Tirade on Vandilism

Oft times as roon the fire I sit, An' sherpen up ma rhymin'wit, Tae bygone days ma fancies flit, An' backward flee; On happier times I've often writ An' cast an e'e.

In bygane days, it seems tae me,
Mair hamely joys we a' did pree,
The likes, again we'll never see,
I sair misdoot;
Thae long haired vandals, shairly we
Could dae without.

Do they wi' former youth compare,
Wi platform soles, an mooth, an hair
T heir lack o' manners, cheek, "and mair,"
An' ignorant traits;
Tae worm their arses wad, I'm shair
Improve their fates.

On them I ruminate, with sorrow,
(God help the Britain of tomorrow)
From commonsense theyve nocht tae borrow
As shairs I live;
A' decent folk harras an' harrow,
There title, "Spiv."

Ma certes! were I on the bench.
I'd sort them oot, baith lout an' wench,
Hard work; like howkin' in a trench,
Wad be their portion;
Revival o' the "stocks" micht quench
Destructive notion,

I'm weel aware there are a few, An' lets give honour whaur its due, Are decent lads, "twixt me an you But scarce enough," Aye man; the scarcity I rue, The cost is tough.

The vandal louts, destruction bent,
A curse upon oor country's sent,
An' tens o' thoosan' pounds been spent,
On youth "correction;
(Perhaps a Russian prison camp
Micht solve the question.)

Bus shelters no' a pane intact
"Twad gar ye grue," is't no' a fact?
Parental 'guidance, sure, they've lacked
'Tis plain tae see;
Their wee backsides been soundly smacked
Fae the age o' three.

Instead they're sent tae the "Do Gooders,"
Wha wag their heids, an' shrug their "shooders,"
I'd gie this squad some "Seidlitz poothers,"
Tae clear their heids;
An' set their "thinking " straucht, the stumours.
Anent misdeeds.

Perhaps a muckle leather belt Across their arse, tae rouse a welt A place whaur 'twill be aften felt Ilk time they sit; ! T his is the answer! I've it spelt An' sae! quit.

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