

## WEARY WATER.

TUNE.—“ *Dainty Davie.*”

An unco bee has stung the age,  
 Yer temp'rate sumphs are a' the rage,  
 Wha sen' their sauls a pilgrimage,  
     To rive their craps wi' *Water*.  
 At Ferintosh the Tinklers boke ;  
 At Brandy, Rum, and Wine, they choke ;  
 E'en Nappy gies the nerves a shock ;  
     There's nought gaes down, but *Water*.

## CHORUS.

O, weary Water's a' the cry,  
     Water, Water ; Water, Water ;  
 Het or cauld, or wet or dry,  
     There's nought goes down but *Water*.

Our auld forbears aneath the sod,  
 To comfort wal'd anither road ;  
 The flow'ry gate, that Noah trod,  
     An' Sol. the Imperator.  
 No o, would-be saints, a precious fry,