Ken something that I'll no tell,

A' the lasses o'our town are cruppen in a

Except the Flower o' [Hamilton], and she's



Hickety, Bickety, pease

Where shall this poor Scotchman gang?

Will he gang east, or will he gang west; Or will he gang to the craw's nest?



Cripple Dick upon a

Sandu on a soc

I never stealt Rob's dog, nor never intend to do But weel I ken wha stealt him, and dern'd him in a

And pyhit his banes bare, bare, bare energy



