**Rain by J K 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.