

There was a rammie in the street,
A stishie and stramash.
The crabbit wifie up the stair
Pit up her winda sash.

"Nou what's adae?" the wifie cried,
"Juist tell me what's adae."
*A day is twinty-fower hours, missis,
Nou gie us peace to play.*

"Juist tell me what's ado," she cried,
"And nane o yer gab," cried she.
*D'ye no ken a doo's a pigeon, missis?
Nou haud your wheesht a wee.*

"I want to ken what's up," she cried,
"And nae mair o yer cheek, ye loun."
*It's only yer winda that's up, missis.
For guidsake pit it down.*

The Corbie

A Corbie sits at the tap o' thon tree,
An he's luikin doon with his black, black ee,
An he's crying oot wi a Caa! Caa! Caa!
'If ye try yae sclim up
Ye're suir tae faa!

Ma feyther says it'll no be lang
Afore A'm big an souple an strang;
Then A'll sclim up an A'll no faa,
An ye'll see if the Corbie
Cries Caa! Caa! Caa!

For A ken his nest's at the tap o' thon tree,
That's why he's sittin cryin at me.
Ma mither says it's a daft like ploy,
But ma feyther cuid dae it
When he wis a Boy!

A Dug, A Dug

Hey, daddy, wid yi get us a dug?
A big broon alsatian? Ur a wee white pug,
Ur a skinny wee terrier ur a big fat bull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

N whose dug'll it be when it durties the flerr?
and pees'n the carpet, and messes the sterr?
It's me ur yur mammy'll be taen fur a mug.
Away oot an play. Yur no needin a dug.

Bit, daddy! Thur gien thum away
doon therr at the RSPCA.
Yu'll get wan fur nothing so ye wull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Doon therr at the RSPCA!
Dae ye hink ah've goat nothing else tae dae
bit get you a dug that ah'll huftae mind?
Yur no needin a dug. Ye urny blind!

Bit, daddy, thur rerr fur guardin the hoose
an thur better'n cats fur catchin a moose,
an wee Danny's dug gies is barra a pull.
Aw, hey daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Dae ye hear im? Oan about dugs again?
Ah hink that yin's goat dugsn the brain.
Ah know whit ye'll get; a skiten the lug
if ah hear any merr about this bliddy dug.

Bit, daddy, it widnae be dear tae keep
N ah'd make it a basket fur it tae sleep
N ah'd take it fur runs away orr the hull.
Aw, daddy. Get us a dug. Wull ye?

Ah don't hink thur's ever been emdy like you.
Ye could wheedle the twist oot a flaming coarkscrew.
Noo get doon aff mah neck. Ah don't want a hug.
Awright. That's anuff. Ah'll get ye a dug.

Aw, daddy! A dug! A dug!

Bill Keys