Wee, Wee German Lairdie

Wha the deil hae we gotten for a king
But a wee, wee German lairdie
And when we gaed to bring him hame
He was delving in his yairdie
Sheughing kail & laying leeks
But the hose & but the breeks
And up his begger duds he cleeks
This wee, wee German lairdie

And he's clapt down in our guidman's chair
This wee, wee German lairdie
And he's brouhgt fouth o' foreign trash
And dibbled them in his yairdie
He's pu'd the rose o' England loons
And broken the harp o' Irish clows
But our thistle taps will jag histhumbs
This wee, wee German lairdie

Come up amang our highland hills
Thou wee bit German lairdie
And see how the Stuart's lang kail thrive
They dibbled in our yaiddie
And if a stock ye dare to pu'
Or haud the yokin' o' a plough
We'll break your sceptre ower your mou'
Thou wee bit German lairdie

Our hills are steep, our glens are deep
Nae fitting for a yairdie
Our Norland thistles winna pu'
Thou wee bit German lairdie
We've the trenching blades o' weir
Wad prune ye o' your German gear
We'll pass ye 'neath the claymore's shear
Thou feckless German lairdie

Auld Scotland thou'rt ower cauld a hole
For nursin siccan vermin
But the very dogs o' England's court
They bark and howl in German
Then keep thy dibble in thy ain hand
Thy spade but and thy yairdie
For wha the deil now claims your land
But a wee, wee German lairdie

Wha the deil hae = Who the devil have
lairdie= small land owner, gaed= went
devig= digging, yairdie= garden
laying leeks=planting vegetables
but the hose & but the breeks= without hose & trousers
clapt= sat down hastily, guidman's chair= throne
fouth= abundance, dibbled= planted
pu'd=pulled, loons= knaves, taps=tops
haud= hold, mou'= mouth, weir=war, gear= goods
winna pu'= will not pull, ower cauld= too cold
claymore's shear= highland sword, siccan= such

From "Songs Of Two Rebellions, The Jacobite Wars of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland". By Ewan MacColl with Peggy Seeger.

BF
oct99