

Toast To The Lassies

Bou backit, gangrel, hert sair, a peg
A man weary as a dog wi nae legs
But lo when he hears the fair patter o' lassies
He be back ramstam and bright wi glowering flashes
So I'll tell a tale of a few that I ken
Women, maidens, ladies and even a hen.

To start wi lets gi our thanks
To a lassie wi the strongest o' shanks
Tiana gae cycle the length o' the land
Whilst baking cakes wi the other hand
Her hurdies whirrin mile upon mile
Fair dochtie lass wi a bonnie wee smile

Now I ken a wee bittie lassie 3 inches lang
A god in her world heck she is strang
Nae chicken hertit, a bonnie wee fechter
Quaen o' the gorbells full o the chatter
Heid o' red besom , she'll see you right
So no worry Cathie aboot your height

Framboise, Thane o' Innerleithen will call
"Let's make a party in my mighty hall"
Squezzin her whezzin box o' fun
She'll make you dance till ya nae see the sun
A pal o' beasties she'll confess
But the talk o' the toon in her little black dress.

An noo to the lass wi' tha ginger bonnet
She's fair hailrocket wi the sonnet
Hae head alive wi' radio waves and beams
Suzans garden is full of scrumptious beans
Hae pride o' worms sure are a winner
This lassies compost heaps a stunner.

Gad wrought the earth and sky
The mountains and paps a mile high
Babbling brook and laughing hill
The almighty fixed things wi skill
Nae less gain say o' violets chest
Here the spirit saved his best.

Doctor Campbells a commin', so she is
Aye on a pair o' skis all a whizz
She'll mend your knee and fix your haed
She'll even tell you if your daed
A housie here a garage there
Quaen o' all the hurds wi space to share.

Fair hair, blue eyes a blazzin
Snackin, yowfin, she skis amazin
Lynn a hindermost all a bletherin'
That Grattage lassie needs a tetherin'
A sandwich, a cake, all sorts o' snacks
Wait a wee minute where's my ski wax

Legs eleven, wi lips a pouting
Rummle gumption the hens a touting
COOOEEE you voters Linda's in toon
Shammie legit in a foxy gown
Base camp manager by the billabong
To the north face o' George Street she's a gone.

Girdle girt, a wee Cockabandie
Helens here she's all bendy
Bambaleerie her hips a swirling
Beglammers, Broukit, all a birling
The ski store cupboard is locked shut tight
Do do nae touch it or I'll gi ye a fight

Hoots man is that Mrs Doyle I see,
Breeks a clabber, bowlie legit on ski
Oh nae its Sam all claided in down
A bright smile upon her flaxen crown
My loves got a red, red nose
But I will love thee still my rose

Alas too many more to mention the noo
Its a quettin time, and time for a brew
A man would fight for many a thing
His sister, his lover, or even his mother
Enough to melt the stoniest heart
A toast to the lassies may we never part!