

# Robert Burns, Duncan Gray

DUNCAN GRAY

(Robert Burns)

Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray!

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray!

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jeeg the cradle wi my tae,

And a' for the girdin o't!

Bonie was the lammas moon,

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)

Glow'rin a'the hills, aboon,

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)

The girdin brak, the beast cam down,

I tint my curch and baith my shoon,

And, Duncan, ye're an unco loun-

Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!),

I'se bless you wi my hindmost breath,

(Ha, ha, the girdin o't!)

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,

The beast again can bear us baith,

And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,

And clout the bad girdin o't.

tune: Duncan Gray (394)

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