

JEANIE DEANS

by James Robertson

Jeanie Deans tellt aw her freens
She wid niver tell a lee.
But when a smell escaped hersel,
She cried, “It wisnae me!”

“It wis the beans,” said Jeanie Deans,
“That made that ill wind blaw.”
They said, “Tak care, Jeanie Deans,
There’s mair hot air, Jeanie Deans,
Blawin oot yir mooth and aw!”