

## 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 las,  
 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 faddle'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 swats,  
 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.

# Maggie's Tocher.

Violin

Lively

The meal was dear short fyne, We buckled us a' the gether, And

Maggie was in her Prime, When Willie made courtship till her, twa Pistols charg'd he gues, to

gie the courting shot; And fyne came ben the lafs, Wi' fwats drawn frae the butt. He

first speer'd at the guid man, And fyne at Giles the mither, An

ye wad gi's a bit land, We'd buckle us e'en the gither.