Scottish Songs and Poems

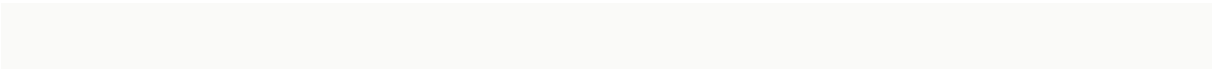## Contents

The Wee Rid Motor
By Sandy Thomas Ross

In my wee rid motor,
I can gang for miles,
Up and doon the gairden,
Through the lobby whiles.

Mony a bigger motor
Gangs tae toons afaur.
Nane can gang whaur I gang
In my wee rid caur.

Mince and Tatties

I dinna like hail tatties

Pit on my plate o mince

For when I tak my denner

I eat then baith at yince.

Sae mash and mix the tatties

Wi mince into the mashin

And sic a tasty denner

Will aye be voted 'Smashin!'

Heid, Shouders, Kaps and Taes

Heid, shooders, knaps and taes

Knaps and taes

Heid, shooders, knaps and taes

Knaps and taes

And een and lugs and mooth and neb

Heid, shooders, knaps and taes

Knaps and taes

The Sair Finger

You've hurt your finger? Puir wee man!

Your pinkie? Deary me!

Noo, juist you haud it that wey till

I get my specs and see!

My, so it is - and there's the skelf!

Noo, dinna greet nae mair.

See there - my needle's gotten't out!

I'm sure that wasna sair?

Staun up, Sit Doon

Staun up.

Pit baith yer airms in the air. Waggle yer fingirs.

Pit yer hauns on yer heid.

Pit yer hauns on yer shooders.

Touch yer taes.

Haud up yer richt haun.

Gie yer index fingir a waggle.

Point tae yer mooth.

Point tae yer left ee.

Point tae yer richt ee.

Point tae yer neb.

Point tae yer left oxter. Point tae baith oxters.

Birl roond.

Lowp up and doon.

Gie yersel a guid shoogle.

Pit yer hauns on yer hurdies.

Gie yer hurdies a waggle.

Airms in the air. Hauns on yer heid, shooders, taes.

Pit yer richt haun in the air.

Gie yer bahookie a wee/guid skelp.

Sit doon.

The Shooglie Wooglie

Ye pit yer richt airm in

Yer richt airm oot

In, oot, in, oot

Shak it aw aboot

Ye dae the Shooglie Wooglie

And ye birl aroon

That's whit it's aw aboot - BREEKS

I've a Kisty

I've a kisty,

I've a creel,

I've a baggie

Full of meal.

I've a doggie

At the door,

One, two,

Three, four.