

## ANDRO AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Ramsay printed this song in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, with some alterations by himself. From its own merits, and those of its lively air, it has always been a great favourite in Scotland, especially as a song for rustic bridal-parties and 'house-heatings.' Burns had a great relish for it, calling it 'a spirited picture of a country ale-house, touched off with all the lightsome gaiety so peculiar to the rural muse of Caledonia.' Adverting to it afterwards in a letter to Mr George Thomson, he says: '*Andro and his Cutty Gun* is the work of a master. By the way, are you not quite vexed to think that those men of genius, for such they were, who composed our fine Scotch lyrics, should be unknown? It has given me many a heart-ache.'

Blithe, blithe and mcr - ry was she, Blithe was she  
 but and ben; Weel she loo'd a Haw - ick gill, And  
 leuch to see a tap - pit hen. She took me in, she  
 set me down, And hecht to keep me law - in' free; But,  
 cun - ning car - line that she was, She gart me birlc my  
 baw - bee.

Blithe, blithe and merry was she,  
 Blithe was she but and ben ;  
 Weel she loo'd a Hawick gill,<sup>1</sup>  
 And leuch to see a tappit-hen.<sup>2</sup>  
 She took me in, she set me down,  
 And hecht to keep me lawin'-free ;  
 But, cunning carline that she was,  
 She gart me birlc my bawbee.  
 Blithe, blithe, &c.

<sup>1</sup> A Hawick gill, for some unexplained reason, is half-a-mutchkin.

<sup>2</sup> A tappit-hen implies a quart-measure, the term being applied from the resemblance of the knob on the top of the measure to a crested fowl.

We loo'd the liquor weel eneuch ;  
 But, wae's my heart, my cash was done,  
 Before that I had quench'd my drouth,  
 And laith was I to pawn my shoon.  
 When we had three times toom'd our stoup,  
 And the neist chappin new begun,  
 In startit, to heeze up our hope,  
 Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.<sup>1</sup>

The carline brought her kebbuck ben,  
 Wi' girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Weel does the canny kimmer ken,  
 They gar the scuds gae glibber down.  
 We ca'd the bicker aft about,  
 [Nor stirred until we saw the sun,]  
 And aye the cleanest drinker out  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing ;  
 And, as I in his oxter sat,  
 He ca'd me aye his bonnie thing,  
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat.  
 I hae been east, I hae been west,  
 I hae been far ayont the sun ;  
 But the blithest lad that e'er I saw,  
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

<sup>1</sup> Cutty gun, a short fowling-piece.

<sup>2</sup> 'These oatmeal cakes are kneaded out with the knuckles, and toasted over the red embers of wood on a gridiron. They are remarkably fine, and a delicate relish when eaten warm with ale. On winter nights the landlady heats them, and drops them into the quaigh to warm the ale.'  
 —BURNS.