

Robert Burns, Peck O Maut

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 crawl, 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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play.exe PECKMAUT
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