**The Auld Troot by Sandy Thomas Ross**

 The auld broon troot lay unner a stane,

 Unner a stane lay he,

 An he thocht o' the wund,

 An he thocht o' the rain,

 An the troot that he uist tae be.

 A'm a gey auld troot, said he tae hissel,

 A gey auld troot, said he,

 An there's mony a queer-like

 Tale A cuid tell

 O' the things that hae happened tae me.

 They wee-hafflin trooties are aa verra smart,

 They're aa verra smert, said he,

 They ken aa the rules

 O' the gemm aff by hairt,

 An they're no aften catched, A'll agree.

 They're thinkin A'm auld an they're thinkin A'm duin,

 They're thinkin A'm duin, said he,

 They're thinkin A'm no

 Worth the flirt o' a fin

 Or the blink o' a bonnie black ee.

 But A'm safe an A'm smug in ma bonnie wee neuk,

 A'm safe an A'm snug, said he,

 A'm the big fush that

 Nae fusher can heuk,

 An A'll aye be that - till A dee!