

Sweetie wives draw near.

The sort of things described in “Sweetie wives draw near” are all harmless enough in themselves, but when they are bundled together and served up as the very epitome of Scottish Culture, they give, in my opinion, a seriously misleading impression of what Scotland is all about.

Ye guardians o the sacred flame
That burns in Granny’s Hielan Hame
Upon the altar, in the shrine
Built there for Auld Scots Mither Mine,
Aside the sacred Rowan Tree,
For worshippers o aw things wee;
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Ye cringe-inspirin concert turns,
Skirlin sopranos murderin Burns;
Ye prancers tae the fiddle an box,
In tartan sashes an white frocks;
An you that sits an taps yer fit,
An may a decorous “Hooch!” emit:
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Ye champions o the guid Scots tongue
That never speak it, yet hae clung
Bizarrely tae a word or twae –
“As Granny said,” is what ye’ll say.
Tae write in Lallans ye’ve the cheek,
But ape the English when ye speak:
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

An listen here noo, each smert alec
That’s learnt a word or twae o Gaelic,
But never got much further on
Than “slà inte mhath” or “pò g mo thò n”,
Ye’ll aye spectacularly fail
Tae be mistaken for a Gael:
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Enthusiasts for pipes an drums,
An swingin kilts ower manly bums;
Aw you whae think yer day’s been made
When crap like Highland Cathedral’s played;
An when yer herts ye wish tae roose,
Watch DVDs o auld Tattoos:
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

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Pontificators, deidly borin,
On hoo the tartan should be worn
So's tae avoid sartorial blunder;
But, dearie me, I often wonder –
If ye've nae drawers on, when ye're fartin,
Does that no sometimes soil the tartan?
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Aye, aw ye folk whae spend yer lives
As couthy auld Scots sweetie wives
O every age an either gender,
An castigate each gross offender
Against yer ain impoverished taste –
Believe me, ye're a waste o space!
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Intellectual, aye, an arty,
But sometimes coorse, an often clarty;
Oor Scotland has a deep rich vein
O creativity aw her ain;
An shairly noo it's time tae bin
The culture o the shortbreid tin!
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

Sae take a think, an lend a hand,
Yer country's culture tae expand.
A culture built o fire an zest,
An deep abidin interest;
A land o passion an delight
Where only pigs roll in the shite!
Ye sweetie wives draw near.

(Words original. Tune mostly original, with a hint of “The back o Benachie”.)