Tam O’Shanter and Souter Johnnie



But to our tale:-- Ae market-night,

Tam had got planted unco right;

Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,

Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely

And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,

His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither--

They had been fou for weeks thegither!

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter

And ay the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,

wi' favours secret,sweet and precious



The Souter tauld his queerest stories;

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,

Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,

E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy!

As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,

The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.

O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!