

**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 used 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 aw verra smert,  
They're aw verra smert, said he,  
They ken aw 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 dinn,  
They're thinkin A'm dinn, 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 snug 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!