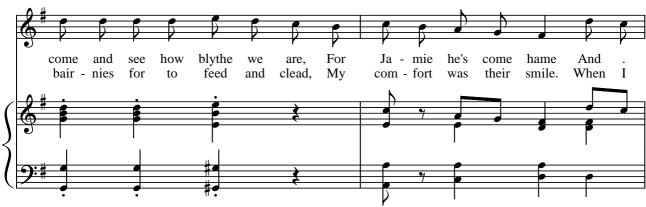
We're a' Noddin'

Traditional







2. When he knockit at the door,
 I thought I kent the rap!
And little Katie cried aloud,
 'My daddie, he's cam' back!'
A stoun gaed thro' my anxious breast
 As thoughtfully I sat,
I ran, I gazed, fell in his arms,
 And bursted out and grat.
 Noo we're a' noddin',&c.