

Gowffin breeks.

This was inspired by an actual incident, so I've taken the precaution of substituting "Jock Tamson" for the real name of the gentleman concerned.

Last nicht as I approached the bar
Tae order up a drink,
I saw Jock Tamson standin there
In breeks o shockin pink;
And I remarked, because they looked
Sae colourful an cheerin,
"My, that's a very summery pair
O troosers that ye're weirin!"

He looked at me suspiciously,
But didnae bark or bowff,
An juist replied defensively
That he'd been playin gowff.
Noo, a baw in play may go astray,
But let me tell ye this:
Though ye might no spot Jock's every shot,
His breeks ye couldnae miss!

I mind the day when gowffers played
Along the Forth's green shores,
An manfully they whacked their baws
In jeirseys an plus-fours.
An likewise, in each clubhouse lounge
The steward wuid deny
Refreshment tae the pleb
Withoot a jaiket an a tie.

Back then, when oor revered auld Queen
Wis newly on the throne,
Upon East Lothian's tees an greens
Pink breeks were quite unknown.
But I wuidnae be yin bit surprised
As standards fade an faw,
If the day should come when a gowffer's bum
Requires nae breeks ataw!