

Andro and His Cutty Gun

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Blyth, blyth, blyth, was she,
Blyth was she but and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit-hen.
She took me in and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawin-free;
But cunning carlin'that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbee.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But wae's my heart my cash was done,
Before that I had quenched my drouth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.
When we had three times toomed our stoup,
And the neist chappin new begun,
In started, to heeze up our hope,
Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The Carlin' brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes well toasted brown;
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the scuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
Till dawning we ne'er lee'd our bun
And ay the cleanest drinker out
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxtar sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonnie thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat.
I hae been east, I hae been west
I hae been far ayont the sun,
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.