

**ORIGINAL SOURCES FOR THE PLAYS IN  
*TAM O SHANTER'S BIG NIGHT OOT***

**Rab C. Hood**

Robin Hood was a legendary outlaw who appears to have lived in Nottinghamshire from about 1160 to about 1200. Many places throughout England are associated with him, and there are many old ballads and songs about him and his 'band of merry men', who famously stole from the rich to give to the poor. He is mentioned in the 14<sup>th</sup> century Middle English poem *Piers Plowman*, and also in the Scottish historian Andrew of Wyntoun's *Original Chronicle of Scotland* (c. 1420).

Extract from *The Geste of Robin Hood* (15<sup>th</sup> century)

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,  
That be of freeborn blood;  
I shall you tell of a good yeoman,  
His name was Robin Hood.

Robin was a proud outlaw,  
Whiles he walked on ground;  
So courteous an outlaw as he was one  
Was never none found.

Robin stood in Barnesdale,  
And leaned him to a tree;  
And by him stood Little John,  
A good yeoman was he.

And also did good Scarlok,  
And Much, the miller's son;  
There was none inch of his body  
But it was worth a groom.

...

A good manner then had Robin;  
In land where that he were,  
Every day ere he would dine  
Three masses would he hear.

The one in the worship of the Father,  
And another of the Holy Ghost,  
The third of Our dear Lady,  
That he loved all the most.

Robin loved Our dear Lady;  
For doubt of deadly sin,  
Would he never do company harm  
That any woman was in.

‘Master,’ then said Little John,  
‘And we our board shall spread,  
Tell us whither that we shall go,  
And what life that we shall lead.

‘Where we shall take, where we shall leave,  
Where we shall abide behind;  
Where we shall rob, where we shall reeve,  
Where we shall beat and bind.’

‘Thereof no force,’ then said Robin;  
‘We shall do well y-now;  
But look ye do no husband harm,  
That tilleth with his plow.

‘No more ye shall no good yeoman  
That walketh by green shaw;  
Nor no knight nor no squire  
That will be a good fellow.

‘These bishops and these archbishops,  
Ye shall them beat and bind;  
The high sheriff of Nottingham,  
Him hold ye in your mind.’

### **Sir Patrick Spens**

The anonymous ballad ‘Sir Patrick Spens’ begins in the royal palace in Dunfermline and ends in ship-wreck. Sir Patrick Spens is ordered by King Alexander III to bring home Margaret, the princess of Norway but on the way home in stormy weather Sir Patrick, the princess and all of the ship’s crew are lost at sea.

#### *Sir Patrick Spens*

The king sits in Dunfermline town  
Drinking the blude-red wine;  
‘O whare will I get a skeely skipper  
To sail this new ship of mine?’

O up and spake an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king’s right knee,  
‘Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sail’d the sea.’

Our king has written a braid letter,  
And seal’d it with his hand,  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,  
Was walking on the strand

‘To Noroway, to Noroway,

To Noroway owre the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read  
Sae loud, loud laugh'd he;  
The neist word that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blinded his ee.

'O wha is this has done this deed  
And tauld the king o' me,  
To send us out, at this time o' year,  
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,  
Our ship must sail the faem;  
The king's daughter of Noroway,  
'is we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn  
Wi' a' the speed they may;  
They hae landed in Noroway  
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,  
In Noroway, but twae,  
When that the lords o' Noroway  
Began aloud to say,

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd,  
And a' our Queenis fee.'  
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!  
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

'For I brought as much white monie  
As gane my men and me,  
And I brought a half- fou o' gude red gowd,  
Out owre the sea wi' me.

'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!  
Our gude ship sails the morn.'  
'Now ever alack, my master dear,  
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon late yestreen  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a league, a league,

A league but barely three,  
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,  
And gurly grew the sea

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,  
It was sic a deadly storm:  
And the waves cam owre the broken ship  
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O whare will I get a gude sailor  
To take my helm in hand,  
Till I get up to the tall topmast,  
To see if I can spy land?'

'O here am I, a sailor gude,  
To take the helm in hand,  
Till you go up to the tall top-mast,  
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,  
A step but barely ane,  
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,  
And the salt sea it cam in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And wap them into our ship's side,  
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,  
Another o' the twine,  
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,  
But still the sea cam in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords  
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon!  
But lang or a' the play was play'd  
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed  
That flatter'd on the faem;  
And mony was the gude lord's son  
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,  
The maidens tore their hair,  
A' for the sake of their true loves,  
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,

Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit  
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,  
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!  
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,  
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;  
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

### **Damiano, the Abbot o Tunland**

John Damian was abbot of Tongland, Kirkcudbrightshire from 1504 to 1509. He was at James IV's court for most of this time, where he was a physician and alchemist who carried out many experiments trying to turn base metals into gold. He was, if not Italian, certainly of foreign origin, but there is no contemporary historical record of his attempt to fly from the walls of Stirling Castle. However, the poem written by William Dunbar (who was at court at the same period) 'The Fenyeit Frier of Tunland' does tell of this incident (see below). The following account was written much later by the historian John Leslie:

'This tyme thair wes ane Italiene with the King, quha wes maid Abbot of Tunland, and wes of curious ingyne. He causet the King believe that he ... wold make fine golde of uther mettall, quhilk science he callit the quintassence; quhairupon the King maid greit cost, bot all in vaine. This Abbott tuik in hand to flie with wingis, and to be in Fraunce befor the saidis ambassadouris; and to that effect he causet mak ane pair of wingis of fedderis, quhilk beand fessinit apoun him, he flew of the castel wall of Striveling, bot shortlie he fell to the ground and brak his thee [thigh] bane; but the wyt [blame] thairof he asscryvit to that thair was sum hen fedderis in the wingis, quhilk yarnit and covet the mydding and not the skyis.'—John Leslie, *The Historie of Scotland* (c.1570)

#### *The Fenyeit Freir of Tunland*

As yung Awrora, with cristall haile,  
In orient schew hir visage paile,  
A swevyng swyth did me assaile  
    Off sonis of Sathanis seid;  
Me thocht a Turk of Tartary  
Come throw the boundis of Barbary,  
And lay forloppin in Lumbardy  
    Full lang in waithman weid.

Fra baptasing for to eschew,  
Thair a religious man he slew,  
And cled him in his abeit new,  
    For he cowth wryte and reid.

Quhen kend was his dissimulace  
And all his cursit govinnace,  
For feir he fled and come in France  
With littill of Lumbard leid.

To be a leiche he fenyt him thair,  
Quhilk mony a man nicht rew evirmair,  
For he left nowthir seik nor sair  
Unslane, or he hyne yeid.  
Vane organis he full clenely carvit,  
Quhen of his straik so mony starvit,  
Dreid he had gottin that he desarvit,  
He fled away gud speid.

In Scotland than the narrest way  
He come, his cunnyng till assay.  
To sum man thair it was no play  
The preving of his sciens.  
In pottigry he wrocht grit pyne,  
He murdreist mony in medecyne;  
The Jow was of a grit engyne,  
And generit was of gyans.

In leichecraft he was homecyd;  
He wald haif, for a nicht to byd,  
A haiknay and the hurt manis hyd,  
So meikle he was of myance.  
His irnis was rude as ony rawchtir,  
Quhair he leit blude it was no lawchtir;  
Full mony instrument for slawchtir  
Was in his gardevyance.

He cowth gif cure for laxatyve,  
To gar a wicht hors want his lyve,  
Quha evir assay wald, man or wyve,  
Thair hippis yeid hiddy giddey.  
His practikis nevir war put to preif  
But suddane deid, or grit mischeif;  
He had purgatioun to mak a theif  
To dee withowt the widdy.

Unto no mes pressit this prelat,  
For sound of sacring bell nor skellat;  
As blaksmyth bruikit was his pallatt,  
For battering at the study.  
Thocht he come hame a new maid channoun,  
He had dispensit with matynnis cannoun,  
On him come nowther stole nor fannoun  
For smowking of the smydy.

Me thocht seir fassonis he assailyeit,  
To mak the quintessance, and failyeit;  
And quhen he saw that nocht availyeit,  
A fedrem on he tuke,  
And schupe in Turky for to fle;  
And quhen that he did mont on hie,  
All fowill ferleit quhat he sowld be,  
That evir did on him luke.

Sum held he had bene Dedalus,  
Sum the Menatair marvelous,  
Sum Martis blaksmyth Vulcanus,  
And sum Saturnus kuke.  
And evir the cuschettis at him tuggit,  
The rukis him rent, the ravynis him druggit,  
The hudit crawis his hair furth ruggit,  
The hevin he nicht not bruke.

The myttane and Sanct Martynis fowle  
Wend he had bene the hornit howle,  
Thay set aupone him with a yowle,  
And gaif him dynt for dynt.  
The golk, the gormaw, and the gled  
Beft him with buffettis quhill he bled;  
The sparhalk to the spring him sped,  
Als fers as fyre of flynt.

The tarsall gaif him tug for tug,  
A stanchell hang in ilka lug,  
The pyot furth his pennis did rug,  
The stork straik ay but stynt.  
The bissart, bissy but rebuik,  
Scho was so cleverus of hir cluik,  
His bawis he nicht not langer bruik,  
Scho held thame at ane hint.

Thik was the clud of kayis and crawis,  
Of marleyonis, mittanis, and of mawis,  
That bikkrit at his berd with blawis  
In battell him abowt.  
Thay nybbillit him with noyis and cry,  
The rerd of thame rais to the sky,  
And evir he cryit on Fortoun, "Fy!"  
His lyfe was in to dowt.

The ja him skrippit with a skryke,  
And skornit him as it was lyk;  
The egill strong at him did stryke,  
And rawcht him mony a rowt.  
For feir uncunnandly he cawkit,

Quhill all his pennis war drownd and drawkit.  
He maid a hundreth nolt all hawkit  
Beneth him with a spowt.

He schewre his feddreme that was schene,  
And slippit owt of it full clene,  
And in a myre, up to the ene  
Amang the glar did glyd.  
The fowlis all at the fedrem dang,  
As at a monster thame amang,  
Quhill all the pennis of it owtsprang  
In till the air full wyde.

And he lay at the plunge evirmair,  
Sa lang as any ravin did rair;  
The crawis him socht with cryis of cair  
In every schaw besyde.  
Had he reveild bene to the ruikis,  
Thay had him revin all with thair cluikis:  
Thre dayis in dub amang the dukis  
He did with dirt him hyde.

The air was dirkit with the fowlis,  
That come with yawmeris and with yowlis,  
With skryking, skrymming, and with scowlis,  
To tak him in the tyde.  
I walknit with the noyis and schowte,  
So hiddowis beir was me abowte;  
Sensyne I curs that cankerit rowte,  
Quhair evir I go or ryde.

### *William Dunbar*

fenyeit: false Awrora: goddess of the dawn cristall haile: shining dewdrops swevyng:  
vision swyth: swiftly sonis of Sathanis seid: sons of Satan's progeny forloppin: fugitive  
waithman weid: outlaw's clothing abeit: habit cowth: could govirnance: conduct  
Lumbard leid: language of Lombardy, i.e. Italian leiche: doctor fenytt: pretended or he  
hyne yeid: before he went from there vane organis: jugular veins dreid he had gottin:  
fearful he would get pottingry: pharmacy Jow: Jew, or more generally "unbeliever"  
engyne: ingenuity, cunning generit was of gyans: was descended from the giants homecyd:  
murderous haiknay: horse hyd: skin myance: means, resource irnis: surgical instruments  
gardevyance: luggage laxatyve: diarrhoea wicht hors: strong horse yeid hiddy-giddy: went  
helter-skelter but suddane deid: without instant death purgatioun: purgative medicine  
widdy: gallows mes: Mass sacring bell: bell rung at the consecration of the eucharist  
skellat: handbell bruiokit: blackened battering at the study: i.e. working at alchemy  
channoun: canon matynnis canoun: the service of matins stole: narrow strip of cloth worn  
over priest's shoulders fannoun: band attached to priest's wrist at Mass seir fassonis:  
various methods quintessance: the supposed "fifth essence" in alchemy fedrem: feather-  
coat schupe: tried fowill: birds ferleit: wondered Menatair: Minotaur Martis: Mars'  
cuschettis: wood-pigeons druggit: dragged bruke: enjoy myttanes: lesser birds of prey  
Sanct Martynis fowle: diving-bird, possibly gannet wend: thought howle: owl golk:  
cuckoo gormaw: cormorant gled: kite beft: beat sparhawk: sparrowhawk tarsall: tercel,

male hawk stanchell: kestrel pyot: magpie pennis: feathers but stynt: without ceasing  
bissart: buzzard but rebuik: without being rebuked cleverus: grasping bruik: enjoy the use  
of hint: clutch kayis: jackdaws marleyonis: merlins mawis: gulls bikkrit: attacked rerd:  
din ja: jay skrippit: mocked skryke: shriek rowt: blow cawkit: defecated drawkit:  
soaked nolt: cattle hawkit: bestreaked spowt: spurt schewre: cut schene: beautiful ene:  
eyes glar: mud at the plunge: immersed schaw: wood dub: puddles dukis: ducks  
skrymming: darting walknit: woke up beir: tumult cankerit rowte: malicious crowd

### **Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde**

*The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* is a novel by Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94), first published in 1886. The main character, the gentle and kind Dr Henry Jekyll, experiments with a drug that separates his character into good and evil and transforms him into the personification of all his wicked instincts, a hideous creature whom he names Mr Edward Hyde. As Hyde, he commits various crimes, including murder. Jekyll is increasingly unable to control the effects of the drug, and Hyde comes to dominate his divided self, forcing him to end the experiment by committing suicide.

Stevenson's tale is gripping and macabre, and has been made into a film on many occasions. It is probably the world's best-known attempt to portray the struggle between good and evil in human personality: 'With every day,' Jekyll confesses, 'and from both sides of my intelligence, the moral and the intellectual, I...drew steadily nearer to that truth, by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two.' On releasing the Hyde side of his nature, he writes, 'I knew myself, at the first breath of this new life, to be more wicked, tenfold more wicked, sold a slave to my original evil; and the thought, in that moment, braced and delighted me like wine.' And when, after resolving never to try the experiment again, he once more becomes Mr Hyde, he says, 'My devil had been long caged, he came out roaring.'

### **The Twa Corbies**

This anonymous ballad tells of a knight that lies dead behind a turf-dyke. Two ravens speculate on how the knight came to be there and discuss what they are going to do with his remains.

#### *The Twa Corbies*

As I was walking all alane  
I heard twa corbies making a mane:  
The tane unto the tither did say,  
'Whar sall we gang and dine the day?'

'—In behint yon auld fail dyke  
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;  
And naebody kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

'His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,  
His lady's ta'en anither mate,  
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

‘Ye’ll sit on his white hause-bane,  
And I’ll pike out his bonny blue een:  
Wi’ ae lock o’ his gowden hair  
We’ll theek our nest when it grows bare.

‘Mony a one for him maks mane,  
But nane sall ken whar he is gane:  
O’er his white banes, when they are bare,  
The wind sall blaw for evermair.’

### **Tam o’ Shanter’s Big Night Oot**

In the poem ‘Tam o’ Shanter: A Tale’ by Robert Burns (1759–1796), Tam leaves the warmth of his local pub to ride home through a storm on his horse, Meg. On the way, he sees lights shining through the windows of an abandoned church. Looking in, he witnesses a dance of witches. They chase him and he escapes by crossing running water over which the witches cannot pass.

#### *Tam o’ Shanter: A Tale*

‘Of Brownys and of Bogillis full is this Buke.’  
—Gawin Douglas.

When chapman billies leave the street,  
And drouthy neibors neibors, meet;  
As market-days are wearing late,  
And folk begin to tak the gate,  
While we sit bousing at the nappy,  
An’ getting fou and unco happy,  
We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
The mosses, waters, slaps and stiles,  
That lie between us and our hame,  
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o’ Shanter,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter:  
(Auld Ayr, wham ne’er a town surpasses,  
For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As taen thy ain wife Kate’s advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,  
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka melder wi’ the miller,

Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;  
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;  
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found, deep drown'd in Doon,  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames, it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd, sage advices  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:— Ae market night,  
Tam had got planted unco right,  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;  
And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:  
Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growing better:  
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious:  
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy.  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white – then melts for ever;  
Or like the Borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm. –  
Nae man can tether Time nor Tide,  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,

That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;  
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel-mounted on his grey mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet,  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,  
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles catch him unawares;  
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;  
And past the birks and meikle stane,  
Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;  
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn;  
And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.  
Before him Doon pours all his floods,  
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods,  
The lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
Near and more near the thunders roll,  
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;  
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,  
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;  
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil!  
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,  
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle,  
But Maggie stood, right sair astonish'd,  
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,  
She ventur'd forward on the light;  
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!

Warlocks and witches in a dance:  
Nae cotillon, brent new frae France,  
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
Put life and mettle in their heels.  
At winnock-bunker in the east,  
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
A tousie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
To gie them music was his charge:  
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. –  
Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
And (by some devilish cantraip sleight)  
Each in its cauld hand held a light.  
By which heroic Tam was able  
To note upon the haly table,  
A murderer's banes, in gibbet-airns;  
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted:  
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;  
A garter which a babe had strangled:  
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,  
Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
The grey-hairs yet stack to the heft;  
Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',  
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,  
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
The Piper loud and louder blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew,  
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
And coost her duddies to the wark,  
And linkit at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans,  
A' plump and strapping in their teens!  
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,  
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! –  
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
That aince were plush, o' guid blue hair,  
I wad hae gien them off my hurdies,  
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!  
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,  
Louping an' flinging on a crummock.  
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:  
There was ae winsome wench and waulie  
That night enlisted in the core,  
Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore  
(For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
And kept the country-side in fear);  
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
That while a lassie she had worn,  
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
It was her best, and she was vauntie.  
Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,  
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,  
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,  
Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,  
(A souple jade she was and strang),  
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,  
And thought his very een enrich'd:  
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,  
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,  
And roars out, 'Weel done, Cutty-sark!'  
And in an instant all was dark:  
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied.  
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,  
When plundering herds assail their byke;  
As open pussie's mortal foes,  
When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
As eager runs the market-crowd,  
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;  
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
Wi' mony an eldritch skreich and hollow.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin',  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy-utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane o' the brig;  
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
A running stream they dare na cross.

But ere the keystone she could make,  
The fient a tail she had to shake!  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
But left behind her ain grey tail:  
The carlin claut her by the rump,  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:  
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
Or cutty-sarks rin in your mind,  
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear;  
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

*Robert Burns*