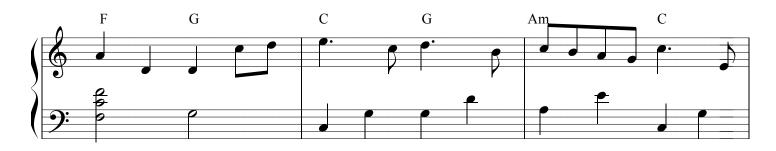
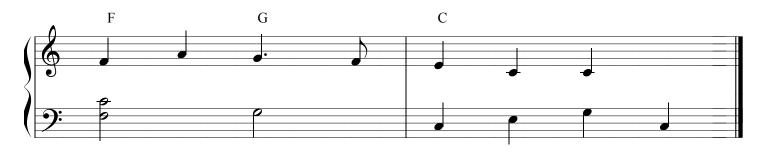
O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut







O, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, (malt)
And Rob and Alan cam' to see; (came)
Three blyther hearts that lee lang nicht,
Ye wadna found in Christendie (would not)

Chorus:

We are na fou', we're nae that fou, (not drunk)
But just a drappie in our e'e; (droplet, eye)
The cock may craw, the day may draw, (crow, dawn)
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. (brew)

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mair we hope to be.
Chorus

(pledge)
(more)

It is the moon, I ken her horn, (know)
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie; (sky so high)
She shines sae bright to wile us hame, (so, lure us home)
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee! (word, while)
Chorus

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the King amang us three.
(who, go away)
(fool)
(who, fall)
(among)
Chorus