

## DUNCAN DAVISON.

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**T**HERE was a lafs, they ca'd her Meg,  
 And she gae'd o'er the moor to spin ;  
 There was a lad that follow'd her,  
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison ;  
 The moor was drieigh, and Meg was skiegh,  
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win ;  
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,  
 And ay she shook the temper pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly scoor,  
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,  
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,  
 And ay she fet the wheel between ;  
 But Duncan sware a haly aith  
 That Meg shou'd be a bride the morn,  
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith,  
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O ! we will big a wee, wee house,  
 And we will live like king and queen,  
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be,  
 When ye fet by the wheel at e'en.  
 A man may drink, and no be drunk,  
 A man may fight, and no be flain ;  
 A man may kifs a bonny lafs,  
 And ay be welcome back again.

# Duncan Davison.

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*Violin*

*Lively*

There was a la's, they ca'd her Meg, And she gaid o'er the

muir to spin; There was a lad that follow'd her, They ca'd him Duncan Davison.

The Muir was drigh, and Meg was skiegh, Her favour Duncan cou'd na win: For

wi' the rock she wad him knock, And ay she fhook the temper pin.