

Stag pairties, hen pairties.

Some of Edinburgh's best pubs have been ruined by the growing popularity of Scotland's capital as a destination for stag and hen weekends.

The tune for this one is based on the American song "My Dixie Queen".

Auld Reekie, sombre and austere,
Ye're sadly altered noo, I fear.
It's fun an games aw through the year
 Wi stag pairties, hen pairties, drinkin night an day.

Hear the skirlin an the squealin,
See them staggerin an reelin;
Essex accents unappealing –
 Stag pairties, hen pairties, it's the modern way.

Shaven heids, gorilla broos,
Paralytic on the booze;
Big Geordies covered in tattoos –
 Stag pairties, hen pairties, asbo man at play.

Pubs that poets yuis tae spout in,
You'll find mony a drunken lout in,
Sweirin, bellowin, an shoutin –
 Stag pairties, hen pairties, anarchy holds sway.

Daft wee cows in pink nichtgoons,
Wi demon horns an tinsel croons,
An manners like blue-ersed baboons –
 Stag pairties, hen pairties. Best tae look away.

Noo, I'm nae glowrin killjoy cleric,
Or wild-eyed xenophobe hysteric;
I juist wish they'd bide sooth o Berwick!
 Stag pairties, hen pairties; What mair can I say?

(Words original. Tune partly traditional.)