

FYKIE FLEEN THINGS

Gregor Steele

The Weedgie Wasp is gallus,
It's jist a totie thing,
But if it cannae thole ye,
It packs a muckle sting.

The Bampot Bat's a brammer,
By day it hings in shade,
At nicht it's at the wind ferm,
Haein a hurlie on a blade.

The Hoochter-Teuchter Hoolets,
Like tae wear the kilt and sporran,
Fur eichtsme reels that stert at nine,
And still be gaun the morn.

Ye micht no like the wee Mad Midge,
But ye cannae doot its speed,
It flees that fast, afore ye ken,
It's nippin at yir heid.

The Drookit Doo's a daft yin,
And no that guid at singin.
It stauns up on the auld belltooer
In rain, its feathers wringin.

Sam the Stuckie has a freen,
Whase name is Shug the Spug,
They hae their bath in a big ridd bowl,
Aye scunnerin the dug.

