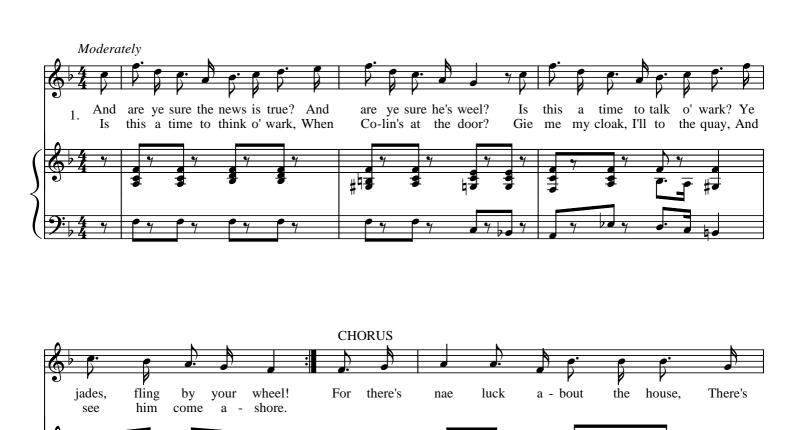
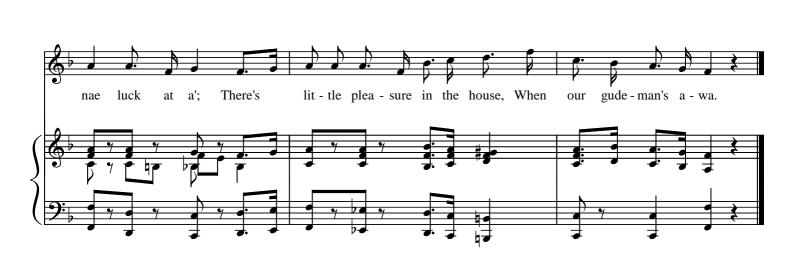
## There's nae luck about the house

**Traditional** 





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Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

3.

There are twa hens into the crib
Been fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's been lang awa!.
For there's nae luck, &c.

4.

Come, gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

5.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
When 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 truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

6

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content, I ha' nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to make him blest, I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought In truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.