



ST ANDREW'S NIGHT

(With apologies to Mr MacBurns)

Well, here ye are, jist tak' yer place;
Aye, but it's grand tae see yer face,
Ye'll a' want me tae say the grace
'Tae a Haggis' ?
We're a' Scots, ken, a blessed race:
Whit a solace!

Oor kilt's a' tartan like yon rug,
Oor drink's a whisky in the snug.
(If that's no Scotch, I'll bite yer lug,
Ye Sassenach !)
We're a' Scots, like: aye, e'en ma dug
Lassie and that.

Ah'll say some words, afore youse a'
Gathered here in the Masonic Ha'.
We're no bigots that ye might ca' -
Jist nivver mind
Yon Fenian s****s: we'll hae their balls
For auld lang syne.

The Hampden Roar, it rings oot strong,
Yon lad Faddie can dae nae wrong,
O Flower o' Scotland is oor song,
A fitba' ? - nae need :
We're a' Scots, man, ya bass, come oan,
We'll kick yer heid.

We're a' gowfers, we drive and putt,
We'll gi' yon Trump whate'er we got,
Be it dune or wood or beauteous spot:
He can have it.
We're a' Scots, ken, we can be bought,
E'en for a divot.

Clydeside built, that's a rare boast,
Ships and stuff, done mair than most,
Oor engines thrum frae coast tae coast.
Nae mair? Since when?
We're a' Scots, man, the skill's no lost -
Jist sleeping, ken?

Oor Banks (and braes) the world's
renown,
Oor Printers have endowed oor town,

Oor streets swish wi' the Gown
Of Advocates.
We're a' Scots, ken, wi' oor ain Pound
Note - no Euro bits.

We've History beyond yer ken,
We've Flora, Charlie, and John Maclean,
Wallace, Bruce, and a' they men,
Tae name a few.
They're a' Scots - whit? Charlie's foreign?
Aye, right - see youse?

D'ye ken this? - we're all Enlightened:
Jist here's where it all happened,
Oor philosophy tae problems bent.
Some time ago?
We're a' Scots, man, oor spark's no went:
We've mair tae show.

Aye, we dae Books, a' that jottin',
Yon boy McCall, and Trainspottin',
Abune them a' J.K.Rowling
Jist sets the tone.
(Walter Scott, tho', he is forgot
In Waterstones.)

Noo, come oan, let's no disappoint:
Let's perty and jist smash the joint,
And when they bouncers gie's a dunt,
We'll batter them:
We're a' Scots, and youse a' are c****s:
Och, it's a game!

Here ye are, ye've had yer dinner:
Chips and haggis, less than a tenner.
Washed it a' doon wi' a can or
Six o' Irn-Bru:
We're a' Scots, like, we dine at Tennants -
Till roarin' fu'!

Aye, but: we ken a man's a man
For a' that, be he Desperate Dan
Or Soapy or e'en frae England -
He's no to blame.
We're brithers, ken, jist tak' oor hand:
We'll mak it hame.

