

And when they are baith snugly beddit,  
 With pleasure we'll empty a can,  
 Wishing Gland meikle luck wi' his wifie,  
 And Tibbie much joy wi' her man,  
 Kiss and cuddle an' a',  
 Cuddle and kiss an' a',  
 Nought earthly can yield siccan pleasure,  
 As kissing and cuddling an' a'.

Success noo to Gland and to Tibbie,  
 May poortith ne'er enter their door;  
 But live snug and happy thegither,  
 Till up at the verge o' four-score;  
 And when death that heart-breaking auld carlie  
 Has nicket their threads like the lave,  
 May bairns wi' the tears of remembrance,  
 Aft water the flowers on their grave,  
 Groaning and sighing an' a',  
 Sighing and groaning an' a',  
 And raise a bit stane o'er their ashes  
 The place o' their slumber to shaw.