

Robert Burns, Were Geyly Yet

We're Geyly Yet

(Robert Burns)

We're geyly yet, we're geyly yet,
We're no' very fu' but we're geyly yet!
So sit ye doon and tipple a while,
We're no' very fu' but we're geyly yet.

cho:

So up wi'tit, up wi' it Aylie O

Up wi'tit, up wi' it Aylie O.

Up wi' it Aylie, up wi'tit Aylie

And we'll a' get roarin' fu'.

There were three lads and they were clad
There were three lasses and them they had,
Three trees in the orchard are new sprung,
For we's got gear enough we's but young.

Rin Jock Tamson, ye maun rin;

Gin ye never ran in your life !

There's a man wi' his hand in your neal pock,
And anither in bed wi' your wife !

Then Jock Tamson he did rin,

And he ran wi' muckle speed,

But before he'd got the half o' his length

The loon had done his deed.

From the Scone Ceilidh Spng Book

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