Tam O’Shanter



And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,

When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,

When plundering herds assail their byke;

As open pussie's mortal foes,

When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,

When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;

So Maggie runs, the witches follow,

Wi' mony an eldritch skriech and hollo.

And \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ had he Maggie rallied,  
When out the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ legion sallied.

As bees buzz out with angry \_\_\_\_\_\_,  
When \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ herds assail their hive;  
As a wild hare’s \_\_\_\_\_\_ foes,  
When, pop! she starts \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ before their nose;  
As \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ runs the market-crowd,  
When ‘ Catch the thief! ’ \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ aloud:  
So Maggie runs, the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ follow,  
With many an unearthly \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and\_\_\_\_\_\_.

| eager resounds running plundering scream witches  witches holler wrath hellish mortal scarcely |
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