

O gie the lass her fairin' lad  
Gie the Lass Her Fairing  
attr. to Robert Burns

O gie the lass her fairin' lad,  
O gie the lass her fairin',  
An' something else she'll gie to you  
That's wallow worth the wearin'.  
Syne coup her o'er amang the creels  
When ye hae ta'en your brandy  
The mair ye bang the mair she squeals  
And hey for houghmagandie.

2. Then gie the lass her fairin' lad,  
O gie the lass her fairin',  
An' she'll gie you a hairy thing  
An' of it not be sparin'.  
But lay her o'er amang the creels  
And bar the door wi' baith your heels,  
The mair she gets the mair she squeals  
An' hey for houghmagandie.