Duncan Davison

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(Robert Burns)

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moon was dreigh, and Meg was skeigh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi the rock she wad him knock,
And ay she shook the temper-pin.
Ai o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green;
Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
And ay she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swoor a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,
And flang them a'out o'er the burn.
We will big a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
When ye set by the wheel at e'en!
A man may drink, and no be drunk;
A man may fight, and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonie lass,
And ay be welcome back again!

Tune: Duncan Davison (30)
ARB