Tam O’Shanter

But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie:  
There was ae winsome wench and waulie,  
That night enlisted in the core,  
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore;  
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear.)  
Her cutty-sark, o' Paisley harn  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie,-  
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;

Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;

To sing how Nannie lap and flang,

(A souple jade she was, and strang),

And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,

And thought his very een enrich'd;

Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,

And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;

Till first ae caper, syne anither,

Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And roars out,

