*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.*