*The Auld Broon Troot
by Sandy Thomas Ross

The auld broon troot lay unner a stane,
Unner a stane lay he,
An he thocht o' the wund,
An he thocht o' the rain,
An the troot that he uist tae be.

A'm a gey auld troot, said he tae hissel,
A gey auld troot, said he,
An there's mony a queer-like
Tale A cuid tell
O' the things that hae happened tae me.

They wee-hafflin trooties are aa verra smert,
They're aa verra smert, said he,
They ken aa the rules
O' the gemm aff by hairt,
An they're no aften catched, A'll agree.

They're thinkin A'm auld an they're thinkin A'm duin,
They're thinkin A'm duin, said he,
They're thinkin A'm no
Worth the flirt o' a fin
Or the blink o' a bonnie black ee.

But A'm safe an A'm smug in ma bonnie wee neuk,
A'm safe an A'm snug, said he,
A'm the big fush that
Nae fusher can heuk,
An A'll aye be that - till A dee!*

*Circus
by J K Annand*

*The circus cam to our toun
And settled on the Green;
They heistit up the biggest tent
That I hae ever seen.

And there for twa-and-saxpence
He let me in to see
Some acrobats up in the ruif
Dae henners on a swee.

The best turn in the circus was
The clown in baggy breeks
That gart me lauch until the tears
Cam rinnin doun my cheeks.*

*Heron by J K Annand*

*A humphy-backit heron*

*Nearly as big as me*

*Stands at the waterside*

*Fishin for his tea.*

*His skinnie-ma-linkie lang legs*

*Juist like reeds*

*Cheats aa the puddocks (frogs)*

*Soomin mang the weeds, (swimming)*

*Here’s ane comin,*

*Grup it by the leg!*

*It sticks in his thrapple (gullet)*

*Then slides doun his craig . (throat)*

*Neist comes a rottan , (next rat)*

*A rottan soomin past,*

*Oot gangs the lang neb (beak)*

*And has the rottan fast.*

*He jabs it, he stabs it,*

*Sune it’s in his wame , (belly)*

*Flip-flap in the air*

*Heron flees hame.*