**Tam O’Shanter by Robert Burns**

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;   
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;   
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 ' 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.

No, 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 run in your mind,   
Think! ye may buy joys o'er dear -   
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

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 skriech and hollo.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!   
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!   
In vain thy Kate awaits thy commin'!   
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 key-stane 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 gray tail;   
The carlin claught her by the rump,   
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.