

## King Salmond.

I've never been able to understand why so many people seem to have an instinctive visceral loathing of Alec Salmond. I've always thought of him as one of the good guys. The tune here is "Do'n chuthaig".

Whae is that politician fine  
Wi principles unwaverin?  
Unlike the rest whae at their best  
Are like auld wifies haverin.  
Wi judgment sage, on Scotland's stage  
He towers like a colossus,  
An tae ma mind ye couldnae find  
A better man tae boss us!

In wise debate he cairries weight,  
A man o generous bulk.  
He shrugs it off when mockers scoff,  
An critics girn an sulk.  
They sing his praise on Atholl Braes,  
An kiss his erse in Cramond.  
Oh mark him weel, that man o steel!  
His name is Alec Salmond.

Opponents sweir, an jeer, an sneer,  
Wi slanders vitriolic;  
Their principles disposable,  
Their policies shambolic.  
Ignore such freaks, but when Eck speaks  
Ye wuid dae weel tae heed him.  
If ye hae brains, cast off yer chains,  
An follae him tae freedom!

Wi cheery grin an treble chin,  
This bluff an herty bloke  
Oor steps will guide, that we may slide  
Oot fae Britannia's yoke.  
When freedom's gained, throats unrestrained  
Will cry, "All hail tae Alec!"  
An serried ranks express their thanks  
In English, Scots, an Gaelic.

An sae I say, "Roll on the day!"  
When we oor pride reclaim;  
When we as Scots will call the shots  
Here in oor native hame.  
And at the helm, tae guide the realm,  
Oor best beloved leader.  
At oor desire, let Liz retire;  
King Salmond shall succeed her!