

The argument.

You can't help feeling that some folk get what they deserve.

Tempers stertit runnin high,
The airgument wis heated;
But Grahame wis the kin o guy
That wuidnae be defeated.

We rued the 'oor that we began,
An wearied o the fight,
For Grahame wis the kin o man
Wuid airgue black wis white.

The pros an cons proceeded,
Fleein fast without abatement;
That Grahame wis pig-heidit
Is a glarin understatement.

It seemed daft tae keep on tryin,
For he never wuid retract.
Hoo could he keep denyin
What the hale world kent wis fact?

But then wee Jimmie lost the place
An cowped the table, shoutin.
(It really wis a damn disgrace,
The language he wis spoutin.)

But Grahame never lost his cool.
Wi contempt barely hidden,
Says he, "Sit doon ye silly fool!
Calm doon, I'm only kiddin!"

That fairly took us by surprise,
He'd caused sae great a fuss.
Then Wullie said, "Try this for size!"
An turned an rumped his puss.