

The Coming of the Wee Malkies
by Stephen Mulrine

"Haw missis, whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,

If they dreep doon affy the wash-hoose dyke,

An pit the hems oan the sterrheid light,

An play wee heidies oan the clean close wa,

An bloter her windie in we da ba,

Missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,

If they chap yir door an choke yir drains,

An caw the feet fae yir sapsy weans,

An tumble thur wulkies through yir sheets,

An tim thur ahes oot in the street,

Missis, whit'll ye dae?

Whit'll ye dae when the wee Malkies come,

If they chuck thur screwtaps doon the pan,

An stick the heid oan the sanitory man,

When ye hear thum shauchlin doon yir loaby,

Chanting, "Wee Malkies! The gemme's a bogey!"

Haw, missis, whit'll ye dae?"