

A Dyker's Compliments to her Neighbours

Keep yer ain fish guts
tae yer ain sea maws
Anster daws, tattie shaws
Keep yer ain fish guts
tae yer ain sea maws
Lyin amang the deid craws

An wha's acht ye ma bonnie lass
That moved here in the simmer
Ah kent yer faither at the scale
He's a torn ersed Pittenweemer

Ye lookin at me, ye Anster daw
Ah'll cowp ye in a dub, sir
An wha cried ye partan face
An ye sae like a lobster

What's that ye're sayin Ah canna tell
Ye styipit shilpit moaner
Ye're nae frae here Ah'm shair o that
Ye're a St Minnens droner

Ye can keep yer Crail,
yer Pittenweem
Yer Anster an St Minnens
Daft Dykers's what ye cry us a
Awa back hame guid riddance