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### The Stoutest Man in the Forty Twa

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cho: The wind may blaw, the cock may craw,  
The rain may rain, and the snaw may snaw  
But ye winna frichten Jock McGraw,  
He's the stoutest man in the Forty Twa

The sergeant when he 'listed me, he winked his e'e and then says he,  
"A man like you so stout and tall can ne'er be killed by a cannon ball!"  
The captain then when he cam' roon, he looked me up and he looked me doon,  
And said, said he, " I'll tak a guess--Ye must be the beastie o' Loch Ness!"

At oor last fecht across the sea, the general he sends efter me  
Fan I gaed there and my big gun, of course the battle it was won.  
The enemy a' ran awa', they were feart at the legs o'Jock McGraw  
A man like me so tall and neat, ye ken yersel' he could niver be beat.

The King then held a grand review, we numbered a thoosand and sixty-two;  
The kiltie lads cam' marchin' past and Jock McGraw cam' marchin' last  
The royal party grabbed their sticks an' a' began tae stretch their necks  
Cries the King tae the Colonel, " Upon my soul, I took that man for a  
telegraph pole."

From The Scottish Folksinger, Buchan and Hall