

Hume's tae.

Passers-by in Edinburgh's Royal Mile have taken to touching the big toe of the statue of the philosopher David Hume for luck. As a notorious sceptic in his day, I don't know what he would have thought of that.

A statue dressed in Roman style
Sits glowerin ower the Royal Mile,
Placed high upon a noble seat,
Wrapped in a toga wi bare feet;
While on the plinth large letters loom
Tae let ye ken that this is "Hume".

Noo, when thir letters catch yer ee,
Ye weel micht wonder, "Whae wis he?"
Whae but philosopher an sage,
The foremaist thinker o his age!
Enlightenment for northern gloom
Streamed fae the pen o David Hume.

Ye'll notice that his feet are bare.
Ye'll see that his big tae, whit's mair,
As if caressed by bricht sumbeam,
Is polished tae a golden gleam.
For passers-by that walk that way
Reach up for luck tae touch his tae.

A sceptic and an unbeliever,
Hume classed the kirk as cruel deceiver,
An mocked the mists o superstition;
Tae champion reason wis his mission.
Davie, I doot, wuid be dumbstruck
Tae see folk touch his tae for luck!

If Hume hisel sat in that chair,
Nae patience wuid he hae, I'm shair,
Wi such as idly past him stray
An make a talisman o his tae.
His fit he quickly wuid draw back,
An land their skulls a damn guid smack!