

POEM: 'THE WAISTCOAT'S RETURN'

The Waistcoats Return.

My frien' the lang legg'd ball is past,
Lang talk'd about oft comes at last,
An' tho' I've been tae many a spree,
Amang them a', this bears the gree.
The room, it was adorned fine,
The wee'l wax'd fluir did glitterin'
shine.

It raelly was in order gran',
For ilka pair tae dance along.
The music man, it didna' jar,
I've aften paid twa bob for maur,
Ye spak o' ither four for grub,
At that, it couldna' pay the hub(?).
Some folk that were at supper said,
They'd seldom seen a better spread,
An' Mrs M. She wasna' sweer',
Tae' treat ilk ane tae a' the cheer.
The drainer, herd an' farmers three,
A' danc'd an' laugh'd richt merrily,
T'was sic' a great success, they
swear,
They'll hae' another one next year.

Yer waistcoat white I don'd wi' glee,
An' syne fan' out t'was nuco(?) wee,
T'wad maybe fitted some mair slicht,
But roon'd my oxters it was ticht.
Nae pauches int', ye should hae'n
ane,
Where I might safely kept my tin,
Light finger'd gentry I'm sure,
That nicht ne'er ventur'd near the
door.
We'el were sewed on't the buttons
red,
A tailor should hae' been yer' trade.
The only thing I see yer lackin',
Is just a fortnicht at the cuttin',
The Heritors, folk say are hard,

They'll no redd up the auld Kirkyaird,
They're beggin' now, baith far an'
near,
Aught they can get frae rich or puir.
A sale o' work, I understan',
They mean tae hae ere very lang,

The waistcoat white, I sen' tae giver,
I heard today yer'e a receiver.
I doubt, t'will no be easy sell'd,
But some are unco easy gull'd,
Maybe some puir young silly gent,
'll buy it frae ye for a cent.
Before my rhyme I fairly end,
A bit advice tae ye I'll send,
When next our New Years Dance
comes round,
About it dinna' fash your thumb,
Min' yir ain business; Bide at home,
I'm fit as you tae min' my ain,
Sae dae ye likewise; It's your duty,
Tae meddle wi' nae ither body.