

# AULD REIKIE

*Medium Voice and Piano (also for High Voice and Piano)*  
*Poems of [Robert Fergusson](#) (1750-1774)*

## 1. Toot aff Your Horn

*Ne'er fash your thumb what gods decree  
To be the weird o' you or me,  
Nor deal in cantrup's kittle cunning  
To spier how fast your days are running.  
But patient lippen for the best  
Nor be in dowy thought opprest,  
Whether we see mair winters come  
Than this that spits wi canker'd foam.  
Now moisten weel your geyzen'd waas  
Wi couthy friends and hearty blaws;  
Ne'er lat your hope owrgang your days,  
For eild and thraldom never stays;  
The day looks gash, toot aff your horn,  
Nor care yae strae about the morn.*

## 2. On the Music Bells Playing

*Happy the folks that rule the roast!  
Our council men are cheerful;  
To mirth they now devote each toast,  
And bells fill ev'ry ear full.  
When man's condemn'd to suffer death  
For his unlicens'd crimes,  
Instead of psalms they quit their breath  
To merrymaking chimes.*

### **3. The Lee-Rigg**

*Will ye gang ovr the lee-rigg,  
My ain kind deary O!  
And cuddle there sae kindly  
Wi' me, my kind deary O?  
At thorniedike and birkentree  
We'll daff, and ne'er be weary O;  
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,  
Mine ain kind deary O.*

*Nae herds wi kent or colly there,  
Shall e'er come to fear ye O;  
But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their deary O!  
While others herd their lambs and ewes,  
And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,  
Wi' you, my kind deary O!*

### **4. The Author's Life**

*My life is like the flowing stream  
That glides where summer's beauties teem,  
Meets all the riches of the gale  
That on its watry bosom sail,  
And wanders 'midst Elysian groves  
Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.  
May I, when drooping days decline,  
And 'gainst those genial streams combine,  
The winter's sad decay forsake,  
And center in my parent lake.*

### **5. On Seeing a Lady Paint Herself**

*When, by some misadventure crost,  
The banker hath his fortunes lost,  
Credit his instant need supplies,  
And for a moment blinds our eyes:*

*So Delia, when her beauty's flown,  
Trades on a bottom not her own,  
And labours to escape detection  
By putting on a false complexion.*