

Verse 3, "die" is pronounced "dee." Verse 5, "crouse" is phonetic spelling krus, so vowel is as in American "do."

Burns Original	Standard English Translation
<p>1. Duncan Gray cam here to woo (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) On blythe Yule-Night when we were fou (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Maggie coost her head fu' high, Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh - Ha, ha, the wooing o't!</p>	<p>Duncan Gray cam here to woo (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) On blithe Christmas Eve when we were drunk (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Maggie cast her head full high, Looked askance and very skittish, Made poor Duncan stand off - Ha, ha, the wooing of it!</p>
<p>2. Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin', Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn - Ha, ha, the wooing o't!</p>	<p>Duncan wheedled, and Duncan prayed (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig (a rocky island) (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Duncan sighed both out and in, Wept his eyes both bleary and blind, Spoke of leaping over a waterfall - Ha, ha, the wooing of it!</p>
<p>3. Time and Chance are but a tide (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Slighted love is sair to bide (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) ' Shall I like a fool,' quoth he, ' For a haughty hizzie die? She may gae to - France for me! - Ha, ha, the wooing o't!</p>	<p>Time and Chance are but a tide (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Slighted love is sore to endure (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) ' Shall I like a fool,' said he, ' For a haughty hussy die? She may go to - France for me! - Ha, ha, the wooing of it!</p>
<p>4. How it comes, let doctors tell (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Meg grew sick, as he grew hale (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Something in her bosom wrings, For relief a sigh she brings, And O! her een they spak sic things! - Ha, ha, the wooing o't!</p>	<p>How it comes, let doctors tell (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Meg grew sick, as he grew hale (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Something in her bosom wrings, For relief a sigh she brings, And O! her eyes they speak such things! - Ha, ha, the wooing of it!</p>
<p>5. Duncan was a lad o' grace (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Maggie was a piteous case (Ha, ha, the wooing o't!) Duncan could na be her death, Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; Now they're crouse and canty baith - Ha, ha, the wooing o't!</p>	<p>Duncan was a lad of grace (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Maggie was a piteous case (Ha, ha, the wooing of it!) Duncan could not be her death, Swelling pity smothered his wrath; Now they're proud and jolly both - Ha, ha, the wooing of it!</p>