

Miss CUDDY.

Poor *Saw-ney* had mar-ry'd a Wife, And he knew not what to do with her; For
 she'd eat more Bar - ly bread, Then he knew how to give her: We'll
 all sup to - ge- ther, we'll all sup, to - ge- ther, We'll make no more Beds than
 one, 'Till *Jove* sends war - mer Wea- ther. We'll all lig to -
 ge - ther, we'll all lig to - ge - ther, We'll make no more Beds than
 one, 'Till *Jove* sends war - mer Wea - ther.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,
 The Wool and the Horns together;
 And we will make Broth of that,
 And we'll all sup together,
 We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,
 The Horns shall serve for Bread,
 By this you may understand,
 The Virtue that's in a Sheep's-head:
 And we'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,
 And some shall lig at the Feet,
 Miss *Cuddy* wou'd lig in the middle,
 Because she'd have all the Sheet:
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 And we'll all lig together, &c.

Miss *Cuddy* got up in the Loft,
 And *Sawney* wou'd fain have been at her,
 Miss *Cuddy* fell down in her Smock,
 And made the glass Windows to clatter:
 We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,
 We'll make no more Beds than one,
 'Till *Jove* sends warmer Weather,
 We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,
 The Bridegroom followed after,
 The Fidler crepp'd in at the Feet,
 And they all lig'd together,
 We'll all lig together, &c.