

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright
 Election Day
 Melody - "Fy, let us a' to the Bridal"
 Robert Burns, 1795

Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin' there;
 For Murray's light horse are to muster,
 And O how the heroes will swear!
 And there will be Murray, Commander,
 And Gordon, the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance and kin.

2. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he get na Hell for his haddin',
 The Deil gets na justice ava.
 And there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane;
 But as to his fine Nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

3. And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff;
 Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped,
 She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
 But, Lord! what's become o' the head?
 And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes;
 A wight that will weather damnation,
 The Devil the prey will despise.

4. And there will be Douglasses doughty,
 New christening towns far and near;
 Abjuring their democrat doings,
 By kissin' the-o' a Peer:
 And there will be folk frae Saint Mary's
 A house o' great merit and note;
 The deil ane but honours them highly-
 The deil ane will gie them his vote!

5. And there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
 Whose honour is proof to the storm,
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name in the Firm.
 And there will be lads o' the gospel,
 Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true;
 And there will be Buittle's Apostle,
 Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

6. And there will be Logan M'Dowall,
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
 And also the Wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sogering, gunpowder Blair.
 But we winna mention Redcastle,
 The body, e'en let him escape!
 He'd venture the gallows for siller,
 An 'twere na the cost o' the rape.

7. But where is the Doggerbank hero,
 That made "Hogan Mogan" to skulk?
 Poor Keith's gane to hell to be fuel,
 The auld rotten wreck of a Hulk.
 And where is our King's Lord Lieutenant,
 Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return?
 The birkie is gettin' his Questions
 To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.

8. But mark ye! there's trusty Kerroughtree,
Whose honor was ever his law;
If the Virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
His worth might be sample for a';
And strang an' respectfu's his backing,
The maist o' the lairds wi' him stand;
Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Wha's property's paper-not land.

9. And there, frae the Niddisdale borders,
The Maxwells will gather in droves,
Teugh Jockie, staunch Geordie, an' Wellwood,
That griens for the fishes and loaves;
And there will be Heron, the Major,
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys;
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
Him, only it's justice to praise.

10. And there will be maiden Kilkerran,
And also Barskimming's gude Knight,
And there will be roarin Birtwhistle,
Yet luckily roars i' the right.
And there'll be Stamp Office Johnie,
(Tak tent how ye purchase a dram!)
And there will be gay Cassencarry,
And there'll be gleg Colonel Tam.

11. And there'll be wealthy young Richard,
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck,
For prodigal, thriftless bestowing-
His merit had won him respect.
And there will be rich brother nabobs,
(Tho' Nabobs, yet men not the worst,)
And there will be Collieston's whiskers,
And Quintin-a lad o' the first.

12. Then hey! the chaste Interest o' Broughton
And hey! for the blessin's 'twill bring;
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
And hey! for the sanctified Murray,
Our land wha wi' chapels has stor'd;
He founder'd his horse among harlots,
But gied the auld naig to the Lord.