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Auld Grace and Tom

Auld Grace had pestered Tom for years,  
about the Mason Craft

She speired and speired baith morn and  
neeb till Tom was driven doaft.

She swore that he was aye the blame  
whenever there was a ~~trick~~  
for he should hide nee secrets frae his  
true and lawful wife.

Tom swore couldna' break his oath. Grace  
swore he was a leier

An' like time she ragged like the  
aht Tom went on the beer.

Lang lengths, things cam' frae such a pas  
(it made his life a hell).

That Tom in desperation cried, the secrets

he wid tell.

Well pleased wis Grace, she'd fought the  
fight, and both she'd gained the day:  
so down she sat, and cocked her <sup>up</sup> eye, the  
hear what Tam wid say.

Quo' Tam, I'll put ye thro' the same as  
- went thro' mazel'

But both yell need tae swear an oath  
that others yill no tell.

Grace said she'd swear a hunner oaths,  
but Tam said yin wad dae  
so Grace swore oot baith lood and strong,  
that never a word she'd say.

Nos strip, said Tam, richt tae the butt  
as bare as bare can be:

when Grace had stripped, Tam slyly

said, "Ye've got the first degree".

Que' Tam, will ye go further noo and  
tak' the next degree.

Que' Grace, I will: ye needna think Iae  
right the likes o' me.

The second then, quo' Tam is clear an' will  
yer doos disperse -

Just stick yer right thoomb in yer mooth,  
the left yin in yer erse.

Grace looked at Tam wi' wrath fu' e'e an'  
thought that he'd gone wud.

When next a stickin' plaister her Tam  
stuck in her auld bud.

Quo' Tam: I've stuck it like a hole, and  
gin it on the squane.

If oot goes wrang, I'm no bae blame,



nae mortal could dae mair.

Noo Grace ma lass, this is the best, the  
third and best degree,  
if ye dae richt, I'll gie ma saith a Mason  
ye will be.

Grace couldna' speak, but Tam cried out  
"Chinge thoombs ma guid wife Grace"  
The left should noo be in yer mouth,  
the richt yin in its place.

Then Grace cried out in angry vice  
atween her scunnet spits,  
"If this is yer Mason's third degree  
yer devilish dirty bits."

Tam noo has honest peace of mind as aw the  
neighbours see.

Since Grace chinged thoombs at this

request, and took the third degree.

### The Whisky Bottle Plogy

Yer lugs, ye wanten tiplers  
I rhyme this rant for you  
that you may see your photographs  
when half or roarin' fou  
that you may kiss this for aye  
A secret few can ease  
The only way o' drinkin' drams  
Is keirin' them to stop

What's better than a dram you ask  
Aonal answers twa

Toaddy shouts a point my dear  
And Sandy laughs ha, ha  
Weel hae yer jokes an welcome sers  
To any length o' rope  
But still the art o' drinkin' drams

As kenin han to stop.

And thaks no when yell hand me  
mair

Nor when ye canna stand

Nor when ye clutch a lary's-post-  
arm

And ask whaus he's gaur

Nor is it when ye think yer breeks  
should draw aft ower yor heid

Or hung yersel upon the door  
and place yer clothes in bed

Nor is it when yer sillers dune

Nor whiles that best would be

For then your gratuitous publecon  
inclone to piety

Nor is it when Sir Boniface

Expels ye from his shop

No a' these points are far beyond



The one whaur you should stop,

Three scruples so the learned say  
should gang to ilka dram  
ye wardira hae a scruple sirs  
to dry Binorie dram  
I grant it's hard to hoist the crane  
at one or ony drop  
That's why I'd kindly inquire  
And show ye where to stop.

The first dram dries the teul  
the second lights the fire  
the third one mak's ye mellow  
and the fourth one breeds desire  
the fifth one mak's ye feel my lord  
the sixth one mak's ye pop  
and after ye've got seven  
So' ye'd never wish to stop.

Can tak a dram or want it  
Oh I'll no dispute the fact  
But this live lang haen notice o'  
ye aye prefer to tak  
And sir I ne'er ken'd soul regret  
We'er drinkin drams awa  
I'd say renounce the whisky stoup  
and burn tee-buttlers a

Ye needna think to stock the 'drouth  
Wi that, that makes ye dry  
Nor clear the mental atmosphere  
Wi that that clouds its sky  
Ye'r number one that plays the loon  
and seeds the after after crop  
Mind that and act upon'd  
And then ye've learned han to stop.