

### News, Lassies, News

There's news, lassies, news,  
Gude news I've to tell!  
There's a boatfu' o' lads  
Come to our town to sell.

Chorus-The wean wants a cradle,  
And the cradle wants a cod:  
I'll no gang to my bed,  
Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo she,  
Do what you can,  
I'll no gang to my bed,  
Until I get a man.  
The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig  
As made o'yird and stane;  
And waly fa' the ley-crap,  
For I maun till'd again.  
The wean, &c.