

Ode to Italy.

Sorry, Dante.

Lead me tae the Land o Sun
Where lassies smile sae prettily;
The land o music, song and fun,
The happy land o Italy.

Though here yer life be grey an flet,
Ower there ye'll live mair happily;
Nae torn-faced get will take the pet
Tae spile yer day in Napoli.

What better than a bonnie lass,
Tae kiss, caress an fondle her,
As doon the Grand Canal ye pass
Reclinin in a gondola.

And if ye hae some time tae spare
Tae linger doon Salerno wey
Then it will please a damn sicht mair
Than bidin oot Balerno wey!

A wheen o artists Florence drew,
A flood o talent wis let flow;
An scuddie statues you may view
Aw carved by Michaelangelo.

Dante's Inferno's sae precise
That I ken where he really went,
For Italy's a paradise
An Hell he modelled on Tranent.

Italian talent in the Airts
Beams oot wi bricht an glorious gleam,
But what endears tae Scottish herts
Is their invention o ice cream.

Italian genius I'm shair
Will beat aw ithers ony day;
And also ye should be aware
They thocht up macaroni tae!

I've tried the-day tae hae ma say
Baith cheerily an wittily,
Sae maybe noo ye'll gaun away
An hae a look at Italy.