



## Scottish Poets and Poetry

### Cuddle Doon

The Bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
Wi muckle faught an' din;  
"Oh try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues,  
Your faither's comin' in."

They never heed a word I speak;  
I try to gie a froom,  
But aye I hap them up an' cry,  
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid-  
He aye sleeps next the wa',  
Bangs up an' cries, "I wan a piece"-  
The rascal starts them a'.

I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,  
They stop awee the soun',  
Then draw the blankets up an' cry,  
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon."

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab  
Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes,  
"Mither, mak' Tam gie owre at ance,  
He's kittlin' wi' his taes."

The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
He'd bather half the toon;  
But aye I hap them up an' cry,  
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."

At length they hear their faither's fit,  
An' as he steeks the door,  
They turn their faces to the wa',  
While Tam pretends to snore.  
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,  
As he pits aff his shoon;  
"The bairnies, John, are in their beds,  
An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsel's,  
We look at oor wee lambs,  
Tam has his airm roon' wee Rab's neck,  
An' Rab his airm roon' Tam's.  
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,  
An' as I straik each croon,  
I whisper, till my hert fills up,  
"Oh, Bairnies, cuddle doon."

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The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht  
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;  
But soon the big warl's cark an' care  
Will quaten doon their glee.  
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,  
May He who rules aboon  
Aye whisper, though their pows be bald,  
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon."