We're Geyly Yet

We're Geyly Yet

We're geyly yet, we're geyly yet,
We're no' very fu' but we're geyly yet!
So sit ye doon and tipple a bit,
We're no' very fu' but we're geyly yet.

cho:
So up wi'it, up wi' it Aylie O <wi' it=2 syllables>
Up wi'it, up wi' it Aylie O.
Up wi' it Aylie, up wi'it Aylie
And we'll a' get roarin' fu'.

There were three lads and they were clad
There were three lasses and them they had,
Three trees in the orchard are new sprung,
For we's got gear enough we's but young.

The one was kissed into the barn,
The other was kissed upon the green
The third had her back to the pease stack
And the mow was up to her e'en.*

Rin Jock Tamson, ye maun rin;
Gin ye never ran in your life !
There's a man wi' his hand in your meal pyock,
And anither in bed wi' your wife !

Then Jock Tamson he did rin,
And he ran wi' muckle speed,
But before he'd got the half o' his length
The loon had done his deed.

*in Herd, this line reads ...flew up to her e'en
From the Scone Ceilidh Song Book; corrected by AJS
RG, AJS