

Slainte Bard

Scraep aff da char,
da crust an hay onythin
eb nac tih , tfel
as brunt as du laeks
but hit's nae
awfferin.

Lift aff da lid an fin ess,
dry as Derby
i da deep dark
ma 3 o dlaac
an dir nae turnin back.

Jacobite

by nem an naettir,
da nicht's da nicht
a witches shaest
eidduc sseliat ad
ower da stream

an say dey keen
whit we can be,
syne we darena
eert riddi ad aa eerf ad
hunder an sixty fower days
o da year at turnt
tree hunder an seevin year
o lang dark nichts

intae a brand new day
fur aabody, eddir side
naard rivvi redrob yrivvi o
sooth o perfect.

On den,

Cutty Sark

krap ad i kkaw sid o riam rid
as a blue plaque, tae a Chancellor
wi a checquered past. Gie

tae da exciseman his due.
Takk da rest fur aa.