

AN ADDRESS TO THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING

Ye petty struttin' bantams, crawin' on yer midden thrones,
Ye gibbet-worthy gammons, suckin' Scotia's bones;
Ye birkies, coofs and cadgers, ye vampire-bitten curse,
Ye braxied bogle-loons, grasping Scotia's purse -
The pairrest and the needy may seek their hame in Hell,
But a loupin' whean o' siller ye'll spend upon yersel'.

Wi' cutty airans and plackets deep, an a' the vision o' a neep,
At England's ca' ye mak yer leap- a flearin' flock o' bleatin' sheep.
The pairrest and the needy may seek their hame in Hell,
But a loupin' whean o' siller ye'll spend upon yersel'

In the hert o' fair Edina, there's a cesspit deep and wide
Whaur the fausist tongues assemble, and a' the truth deride;
Whaur gangs frae view a' our Excise – yet this sophistic brood,
Despite the guid book's lecture, they speer it "Holy" Rood.
The pairrest and the needy may seek their hame in Hell,
But a loupin' whean o' siller ye'll spend upon yersel'

25th January 2003
Norman Macdonald

I could not believe that the shade of Robert Burns would not be exercised by the debacle of the Parliament Building and the risible level of expertise shown by our lords and masters when handling a major public project.
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