

Till Jock said he na supper had,  
That he was now gaun hame—  
That he was as a whistle tune;  
As tune as Johnnie's wame;  
And Robie said he could na stan'  
That he was maist clean gane,  
His brawns he said gaed flappin round  
And round about the bane.

But whether Sandy gaed straucht hame  
Or no, there is some doubt,  
For on neist morn, cencerning him,  
A something leaked out;  
The outs and ins I canna tell—  
Some mystery about pouter—  
Pate Bryce scarce put the kettle on,  
When it flew owre his shouther.