

The Edinburgh Fringe.

I'm sure it's a veritable garden of delights, but at the risk of appearing as a total philistine and a thoroughgoing pleb, I'd have to say that there's usually not much that would make me rush to buy a ticket.

Auld Edinburgh grim an grey,
Yer gravitas is torn away;
Yer sang-froid noo is sadly lackin,
Yer dignity has been sent packin.
Aw summer long yer folk must binge
Upon the follies o the Fringe.

Noo every space is filled wi posters
Whaur fantasists an idle boasters
Attempt tae tell ye that their show
'S the yin unmissable place tae go.
O guilt or shame they feel nae twinge,
Tae thus deceive ye at the Fringe.

As I survey each ugly mug,
Sae smert, sae cocky an sae smug,
It strikes me folk presentin thus
Wuid benefit fae a weel-punched puss!
Aye, tolerance takes a darker tinge,
In contemplation o the Fringe.

The Royal Mile's crammed fae wa tae wa,
Ye hardly can push through ataw;
While here a clown on high stilts teeters,
Ower there there's buskers an fire-eaters.
Watch oot in case yer hair may singe,
Upon the High Street at the Fringe!

But if ye stop an listen, then
What place ye're in ye wuidnae ken.
Amidst the babble, never fear,
A Scots tongue ye will never hear.
Nae native coarseness daur impinge
Upon the refinement o the Fringe.

There's wild eccentrics, real humdingers,
An boors an hoors an comic singers;
Actors that never earned a wage,
Whae nichtly dee the daith onstage.
Ineptitude that makes ye cringe
Is nae exception at the Fringe.

But in September, Lord be praised!
The troops depairt, the siege is raised,
An cultural content is reduced
For philistines tae rule the roost.
On mundane matters maist lives hinge,
And Edinburgh forgets the Fringe.