

Willie Brewed a Peck o Maut (Robert Burns)

O Willie brewed a peck o' Muat
And Rab and Alan cam to pree
Three blyther herts that lee-lang nicht
Ya wadna find in Christendie

We are nae fu', we're nae that fu'
But just a drappie in oor e'e
The cock may craw, the day may daw
But aye we'll taste the barley bree

Here are we met, three merry boys
Three merry boys I trow are we
And mony's the nicht we've merry been
And mony may we hope tae be

It is the moon I ken her horn
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie
She shines sae bright to wile us hame
But by my sooth, she'll wait a wee

Wha first shall rise tae gang awa'
A cuckold coward loon is he
Wha first beside his chair shall fa'
He is the king amang us three

"The air is Alan Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this – Mr William Nichol of the High School, Edinburgh, being at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Alan – who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton – and I went to pay Nichol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting, that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business".