

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short fyne,
 We buckl'd us a' thegither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willie made courtship till her;
 Twa pistols charg'd beguets,
 To gi'e the courting shot;
 And fyne came ben the lasfs,
 Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
 He first spier'd at the guidman,
 And fyne at Giles, the mither,
 An ye wad gi's a bit land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en thegither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good stils to the plough,
 And ye yoursell maun steer:
 Ye fall ha'e twa good pocks.
 That ance were o' the tweel;
 The t'ane to had the groats,
 The ither to had the meal;
 Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
 And that fall be your coffer;
 Wi' aiken woody bands,
 And that may had your tocher.

Consider weel, guidman,
 We ha'e but borrow'd gear;
 The horse that I ride on,
 Is Sandy Wilson's mare;
 The saddle's nane o' my ain;
 And thae's but barrow'd boots,
 And when that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my coots;
 The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
 That gars me look fae crouse;
 Come, fill us a cogue of fwats,
 We'll mak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
 For telling me fae plain;
 I married when little I had,
 O' gear that was my ain.
 But sin that things are fae,
 The bride she maun come forth,
 Tho' a' the gear she'll ha'e
 'Twill be but little worth.
 A bargain it maun be,
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither;
 Contented am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hissie come hither.

Maggies Tocher.

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Violin

Lively

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