

SIC A BO 'S MY GRANNIE WAS.

“ O sic a bo, O sic a bo,
O sic a bo 's my grannie was :
I'll let you know, before I go,
What a bo my grannie was.”

When first my buxom grannie wed,
I've heard auld earlies tell my jo,
O'er ilka wife, the country roun',
She matchless bore the bell, my jo.
O sic a bo, &c.

Her stately form sae trim and neat,
Her face, O ! how it charm'd, my jo.
Her raven hair, and fairy gait,
Ilk manly bosom warm'd, my jo.
O sic a bo, &c.

Her braw lace mutch wi' ribbons fine,
Her silken gown sae dandy, O,
At Kirk, or fair, aye took the shine,
When arm in arm wi' Sandy O.
O sic a bo, &c.

When Autumn's e'en, brought fae and frien'.
To join the rantin' Kirm, my jo,
Wi' grannie nane could trip the green,
Or wallop roun' the barn, my jo,
O sic a bo, &c.