

Ballad

by Iain James Robb

Hi de ho, and hey, hey, hey;
The farmer's daughter is made of hay.
I went to touch her but she blew away,
And noo ma hert is nae langer gay.

Hi de hoo, and how do you do?
The farmer's wife has a cold up her flue,
And takes me away where the cows go, "Mooooo!."
And noo ma hert is nae langer blue.

Flibbeltigibbert, and murgledeekrunk!
It's twenty to nine now, so let's all get drunk;
I think you'll agree girl, if I got the funk,
Well, you've got the bucket, and I've got the gunk.

Grizzleguzzle, flup, and galamaroo.
No more unhappy, and no more *Boo Hoo*:
And I beat myself off with a wooden shoe.
Oh, guzzlegrizzle, and I sing, "Yaroo."

We can go to the places that the hurdlegees go;
Call me tomorrow if you think I'm a schmoe;
No, I am not Robert, neither is my name Joe.
Hey babes, me so lonely, can you get me a ho?

Since leaving babyhood as passed, and nappy,
Let's write no more of things are not hand-clappy-
Not verse dressed up in concrete clogs but tippy-tappy:
For we must write of things does make us happy.

Why groan of things I say which make us sad,

And howl with pain when we relax with pee?
This song was written out by little old me,
To please ye even if you wit it bad,

For speaking frankly, if I mouth strange breeze
Of language, mangled like some pummeled peas-
That is why I doth write shit like these,
Of greasy gumbo, and of knocky knees,

Of wooden dentures and of bumbly bees-
Sing a song, my dears, of lumpy grease-
Sing of rhymes gone wrong and mouldy cheese-
The milkmaid lifts her little skirt and pees.

Ho, ho, ho, I say, and fiddledefay,
The farmer's daughter thinks I might be gay,
So let me all get jiggy with his wobbling wife-
And noo ma hert isnae filled wi' strife.

Grumblychunks, and cups of squashy peas:
Let'th thing a thong, my thweets, of lumpy cheese;
Forget these foolish things we sometimes grumble:
Let's shout it outwards what the words doth mumble:

For my lickle lay I say does not wax wrath:
O, 'tis quite as happy as a clown, I quoth-
But now I have to have my supper, long since
Prepared with sprouts, and with a pound of mince.

