

# Pruning.

Who really knows who or what is useless?

Gairdner, Gairdner, tell me noo,  
what are ye daein there?

Ye seem tae be sae hashie (Repeat last two lines.)  
wi the bushes in yer care.

*Wi the bushes in yer care,  
Ye seem tae be sae hashie  
wi the bushes in yer care.*

What are ye daein sae busy-like,  
snip-snippin aw the day?  
“I’m prunin oot the deid wuid  
tae clear it aw away.”

But why sae busy prunin  
an forsakin spade an howe?  
“I’m cuttin oot the auld wuid  
that strang new wuid may growe.”

Why take oot sic a muckle pile  
for cruel flames tae consume?  
“I’m clearin oot what’s auld an duin  
tae let new rosebuds bloom.”

Guid on the gallant gairdner,  
a mair yuisfu man than some.  
The work he does the-day  
prepares the wey for what’s tae come.

I’m never yin tae worry,  
an ye’ll get nae girnin fae me,  
but it sometimes seems thae secateurs  
are cuttin closer tae me!