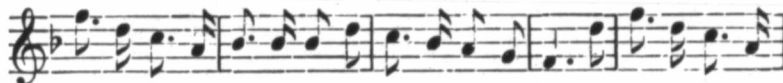


THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOOSE.



And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is



this a time to think o' wark, Ye jades, fling by your wheel! Is this a time to



think o' wark, When Colin's at the door; Rax me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And



see him come a-shore. For there's nae luck a-boot the hoose, There's nae luck, a-



-va'; There's little plea-sure in the hoose, When our guid man's a-wa'.

And gie to me my biggonet,
My bishop's satin gown,
For I maun tell the bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
My turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue;
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat;
An' mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa'.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

There's twa fat hens upon the bank,
They're fed this month and mair;
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like tae greet.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirl'd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

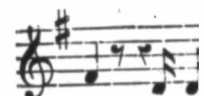
Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like tae greet.

CHO.—For there's nae luck, etc.

Words by JOHN IMRIE

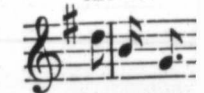


1. Gie a So
2. Guid parri
3. Noo, what



coo', Feth ye
weel, Dys-pe
leeks; Hielai

CHORUS.



Brose, parritch,



Eng



mak'

But the haggis is
A Scotchman's!
By dining on this
To match ony

CHO.—

When spying fo
Ahint a wheel
What's sweeter
An' eatin' a'

CHO.—