

# Snawman

## (A Winter Talisman)

by Johnny Cunningham

I cannae wait for heavy snaw  
 Fu white and cream like larded fat  
 Twa lumps o coal and a carrot gnarled  
 And Dad's auld tweedie fishin hat  
 Fine length o shawl fu bricht and gallus  
 Like wool aurora borealis

And wi ruddy cheeks and mittens aff  
 Ma fingers chappit blue and cauld  
 I'll rowl a snawbaw roond the yaird  
 And a brow big snawman I wid mould  
 I'll face him lookin ower the glen  
 Tae see the winter days blaw past  
 And guard the kye up on the knowes  
 Through shivering winds and icy blast

A frozen sentinel he will stand  
 Cauld talisman for field and farm  
 Black embered eyes and warded broom  
 Tae keep us aw frae devils' harm

And when auld winter's season's gone  
 We'll pit the snawman's meltin's in a cup  
 And at the springtime's dewy dawn  
 We'll gaither roond and tak a sup  
 And toast his fareweel -  
 Job weel done, farewell the Moon  
 And welcome Sun.