

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

This most felicitous song first appeared on the streets about 1772, and it was soon after taken into Herd's Collection. The authorship is a matter of doubt. A copy of it, like a first draught, was found among the papers of William Julius Mickle, the elegant translator of the *Lusiad*, and the song has hence been believed to be his, notwithstanding that he did not include it in his own works. On the other hand, there has been some plausible argument to shew that it must have been the work of a Mrs Jean Adams, who kept a school at Crawford's Dyke, near Greenock. The solution of the question seems now unattainable.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE. 423

And are ye sure the news is true? And
 are ye sure he's weil? Is this a time to
 think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel. Is
 this a time to think o' wark, When Col-in's at the
 door? Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay, And
 see him come a - shore. For there's nae luck a-
 bout the house, There's nae luck at a', There's
 nae luck a - bout the house, When our guidman's a - wa'.

And are ye sure the news is true?

And are ye sure he's weil?

Is this a time to think o' wark?

Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin's at the door?
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay,
 And see him come ashore.
 For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a',
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our guidman's awa'.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
 Put on the mickle pat;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockins white as snaw;
 It's a' to pleasure our guidman—
 He likes to see them brow.

There are twa hens into the crib,
 Ha'e fed this month and mair,
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weil may fare.
 My turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins pearl-blue—
 It's a' to pleasure our guidman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue;
 His breath's like cauler air;
 His very fit has music in't,
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
 In troth I'm like to greet.