

Rain

by JK Annand

Rain-draps, rain-draps,
Stottin aff stanes,
Grannie tellt us ye wad come,
She felt it in her banes.

Rain-draps, rain-draps,
Skytin aff sclates,
Getherin in your millions till
The burns rowe doun in spates.

Rain-draps, rain-draps,
Batterin on the pane,
Bash yersels to smithereens
And dinna come again.