

Poems

To a Bucket

- A very special bucket!

Wee roosty, battered bucket seat,
Sma' wonder that ye're far frae neat.
Ye've sat around in cauld, in heat,
An' stuck it.
Bilstered wi' sun, or soakin weet.
Ye poor wee bucket!
But frae ye, Wullie widna part,
Ye've been his chum right frae the start,
Wi' a special corner in his heart,
Ye ken fu' well.
He likes ye mucky, messed – no' smart!
Just like himsel'!

One time, ye are his trusty steed
Wi' flowin' mane an' tossin' heid,
Bein' spurred by Wull tae get mair speed,
Tae catch the "baddie".
Aye, Wullie treats ye rough indeed!
That awfu' laddie!

Next time, ye're in the kitchen sin,
Bein' filled wi' watter tae the brink,
An' many a time ye sure must think
Ye've had enough.
For the coalman's horse is wantin' a drink,
An' ye're the trough!

So, buckled an' 'bashed by blows o' Fate,
It's clear ye're in a gey bad state.
There wis nae plastic, nae braw chrome plate,
When ye were sold.
But tae Wullie ye'll aye be worth yer weight-
In solid gold!

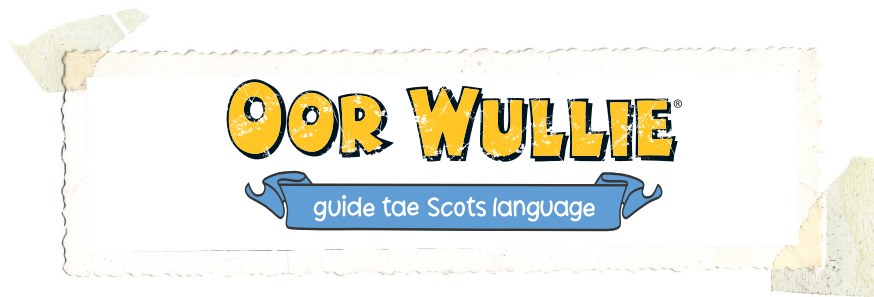
OOOR WULLIE®

guide tae Scots language

To a Mouse

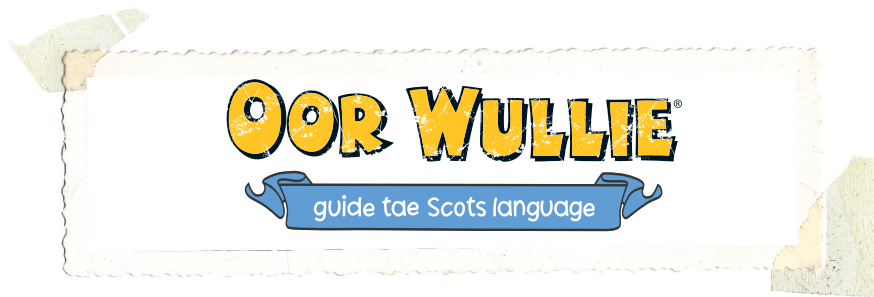
Wee, sleekit, cowran, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
An' never miss't!
Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
Baith snell an' keen!
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast,
An' weary Winter comin fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.
That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald.
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!
But Mousie, thou are no thy-lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Gang aft agley,

An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promis'd joy!
Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!



The Ways and Wiles o' Oor Wullie

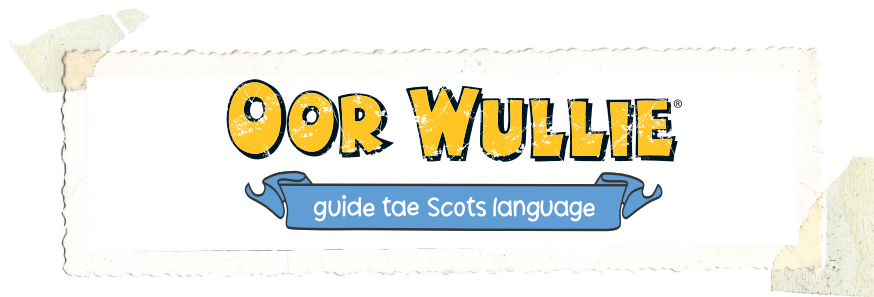
Fair fa' your rosy-cheekit face,
Your muckle buits, wi' broken lace,
Although you're always in disgrace,
An' get your spansks,
In all our hearts ye have your place-
Despite your pranks.
Your towsy heid, your dungarees,
Your wee snub nose, your dirty knees,
Your knack o' seeming tae displease
Your Ma an' Pa.
We dinna care a tuppenny sneeze-
We think you're braw.
You're wee, an' nae twa ways aboot it,
You're wise, wi' very few tae doot it,
You're wild, there's nane that wad dispute it,
Around the toon.
But maist of a' ye are reputit-
"A lauchin' loon."
Weel-kent, weel-liked, you're aye the same,
Tae Scots abroad and Scots at hame.
North, south, east, west, your weel-son fame
Shall never sully.
We'll aye salute that couthie name-
Oor Wullie.



Address to a Haggis

Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o the puddin'-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.
The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your pin wad help to mend a mill
In time o need,
While thro your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.
His knife see rustic Labour dight,
An cut you up wi ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright,
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!
Then, horn for horn, they stretch an strive:
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swallow'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
The auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
'Bethankit' hums.
Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Or fricassee wad mak her spew
Wi perfect scunner,
Looks down wi sneering, scornfu view
On sic a dinner?
Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!
But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,

He'll make it whistle;
An legs an arms, an heads will sned,
Like taps o thrissle.
Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies:
But, if ye wish her gratefu prayer,
Gie her a Haggis



Gin a Body Meet Oor Wullie

Gin a body meet a laddie,
Fower an' a half feet high.
Towsy-heided, rosy cheekit,
Mischief in his eye-
Patchit breeks, an' bulgin' pockets,
Fu' o' spirit forbye-
Then like as no' ye've met Oor Wullie-
Scotland's fly wee guy!

Gin a body meet a Bobby,
Stalking down the street.
And, in the dark, ahead o' him –
A laugh, and runnin' feet-
Ten tae one the sprig o' mischief-
Terror o' the beat!
Will be Oor Wullie, an' we hope
The twain shall never meet!

Gin a body meet a cuddy,
Peltin' down the beach-
On its back, a whoopin' laddie,
Clingin' like a leech-
Mair nor likely it's Oor Wullie-
Him ye canna teach!
He hauds a lang stick wi' a carrot
Danglin' oot a reach!

Gin a body meet a buddy,
Steadfast, staunch an' true-
Ready wi' a cheery story
When ye're feeling' blue-
Keen tae share his bag o' sweeties
Down to the last chew! –
Then mak' a buddy o' Oor Wullie-
HE's the lad for you!