

## 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.

"Nou whats adae?" the wifie cried,  
"Juist tell me whats adae."  
A day is twinty-fower hours, missis,  
Nou gie us peace to play.

"Juist tell me whats ado," she cried,  
"And nane o yer gab," cried she.  
Dye no ken a doos a pigeon, missis?  
Nou haud yer wheesht a wee.

"I want to ken whats up," she cried,  
"And nae mair o yer cheek, ye loun."  
Its only yer winda thats up, missis.  
For guidsake pit it down.