

Burns Robert

"Peck O Maut"

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Peck o' Maut

(Robert Burns)

O, Willie brew'd a peck o maut,

And Rob and Alan cam to see.

Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,

Ye wad na found in Christendie.

CHORUS

We are na fou, we'fe nae that fou,

But just a drappie in our e'e;

The cock may craw, the day may daw,

And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,

Three merry boys I trow are we;

And monie a night we've merry been,

And monie mare we hope to be!

It is the moon, I ken her horn,

That's blinkin in the lift sae hie:

She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,

But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

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!

tune: Willie brewed a peck o' maut (268)

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