

The Waistcoats Return

My Freen

- The lang legged ball is past
Lang talked about oft comes at last
And though I've been to mony a spree
Among them a this bears the que.

The room it was adorned fine
The weel waxed floor did glitterin shine
It really was in order gran
For ilken one to dance along

The music man it did na jar
I've often paid two bob for waur
Ye speak o ither four for grub
At that it could na pay the pub

Some folk that were at supper said
They'd seldom seen a better laid
And Mrs M she was,na swear
Tae treat ilk one tae a the chur.

The drainer herd and farmers three
A laughed and danced richt merrily.
Twas sie a great success the swear
They'll ha'e anither one next year.

The waistcoat while I donned wi glee
But soon found out twas unco wee
Twad may be fitted some mair slight
But roon my oseters it was ticht.

Wal were sewed on't the buttons red
A tailor should have been your trade
The only thing I see your lacken
Is just a fortnight at the cuttin.

The heritors folk say are hard
They'll no riced up the auld kirk yard
They're beggin noo baith far and near
Aucht they can get frae rich or puir.