

WRITTEN IN THE 1940'S
THE LOCHINVAR HOTEL,
DALRY

Noo freens and neebours met aroon',
Herein Dalry or St. John's Toon,
I gether that ye've a' been doon
At some Tup Sale,
And noo ye're bletherin', boastin' roon
Your gless o' ale.

I understand by what you say
Some high class sheep were there this day
You lads could value them, and say
Just in a trice,
"There's ane ower there should shairly dae,
At sicna price".

Wull Wallace there, he's gaun tae bid,
O' cash this day he must get rid,
A braw sheep's chapped, at thirty quid
Tae Fingland's name.
He'll dae the ewes a power o' guid
When he gets hame.

I like thae rams among my flock
That dae their job like one o'clock,
And no thae sheepy, shaggy brock
That prowl aroon',
That only hiv a wee bit snock
And then sit doon.

Noo, in the Spring, when Winter's gane,
Wi' a' her snaw, and wind, and rain,
When lambs are skipping ower the plain,
It's then we'll trace
If this same ram was worth its grain
At Fingland's place.

But should the rotter prove your foe,
Wi' only silly lambs tae show,
Just hit him yin, a hefty blow
Wi' ocht ye've got,
And, when he's doon and lyin' low
Just cut his throat

The fleece will dae some hawker cheil,
The horns for crooks, the braes tae speil,
The mutton on him should dae weel
Tae hiv a feed,
Nae mair he'll traik about the feil'
Tae butt or breed.

Wha's spared my lads among us here
Tae see things through anither year,
Micht meet, I hope, in social sphere
This nicht again,
Whaur freenship's haun is held sincere
It must remain.

Allan Ramsay.