

# Poosie Nansie's

## **Narrator**

On winter's nights when tempests blaw  
And heavy-laden skies,  
Portent the comin o' the snaws  
And mute the howlet's cry

As ancient men would fires attend  
In ancient caves and caverns  
So here we find five Mauchline friends  
In Poosie Nansie's tavern

Here's Robert Burns or Rab Mosguile  
Sae debonair and braw  
A rantin', rhymin', social chiel  
Admired by lasses a'

His rhymes and sangs aye brought him fame  
In every airt he went  
His reputation wi' the dames  
Was nane the less weel kent

Here's Tam o Shanter, fond o drams  
A worthy tenant farmer  
Here Soutar Jonnie, friend o Tam's  
Another local charmer

And lawyer Aitken, young and braw,  
A glib-tongued man o' letters  
Wha looked on men as equals a'  
And women as his betters

The t'ither chiel's a gypsy lad  
They ca'ed him Tinkler Bobbie  
His charms could send the ladies mad  
Heartbreakin' was his hobby

But hardly were they gathered here  
Wi' hopes to see the morn in  
When Poosie Nansie has appeared  
To serve them wi' a warnin'

## **Poosie Nansie**

I warn ye noo and heed me weel  
My Jessie's on the night  
And see you sex-besotted chieles  
Behave and treat her right

And if that I should be advised  
Of any molestation  
I'll personally supervise  
Your forced ejaculation

## **Tam o Shanter**

Fear ye not my Nansie dear  
You ken we'll treat her right  
She'll be as safe wi Rabbie here  
As ony virgin might

## **Narrator**

This being said they settle down  
And as the evening passes  
The conversation comes around  
As always, tae the lasses

## **Soutar Jonnie**

Tent me weel,  
I heard this frae the laird  
That Mauchline's dog-fox Rab Mosguile  
Has finally been snared

Wi Mauchline dames the rumour's rife  
Nae mair they'll be the losers  
For Rab's about tae tak a wife  
And keep it in his troosers

## **Tam o Shanter**

Awa ya fool, ye're aff yur heid  
The whisky's got yur brain  
I've aeyways said yur heid wis saft  
But noo yur clean insane

Yur mooth and brain should keep in touch  
That's slander ye're incitin'.  
But here Rab, you're no sayin' much,  
And what's a' that ye're writin'?

## **Burns**

*In Mauchline there dwells  
Six proper young belles  
The pride of the place and it's neighbourhood a  
Their carriage and dress  
A stranger would guess  
In London or Paris they'd gotten it a*

*Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland divine  
Miss Smith she has wit and Miss Betty is braw  
There's beauty and fortune to get wi Miss Morton  
Bur Armour's the jewel for me o them a*

## Poosie Nansie's

### ***O' a' the airts the wind can blow***

*Of a' the airts the wind can blow,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie lassie lives,  
The lassie I lo'e best:*

*There's wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between:  
But day and night my fancys' flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.*

*I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair:  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air:  
There's not a bonie flower that springs,  
By fountain, shaw, or green;  
There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.*

### **Tam o Shanter**

My god it's true, in truth I'm shocked  
Has auld Bob Armour's daughter  
Debauchery's high priest unfrocked  
And led him to the slaughter?

Come on now Bob cast up a spell  
Or mak some gypsy potion  
This lunacy o Rab's tae quell  
And squash this foolish notion

### **Bobbie**

I wish I could, indeed I do  
But recipes nor magic  
Nor any foul witch's brew  
Can cure a plight sae tragic

### **Aitken**

Rab, I've seen mony an honest man  
In courts o' Law indicted  
And yet I'll swear on my right hand  
For a' the lives they've blighted

Nae tragic loss o' liberty  
By judicial miscarriage  
Can match the kirk's iniquity  
Condemning men tae marriage

### **Bobbie**

Liberty, I'll drink tae that  
There is nae finer potion  
On Freedom's bounty I'll grow fat  
And sing o' my devotion.

### ***A fig for those by law protected***

*See the smoking bowl before us,  
Mark our jovial ragged ring!  
Round and round take up the chorus,  
And in raptures let us sing-*

### **Chorus**

***A fig for those by law protected!  
Liberty's a glorious feast!  
Courts for cowards were erected,  
Churches built to please the priest.***

*What is title, what is treasure,  
What is reputation's care?  
If we lead a life of pleasure,  
'Tis no matter how or where!  
A fig for, &c.*

*With the ready trick and fable,  
Round we wander all the day;  
And at night in barn or stable,  
Hug our doxies on the hay.  
A fig for, &c.*

*Does the train-attended carriage  
Thro' the country lighter rove?  
Does the sober bed of marriage  
Witness brighter scenes of love?  
A fig for, &c.*

*Life is al a variorum,  
We regard not how it goes;  
Let them cant about decorum,  
Who have character to lose.  
A fig for, &c.*

*Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!  
Here's to all the wandering train.  
Here's our ragged brats and callets,  
One and all cry out, Amen!*

### **Burns**

You're right tae sing o' freedom's charms  
What thrill can near compare  
Wi some new filly in your arms  
The smell o' new-washed hair.

**[Enter Jessie]**

# Poosie Nansie's

But hold a while what's this I see  
Has fortune sent a sign?  
How could a fellow such as me  
Resist a prize so fine?

## **Bonnie wee thing**

*Chorus.-Bonie wee thing, cannie wee thing,  
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,  
I wad wear thee in my bosom,  
Lest my jewel it should tine.*

*Wishfully I look and languish  
In that bonie face o' thine,  
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,  
Lest my wee thing be na mine.  
Bonie wee thing, &c.*

*Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,  
In ae constellation shine;  
To adore thee is my duty,  
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!  
Bonie wee thing,*

Tell me Jessie, my sweet peach  
Would your dance card be free?  
Or are your favours oot o reach  
Tae an honest bard like me?

## **Jessie**

### **The Gallant Weaver**

*Where Cart rins rowin' to the sea,  
By mony a flower and spreading tree,  
There lives a lad, the lad for me,  
He is a gallant Weaver.  
O, I had wooers auht or nine,  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;  
And I was fear'd my heart wad tine,  
And I gied it to the Weaver.*

*My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,  
To gie the lad that has the land,  
But to my heart I'll add my hand,  
And give it to the Weaver.  
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
While bees delight in opening flowers,  
While corn grows green in summer showers,  
I love my gallant Weaver.*

## **Burns**

A sarkin weaver, damn the fear  
He'd work ye day and night  
Come sit wi me my Jessie dear  
And mak my codpiece tight

## **Tam o'Shanter**

Haud awa there Rabbie boy  
Gie the lass her share  
Once she's played wi that big toy  
She'll aye come back for mair

## **[Enter Nansie]**

What devilry are ye about  
Yur noise wad raise the deil  
Ony mair and ye'll be oot  
An where's that Rab Mosguile?

Jessie! Oh my puir wee lass  
Come hither tae yur mither  
And as fur you, you drunken trash  
I'll knock your heid's the gither

Get through that door ye randy dogs  
Did I no mark yur cards?  
Ye'll feel the tae o' Nansie's clogs  
The lot o ye are barred

Get you back in here Rab Mosguile  
Ye couldn'a let her be  
I'm telt ye please the lasses weel  
Well try delighting me

Ye maybe think ye're some dog-fox  
But let me tell ye pet  
I've had my share o' struttin cock's  
And nane's fulfilled me yet

So just you come upstairs wi me  
Come intae Nansie's clutches  
And by the morn I guarantee  
You'll stagger hame in crutches

## **Narrator**

And here it is we end oor tale  
Wi Rab in dire trouble  
For thinkin he wad use his nail  
Tae prick sweet Jessie's bubble

The moral's clear to all, my friends  
Control your carnal fancies  
Or wind up in a sticky end  
Like Burns in Poosie Nansie's.

# Poosie Nansie's

## The Gallant Weaver

G C G  
Whaur cart rins rowin tae the sea  
D C D  
By monie a flower and spreadin tree  
G C G  
There lives a lad the lad for me  
C D G  
He is a gallant weaver

D G  
Well I had wooers eight or nine  
C D C D  
They gied me rings and ribbons fine  
G C G  
But I was feared my heart wad tyne  
C D G  
So I gied it tae the weaver

G C G  
My daddie signed my tocher-band  
D C D  
To gie the lad that has the land  
G C G  
But tae my heart I'll add my hand  
C D G  
And gie it tae the weaver

D G  
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers  
C D C D  
While bees delight in opening flowers  
G C G  
While corn grows green in summer showers  
C D G  
I love my gallant weaver