

To Alick Smith and David

In Duthie's shop in Tarves Square
I've sung the ladies praises
Now for a change I'll praise the fame
Of Alick Smith and David

For many years like brothers been
But never boozing cronies
They have both a wife but never strife
Like Rabbie's Souter Johnny

Twa thrifty freens you here will meet
But they are slow to stand their hand
Another thing they have never learned
Is how to push the pram

You will here see Alick at his best
He never feels so happy
As when mum comes in to buy a dress
And he is fitting on the nappies

And David too must lend a hand
It's never late to learn
One never knows these modern times
He yet may get a bairn

But alas our ranks are getting thin
We must hand it to the younger
But we still have here two veterans left
Our Alick Smith and David

Now I am off again in lighter vein
There is nothing here I've said
Could half compare with the pranks I've played
On Alick Smith and David

Like the day the lady lost her head
And all the girls had fainted
I can see the look on David's face
When, it was the lady that stands beheaded

And Alick he looked as perplexed
When the letters were mislaid
But when he ooked below his feet
It was G4O they said

And Elsie she looked quite upset
When I said I was feeling badly
That hefty meal and Sana Saut
Had she a pail of water handy

But many a tale those men could tell
Since first they looked o'er the counter
The many ups and downs they have seen
And many strange encounters

They have seen the young grow into old
And Mums and Dads in plenty
Another generation seen
And still they are hale and hearty

Sae here's my hand by weel kent freens
Believe me when I've said it
I've never had twa better friends
Than Alick Smith and David

JM