

*Topical Politics**William S McCoubrey*

*All hail thou beaming Maggie Thatcher,  
 Weel kent as "Big Chief School Milk Snatcher"  
 There's no a wummin ere can match 'er  
     'Mang the Elite;  
 No ae male Tory fit tae catch 'er  
     Sae tak yer seat.*

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*Tho' come o' fairly low "Degree"  
 Yer gouden locks, an' glintin e'e,  
 Hae faur fae captivated me,  
 For a' yer graces;  
 I sair misdoot, for a' yer glee.  
 You're goin' places.*

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*Yer tribe for mony a lang decade,  
 Hae kept a' "true worth" in the shade,  
 Tae "Lairds an Gentry" homage paid,  
 Black be yer fa',  
 While "workin class", o' ilka trade ;  
 Ye sair misca'.*

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We "workin' class", a fair admission,  
Will ponder ye, wi' frank suspicion  
As ye set oot wi' great attrition,  
    An' "noble" zeal;  
Tae benefit a' wi' "position",  
    An' brings tae heel.

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An' yet - - - unless I'm much mistaken,  
An' sense has fled the British nation,  
The day when Tory knees are shakin'  
    I'll live tae see;  
An' "glory" in yer doonfa', quakin',  
    Wi muckle glee.

*William S McCoubrey*