

There's nae luck about the house

Traditional

Moderately

1. And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye
Is this a time to think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay, And

The first system of the score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (Bb). The piano accompaniment is in the same time and key signature, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is marked 'Moderately'.

CHORUS

jades, fling by your wheel! For there's nae luck a - bout the house, There's
see him come a - shore.

The second system of the score is the beginning of the chorus. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in the same key signature and time signature. The chorus is marked 'CHORUS'.

nae luck at a'; There's lit - tle plea - sure in the house, When our gude - man's a - wa.

The third system of the score continues the chorus. It features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is in the same key signature and time signature. The chorus ends with a double bar line.

2.

Rise up and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

3.

There are twa hens into the crib
Been fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare:
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's been lang awa!
For there's nae luck, &c.

4.

Come, gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the Baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town:
My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearly blue;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

5.

Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air!
His very foot has music in't
When he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought
In truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

6.

Since Colin's weel I'm weel content,
I ha' nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to make him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought
In truth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.