

Gudewife, Count The Lawin

Gane is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light;
Gude ale and bratdy's stars and moon,
And blue-red wine's the risin' sun.

Chorus.-Then gudewife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin,
Then gudewife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And Pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.
Then gudewife, &c.