

Duncan Gray (song)

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blythe Yule-night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his e'en baith blear't an' blin',
 Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and Chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
 Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg grew sick, as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings:
 And oh! her een they spak sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't:
 Duncan could na be her death,
 Swelling Pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.