

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.