

Home Rule

*As Mondays "Record" I peruse,
I'm flamin' mad, "you must excuse,
I see exposed there, on page two
An article called "Record View."*

*We working folk are urged to make
Some sacrifice, "for our countrys sake"
That some are needed, I'll agree,
But "surely", at the top o the tree.*

*Our M.P.s, wi their hearts o' flint
Are a' agreed the country's "skint",
We struggle on, on "Borrowed money"
Yet still the "Royals" have their honey.*

*We Lizzies got a' Huge Increase,
Guidsake! Will wonders ever cease?
Nae "present" for her jubilee
But, for all time, as far's I see.*

*This from the Tories, I'd expect
Who "common folk" will aye neglect
An' let us ken, there's damn the doot
What "privilege" is a' aboot.*

*But how the Party now in power, (labour)
Can justify in this dire hour
On Royalty, oor wealth tae fritter
While auld folk, pinch, an' starve, an' chitter.*

*They Prodigals, thirled tae excess,
Hae got "oor country" in a mess,
Whateer they be, the arena thinkers
Methinks they've jist pooed doon the blinkers.*

*Tae blithely haun oot (sums like this), (1 ½ million)
There's shairly something faur amiss,
The fact, it's jist no theirs tae gie
Does not excuse prodigality.*

*Although they "might" hae a Royal Name,
It's a wurmer that they don't think shame
Hauding' oot their hauns, at sic a time
Altho ther'e maybe, " Not to blime ",*

*Thro' all ma days, I've voted Labour,
An' saw them as the " Workers "saviour,
But hoo theyr'e shaping up the noo,
My loyalty I'm inclined tae rue.*

*When rulin' ower the hale dominion,
They've scant regard for "oor opinion",
This devolution's just a chatter,
Theyve selt Auld Scotland " doon the watter"*

*Prepared tae turn this wey, or that,
Makin' shair " their names" come oot the hat,
It's aye maseel, the theme is clarty,
"God rest the banes o' Auld Keir Hardie"*

*When we get thro' to Scottish folk,
Tae throw aside the "English yoke",
It's only then we'll justice get
Till then, we're left tae fume an' fret,*

*An' you can bet an English chiel,
Cares mo a damn hoo Scotsmen feel,
Nae matter hoo Scots Labour vote
The English hae them "by the throat."*

*For fair shares never was a trait
When "England's" fortunes were at stake,
A vote's sma' use, when a' is done
Their number dwarfs us ten tae one.*

*And even in their ain countrie.
The facts are there for a' tae see,
Hoo fares the "Yorkie" or the Geordie,
Or even as faur doon as Corby
Compared wi' them doon in the south,
The Northman lives frae hand tae mouth,
Nae matter hoo the Saxon flatters,
The Southron is the one who matters.*

*If we Assembly get, "Their pledge",
Mak it the thin end o' the wedge
Lets stand alone ! and make it through,
Wi' Parliament in Edinburgh.*

*"Tis only then, the answers plain
We'll be a nation once again,
Don't be content bein' laelled British
Haud up yer heids ; "Make Scotland flourish."*

Wm S McCoubrey.

