

Street Talk by J. K. Annand

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

*uproar, commotion
bad-tempered*

"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 yer wheesht a wee.

be quiet for a while

"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.