

That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
 Wi' twa pund's scots (twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches !

But here my muse her wing maun, cour
 Such flights are far beyond her power ;
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood like one bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd ;
 E'en Satan glowr'd, and fudg'd fu' fain,
 And watch'd and blew wi' might and main :
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
 And roars out, " weel done cutty-sark " !
 When, in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke,
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop, she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When " catch the thief " resounds aloud,
 So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
 And win the key-stane of the brig ;
 There, at them, thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But, ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake !
 For *Nannie* far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
 And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle ;
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail :
 Thy *Carlin* caught her by the rump,
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man, and mither's son, tak heed :
 Whene'er on drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember *Tam O' Shanter's* Mare.