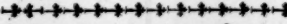


ANSWER TO
Nae Luck about the House.

A Favourite Scots Song.



YOU sing of your gudeman frae hame,
But whiles they're best awa';
And tho' the gudeman staws at hame,
John does not toil for a';
For there was nae Luck about the house,
And little for my wame;
There was nae Luck about the House,
When Maggy gade frae hame.
For there's nae Luck about the house,
There's nae Luck at a';
There's nae pleasure in the house,
When our gudewife's awa'.

For first the bairns raise frae their bed,
And for a piece did ca',
Then how cou'd I attend my work,
Who had to answer a' ?
Their hands and faces were to wash,
And coatsies to put on;
Wh-n every dud lay here and there,
Which vexed honest John.
And there's nae, &c.

He made the pottage wanting salt,
The kail sing'd in the pot,
The cutties lay beneath his feet,
And cogs they seem'd to rot;
The hen and birds went to the fields,
The glaid she whipt up twa;
The cow, for want of chaff and stra',
Stood routing thro' the wa'.
Sure there's nae, &c.

The bairnies fought upon the floor,
And on the fire did fa',
Which vex'd hte heart of honest John,
When Maggy was awa'.
With fingers bit, and cutt'd thumbs,
And shrieks that pierc'd the skies,
Which drove his patience to an end,
With'd death to close their eyes.
And there's nae, &c.

He did na think of Maggy's toil,
As she sat by the fire;
But when he got a trial o't,
He soon began to tire.
First when he got the task in hand,
He thought things would go right,
But, oh! he little wages had,
On Saturday at night.
And there's nae, &c.

He had na gain from wheel to reel,
Nor yarn had he to sell;
He wish'd for Maggy home again,
Being out of cash and meal.
The de'il gade o'er Jock Wabster,
His loss he could na tell;
But when he wanted Maggy's help,
He did nae good himsel.
And there's nae, &c.

