

Time O Year for Dipping Sheep

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(Buff Wilson)

It was on a summer Monday and the oor just after ten
The time o year for dippin' sheep had come round once again,
Auld Nellie filled the dipper wi' the water frae the sheugh
And the lambs an' yowes were rounded up and keepit i' the bucht.

The sheep-dip stuff was weel mixed up wi' water in a pail
Some D.D.T. was added frae the bottle at the rail,
We couldna get right yokit until the polis came
Then above the noise o' a' the beasts cam a vanload o' the same.

We soon had started dippin', and auld Nellie by the gate
Kept the beasties rinnin' through as quite a decent rate.
They plunged intae the the dipper and swam oot one by one
And faither shoved them underneath tae mak sure that they were done.

The flies and clegs were buzzin' and the sun was in the sky
A polisman took off his sark an' said that he was dry,
But faither minded he'd booked him when speedin' tae Ayr sale
So he said "You're welcome tae a' ye want frae the bottle by the rail."

The bottle it was colored green, but the label had been lost
The bobby know the contents soon efter tae his cost,
He coughed and he spluttered and then said words jist three,
In cute alliteration: "Deil, Damnation, D.D.T."

My faither started laughing and the bobby made a rush
But faither deftly stepped aside and hit him wi the brush;
He plunged intae the dipper for he couldnae stop his run,
And faither shoved him underneath tae mak sure that he was done.

If ever you come to Irvine, don't try to buck the law,
You'll find that they are sharper than a newly-made hacksaw;
Especially the constable that's known as "Dipper Jim"
You can bet your last three halfpence --- there ain't no flies on him.

Fom Herd Laddie o the Glen (Willie Scott Songs), compiled by McMorland