

Cauld Kail in Aberdeen.

Violin

Slow

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen, And caftocks in Strabogie, Gin

6 5 5 6 4 3

I hae but a bonny Lafs, Ye're welcome to your Co-gie. And

6 4 3

ye may fit up a' the night; And drink till it be braid day light; Gie

5 6 6 6

me a Lafs baith clean and tight, To dance the reel of ho-gie.

5 5 7 7 5 5

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

THERE's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 An castocks in Stra'bogie ;
 Gin I hae but a bonny lasf,
 Ye're welcome to your cogie.
 And ye may sit up a' the night,
 And drink till it be braid day-light ;
 Gie me a lasf baith clean and tight,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
 John Bull in countra dances ;
 The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
 Mynheer an all'mand prances ;
 In foursome reels the Scots delight,
 The threesome maist dance wound'rous light ;
 But twafome ding a' out o' fight,
 Danc'd to the reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
 Wale each a blythfome rogie,
 I'll take this lassie to mysel,
 She seems fae keen and vogie ;
 Now, piper lad, bang up the spring,
 The countra fashion is the thing,
 To prie their mou's ere we begin -
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lasf
 Save yon auld doited fogie,
 And ta'en a fling upo' the grafs,
 As they do in Stra'bogie ;
 But a' the lassies look fae fain,
 We canna think oursel's to hain ;
 For they maun ha'e their come again,
 To dance the reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
 Like true men of Stra'bogie ;
 We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
 And tipple out a cogie ;
 Come now, my lads, and tak your glafs,
 And try ilk other to surpafs,
 In wishing health to every lasf
 To dance the reel of Bogie.