

Copin wi coronavirus.

Composed amidst the yells of “Panic stations!” and the blaring of the trumps of doom.

There is nae disease sae dire as
The accursed coronavirus!
Just hoo long will fate require us
Tae cope wi coronavirus?

Watch yer step! There’s danger loomin!
Haud back fae yer fellae-human!
Deep in dread disease he’ll mire us,
Bowffin wi coronavirus.
There is nae ...etc.

Oot o China came the menace,
Sweepin through Milan an Venice,
And noo fae Shieldaig tae St Cyrus
We’re ca’ed flet by Coronavirus.
There is nae ... etc.

Disease the barricades is stormin
As the viruses come swarmin.
Heroes of old, rise and inspire us
Tae combat coronavirus!
There is nae ... etc.

Germes fae snotters, sniffs an sneezes
Infest the foul infected breezes.
Let not hygienic effort tire us,
Scrubbin off coronavirus!
There is nae ... etc.

Let aw fae Queen tae rude mechanic
Keep the heid an never panic.
Then the survivors will admire us
For copin wi coronavirus.
There is nae ... etc.