

My Wee Doggie

By J.K. Annand

My wee doggie
does lots of tricks,
Fetches the paper,
Brings back sticks.
Chases aw the craws,
That steal the hen's feed,
Lowps through a gird,
kids he's deid.
Sits on his hunkers,
Gies a paw,
Then he gets a bane to gnaw.