

## The Puddock

A Puddock sat by the lochan's brim,  
An' he thocht there was never a puddock like him.  
He sat on his hurdies, he waggled his legs,  
An' cockit his heid as he glowered throu' the seggs  
The bigsy wee cratur' was feelin' that prood,  
He gapit his mou' an' he croakit oot lood  
"Gin ye'd a' like tae see a richt puddock," quo' he,  
"Ye'll never, I'll sweer, get a better nor me.  
I've fem'lies an' wives an' a weel-plenished hame,  
Wi' drink for my thrapple an' meat for my wame.  
The lasses aye thocht me a fine strappin' chiel,  
An' I ken I'm a rale bonny singer as weel.  
I'm nae gaun tae blaw, but the truth I maun tell-  
I believe I'm the verra MacPuddock himsel'."

A heron was hungry an' needin' tae sup,  
Sae he nabbit th' puddock and gollup't him up;  
Syne 'runkled his feathers: "A peer thing," quo' he,  
"But-puddocks is nae as fat as they eesed tae be."

### *Meaning of unusual words:*

puddock=frog  
hurdies=buttocks  
seggs=yellow iris  
gapit=gaped open  
gin=if  
thrapple= throat  
wame=stomach  
chiel=child  
blaw=boast  
nabbit=grabbed  
syne=afterwards  
peer=poor