As for Solomon's douts, wha the deevil cares for't!
He's a damned churlish fallow that likes to spill sport.
Toddlin &c.

A bicker that's gizzened, it's nae worth a doit;
Keep it wat, it will haud in--it winna let oot:
A chiel that's ay sober, is damned ill to ken;
Keep him wat wi guid drink-& ye'll finnd him oot then.--
Toddlin &c.

Mey oor hoose be weel theekit, oor pantry ay fou,
Wi rowth in oor cellar for weetin oor mou;
Wi a ticht, caller hizzie, as keen as oursels,
Ay ready to souple the whistle & bells!!!
Toddlin hame &c.

The Trogger

As I cam down by Annan side,
Intendin for the border,
Amang the Scroggie banks an braes
Wha met I but a trogger.

He laid me doun upon my back,
I thocht he was but jokin,
Till he was in me to the hilts,
O the deevil tak sic troggin!

What could I say, what could I dae,
I banned an sair misca'd him,
But whiltie-whaltie gaed his erse,
The mair that I forbad him:

He stell'd his fit against a stane,
An doubled ilka stroke in,
Till I gaed daft amang his hands,
O the deevil tak sic troggin!

Then up we raise, an teuk the road,
An in by Ecclefechan,
Where the brandy-stoup we gart it clink,
An the strang-beer ream the quech in

Bedown the bents o Bonshaw braes,
We teuk the partin yokin;
But I've clawed a sairy cunt sinsyne,
O the deevil tak sic troggin!

There was Twa Wifes

There was twa wifes, an twa witty wifes,
As e'er played houghmagandie,
An they cuist oot, upon a time,
Oot ower a drink o brandy;

Up Maggy rose, an forth she gaes,
An she leaves auld Mary flytin,
An she farted by the byre-en'
For she was gaun a-shitin.

She farted by the byre-en'
She farted by the stable;
An thick an nimble were her steps
As fast as she was able:

Till at yon dyke-back the hurly brak,
But raxin for some dockins,
The beans an pease cam doun her thies,
An she cackit a' her stockins.

Wad ye dae That?

Gudewife, when your gudeman's frae hame,
Micht I but be sae bauld,
As come to your bed-chaumer,
When winter nichts are cauld;
As come to your bed-chaumer,
When nichts are cauld an wat,
An lie in your gudeman's steed, Wad ye dae that?

Young man, an ye should be sae kind,
When oor gudeman's frae hame,
As come to my bed-chaumer,
Where I am laid my lane;
An lie in oor gudeman's steed,
I will tell you what,
He fucks me five times ilka nicht, Wad ye dae that?

Wap an Row

Chorus-(Note, the sang begins wi the Chorus)

Wap & row, wap & row,
Wap & row the feetie o't
I thocht I was a maiden fair,
Till I heard the greetie o't.--

My daddie was a fiddler fine,
My minnie she made mantie, O,
An I mysel a thumpin quine,
An tried the rantie-tantie O.
Wap an row &c.

Here's His Health In Watter

Altho my back be at the wa,
An tho he be the fautor;
Altho my back be at the wa',
I'll drink his health in watter.

O wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawly's he coud flatter.
I for his sake am slichted sair,
An dree the kintra clatter;
But let them say whate'er they like,
Yet, here's his health in watter.

He follaed me baith oot an in,
Throu a' the nooks o Killie;
He follaed me baith oot an in,
Wi a stiff stanin p-llie.
But when he gat atween my legs,
We made an unco splatter;

An haith, I trow, I soupled it,
Tho bauldly he did blatter;
But nou my back is at the wa',
Yet here's his health in watter.

Wha the Deil can Hinder the Wind to Blaw?

It fell about the blythe new-year,
When days are short an nichts are lang,
Ae bonnie nicht, the starns were clear,
An frost beneath my fit-steed rang;

I heard a carlin cry, "relief!"
Atweesh her trams a birkie lay;
But he wan a quarter in her beef,
For a' the jirts the carlin gae.

She heaved to; an he strak frae,
As he wad nailed the carlin throu;
An ilka fart the carlin gae,
It wad hae filled a pockie fou;

Temper your tail, the young man cried,
Temper your tail by Venus' law!
Dooble your dunts, the dame replied,
Wha the deil can hinder the wind to blaw?

I'll Tell You a Tale o a Wife

I'll tell you a tale o a Wife,
An she was a Whig an a Saunt;
She lived a maist sanctified life,
But whyles she was fashed wi her cunt.--

Fal lal &c.

Puir wumman! she gaed to the Priest,
An till him she made her complaint;
"There's naething that troubles my breast
"Sae sair as the sins o my cunt.--

"Sin that I was herdin at hame,
"Till nou I'm three score & ayont,
"I own it wi sin & wi shame
I've led a sad life wi my cunt.--

He bade her to clear up her brou,
An no be discouraged upon 't;
For holy guid weemen enow
Were mony times waur't wi their cunt.--

It's nocht but Beelzebub's are,
But that's the mair sign o a saunt,
He kens that ye're pure at the hert,
Sae levels his dairts at your cunt.--

What signifies Morals & Works,
Oor works are no wordy a runt!
It's Faith that is soond, orthodox
That covers the fauts o your cunt.--

Were ye o the Reprobate race
Created to sin & be brunt,
O then it wad alter the case
If ye should gae wrang wi your cunt.--

But you that is Caa'd & Free
Elekit & chuisen a saunt,
Will't brak the Eternal Decree
Whatever ye dae wi your cunt?--

An nou wi a sanctified kiss
Let's kneel & renew covenant:
It's this--an it's this--an it's this--
That settles the pride o your cunt.--

Devotion blew up to a flame;
No wirds can dae juistice upon't;
The honest auld wumman gaed hame
Rejoicin an clawin her cunt.--

Then hiech to her memory chairge;
An mey he wha taks it affront,
Still ride in Love's channel at lairge,
An never mak port in a cunt!!!

Ye Hae Lien Wrang, Lassie

Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan,
Ye're greener than the gress, lassie,
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet deil an inch the less, lassie.

Ye hae lien wrang, lassie,
Ye've lien a' wrang,
Ye've lien in some unco bed,
An wi some unco man.

Ye've loot the pownie ower the dyke,
An he's been in the corn, lassie;
For ay the brose ye sup at e'en,
Ye bock them or the morn, lassie.

Fou lichtly lap ye ower the knowe,
An throu the wud ye sang, lassie;
But herryin o the foggie byke,
I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.

Haed I the Wyte She Bade Me

Haed I the wyte, haed I the wyte,
Haed I the wyte she bad me;
For she was steward in the hoose,
An I was fit-man laddie;

An when I wadna do't again,
A silly cou she ca'd me;
She straik't my heid, an clapt my cheeks,
An lowsed my breeks an bad me.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
Could I for shame deny'[d] her;
Or in the bed was I to blame,
She bad me lye beside her:

I pat six inches in her wame,
A quarter wadna fly'd her;
For ay the mair I ca'd it hame,
Her ports they grew the wider.

My tartan plaid, when it was dark,
Could I refuse to share it;
She lifted up her holland-sark,
An bad me fin' the gair o't:

Or how could I amang the garse,
But gie her hilt an hair o't;
She clasped her hochs about my erse,
An ay she glowred for mair o't.

Yon, Yon, Yon, Lassie

I never saw a silken gown,
But I wad kiss the sleeve o't;
I never saw a maidenheid
That I wad spier the leave o't.
O, yon, yon, yon, lassie,
Yon, yon, yon;
I never met a bonnie lass
But what wad play at yon.

Tell nae me, o Meg my wife,
That crowdie haes na savour;
But gie to me a bonnie lass
An let me steal the favour.

Gie me her I kis't yestreen,
I vow but she was handsome,
For ilka birss upon her cunt,
Was worth a ryal ransom.

An yon, yon, yon, lassie,
Yon, yon, yon,
I never saw a bonnie lass
But what wad dae yon.

The Yellow, Yello Yorlin

It fell on a day, in the flouery month o Mey,
A' on a merry merry mornin,
I met a pretty maid, an unto her I said,
I wad fain fin' your yellow yellow yorlin.

O no, young man, says she, you're a stranger to me,
An I am anither man's darlin,
Wha haes baith sheep an cous, that's feedin in the hows,
An a cock for my yellow yellow yorlin.

But, if I lay you doun upon the dewy grund,
You wad nae be the waur ae farthin;
An that happy, happy man, he never wou'd ken
That I played wi your yellow yellow yorlin.

O fie, young man, says she, I pray you let me be,
I wad na for five pound sterlin;
My mither wad gae mad, an sae wad my dad,
If you played wi my yellow yellow yorlin.

But I teuk her by the waist, an laid her doun in haste,
For a' her squakin an squalin;
The lassie suin grew tame, an bade me come again
For to play wi her yellow yellow yorlin.